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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 474.—JANUARY, 1923.

Art. 1.—THE GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN ALLIANCE.

1. *Erlebnisse im Weltkrieg.* Von M. Erzberger. Stuttgart : Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, 1920.
2. *Unser oesterr.-ung. Bundesgenosse im Weltkrieg.* Von A. von Cramon, Generalleutnant a. D. Berlin : Mittler, 1920.
3. *Kaiserliche Katastrophenpolitik.* Von Heinrich Kanner. Wien : Tal, 1922.
4. *Vom alten Kaiser.* Von Albert Freiherrn v. Margutti. Wien : Leonhardt-Verlag, 1921.

THE alliance between Germany and Austria-Hungary was from the very beginning an unequal partnership. Germany always led, while Austria-Hungary had to be satisfied with a subordinate position. This political inequality was, of course, to a certain extent inevitable, as Germany was destined to play the more important part in the alliance, not only by reason of her much larger population (exceeding Austria's by 12 millions, and subsequently by 14 millions); but also by virtue of her political and military prestige, her economic superiority, and the generally higher level of her standard of living. To these advantages must be added the dominant personality of Bismarck, in the face of which even such an able statesman as Count Kalnoky found it difficult to hold his own.

After Bismarck's downfall, it might, indeed, have been possible for Austria-Hungary to adjust those unfavourable conditions somewhat more to her advantage; but Count Goluchowski was not the man to achieve

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that adjustment, and although neither Count Caprivi nor Prince Hohenlohe rose above the average level of statesmanship, Bismarck's influence was, nevertheless, still so strong that Austria-Hungary continued to be overshadowed by her ally. She was universally regarded as no more than a satellite, timidly following in the footprints made by Germany in her great strides, or as the pale, subservient moon, receiving all her light from the dazzling Teutonic sun.

This continued to be the case until Baron, afterwards Count, Aehrenthal took the helm of the ship of state in the Ballplatz at Vienna. The modest rôle in the European Concert hitherto played by the Dual Monarchy, was not at all to the liking of so ambitious a man as the Count, on whom, after the annexation crisis, the excessively complimentary title of the Austrian Bismarck was conferred. He had no desire merely to pipe *pianissimo* in the concert, to be nothing more than an accompanist: he wished to play solo, and not to take the *tempo* from his allies. He wished to be the leader, and not the led. This was shown not long after he entered upon office, by the manner in which he took the initiative in the Sandjak railway affair, and—in the autumn of the same year, 1908—by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, a step which surprised Germany no less than the other Powers.

The annoyance felt in certain circles in Germany at Aehrenthal's conduct in regard to the annexation found expression through an article in the 'Hamburger Nachrichten,' which had been Bismarck's organ. In the spring of 1909, this paper reproached the German Government for having submitted to Aehrenthal's guidance and, thereby, sunk to a condition of vassalage to Austria-Hungary. In reality, there could, of course, be no question of such a thing; but Germany had become so accustomed to regarding the Habsburg Empire as her docile subordinate who would not venture to take any step in the political arena without having previously obtained her implied consent, if not her expressed permission, that Aehrenthal's independent move was regarded as outrageous and inadmissible. It was, however, not only in such expressly Nationalist organs as the 'Hamburger Nachrichten,' that Aehrenthal's independence

was adversely commented upon, as was evident from an article in the 'Kölnische Zeitung,' a newspaper not unconnected with Prince Bülow.

Germany's support of the Monarchy at that time in the annexation crisis has received unstinted praise and been represented as an act of disinterested friendship. This was, however, very far from the truth, for Germany's intervention on behalf of her menaced ally was prompted at least as much by her own political interests as by a sense of loyalty to her pact. At a later date, no less a person than Prince Bülow confessed that 'the German sword was thrown into the scales of European decision; indirectly on behalf of our Austro-Hungarian ally, directly for the maintenance of European peace, and, above all, and in the first place, for the sake of German prestige and Germany's position in the world.'

The well-known Nationalist publicist, Maximilian Harden, made this truth plainer still when, in a lecture delivered at Vienna after the annexation, he said: 'Germany had no other alternative at that time, and there is therefore the less cause to praise with such emphasis a loyalty which was in full accord with her interests.' Thus, on a closer and calmer inspection, Germany's vaunted 'Nibelungen loyalty' (*Nibelungen-treue*) is somewhat robbed of a splendour, which is further diminished by the fact that the Emperor Franz Josef had previously given such a proof of good faith as far outweighed that of the Kaiser Wilhelm, and reduced German support of the Austrian Monarchy to a mere act of common gratitude; for it was solely owing to the unshakeable loyalty of the Emperor Franz Josef, that Germany had not to face her united enemies single-handed.

What it was that King Edward offered to the Austrian Emperor at the much-discussed meeting at Ischl (Aug. 12, 1908), on condition that he severed his connexion with Germany, has never been revealed; nor, since no third person was present, and both parties to that interview are dead, is likely now to be revealed. That it must have been something of considerable importance is unquestionable, and one would probably not be far wrong in assuming that the aged Emperor might have saved his Empire from destruction if he had accepted

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the proposal made to him then by the King of England.* By steadfastly resisting the inducements of King Edward, he did indeed give striking proof of his absolute loyalty to Germany and of his steadfastness; but while all honour for this is due to him as a man, the same cannot be said for him as a statesman. It is probable that he would have better served the future welfare of his Empire if he had acted less honourably and more prudently. Outside Germany, Count Reventlow would find no support for his view that, in accepting the English proposal, Franz Josef would have committed political suicide. Be that as it may, there is no question that, at Ischl, the Emperor Franz Josef gave a far greater proof of his good faith than did the Emperor Wilhelm at the time of the annexation crisis; for while it was much in the interests of the former to break faith, the Emperor Wilhelm would have done so to his own detriment.

Count Aehrenthal was not in the least affected by the adherence of Germany to the terms of her treaty in the annexation affair; but he quietly pursued his own course. Thus, at the time of the Agadir incident, he showed no inclination to embroil himself with the Western Powers. His premature death finally closed the question as to how Austria-Hungary's relations with Germany would have developed had he remained at the helm. Even if he had lived, that question could hardly have been answered, for it was practically certain that he would not have remained in office for long, as his weak, obsequious policy in regard to Italy had drawn down upon him the just wrath of the Archducal heir to the throne, who had made up his mind to bring about his removal.

Aehrenthal's successor, Count Berchtold, was far less striking as a personality; but, in spite of that, there was no reason to fear that the Monarchy would revert to

* Baron Margutti, who was in command of the Emperor's Household Guard, referring to this last interview between the two sovereigns, which appeared to have been of a satisfactory nature, relates that Sir Charles Hardinge, who was in King Edward's suite, remarked to an officer at the station, as the King was about to leave: 'That old Emperor is a fine and uncommon man! But I think he has just let slip one of the most favourable opportunities ever offered him in the course of his long life!'

the old, undignified dependence on Germany; for in Germany, also, the rudder, in the hands of Bethmann-Hollweg, was under the control of a weak man. Moreover, the Archduke was not one to permit his policy to be dictated by Germany. After he had succeeded, against the old Emperor's will, in making his influence felt in the political affairs of the Monarchy, a policy servile to Germany, such as had been the rule for so many years at the Ballplatz in Vienna, was unthinkable, as he kept a jealous watch over the prestige and independence of the Empire of the Habsburgs.

When in the summer of 1914, the Great War broke out, Germany immediately resumed the reins which had slipped from her grasp in the preceding years. Never before had Austria-Hungary's dependence on Germany been so clearly shown as in the course of this war; never before had the Germans of Austria been so completely hypnotised or over-awed by Germany. They were possessed with a frenzy of enthusiasm, especially after the first brilliant successes achieved by the German forces in Belgium and East Prussia. But the patriotic Austrians discovered all too soon that their enthusiasm had an unpleasant after-taste. For much of the praise showered extravagantly on the German troops and their leaders had been earned at the expense of the Austro-Hungarian army. Confronted, with inadequate strength, by an over-difficult task, they had been unable, in spite of heroic sacrifices, to withstand the monstrous human avalanche which the Russians had hurled against them, and had been forced to evacuate the greater part of Galicia. In Serbia, also, advances had been made with insufficient forces and had ended in misfortune.

The dazzling glory of the German victories only deepened the shadows which lay upon these failures of the Austro-Hungarian army. The people, incapable of appreciating the enormous difficulties under which the Austrian forces were labouring and of forming a judgment accordingly, did not hesitate to vilify their generals, accusing them of treachery and inefficiency, and denouncing whatever they did as bad or inadequate; whilst whatever the German generals did was held to be wise and splendid. The partiality so typical of the

German-Austrians and their not less typical delight in vilifying the country of their adoption, was exultant at that time; and these people were fortified in their attitude by acts of treachery committed by the Slav troops at the front; acts which, in spite of all the official attempts to disguise them, were becoming more and more widely known.

This disloyalty evoked expressions of the most violent resentment from the Germans, and served to make the gulf yawning between the Germans and Slavs wider and deeper. Such resentment was, indeed, amply justified, for nothing is more shameful than treachery in the face of the enemy; but it should not be forgotten that the Slavs of the Monarchy were not only compelled to fight in a war which was more or less repugnant to their national feelings, but also to fight against Slavs. They were Slavs with a difference, it is true, but still they were Slavs; added to which, the Germans did all in their power, by means of their newspapers and pamphlets, to make them realise that the war was being fought for Germans—for the world-supremacy of the German people. 'The German war'; 'the German idea throughout the world'; 'the German soul'; 'Greater Germany' . . . such were the grandiose titles of the books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles with which the market was flooded, and in which not the slightest consideration was shown to the fact that almost one half of the Austro-Hungarian army was composed of those very Slavs who were frequently referred to as 'hordes,' but whose assistance in the German cause was, none the less, demanded as a matter of course.

Further, in order to give official confirmation to this view, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg considered it politic to declare in the Reichstag that the war was a conflict between the German peoples and the Slavs! Yet in the face of such a state of affairs, and of such words as these, the Germans required that the Austrian Slavs should fight for 'German thought' against the cause of the Slavs outside the Empire, that they should sacrifice life and blood for the ideals of an enemy! 'Travailler pour le roi de Prusse!' This familiar saying was being verified in its most literal sense.

Regarded from this standpoint, the treachery of the

Slavs appears in an entirely different light, and although desertion to the enemy during a battle must always be a shameful thing, the attitude of the Slavs of Austria-Hungary in the war, taken as a whole, was not so unpardonable as the Germans made out. Had the Germans been in the same situation, would they have acted otherwise? Would the same heroic courage as that with which they faced the Russians and Italians have inspired them, if they had been required to fight against a German people? The Germans of the Alpine districts might perhaps have done so; but it is very doubtful whether the Germans of the Sudetic Lands would have been equally complaisant, for they were fast-bound under the spell of the Pan-German idea, and with this in their minds they would certainly never have fought against German troops.*

During the war, such considerations as these did not occur to the Germans. They were intoxicated by the Pan-German idea; it fogged their brains and clouded their vision. They raved of a German Empire, which was to extend, not merely, according to the Greater Germany already planned, from 'the Belt to the Adriatic Sea,' but from 'the English Channel to the Persian Gulf.' The annexation of Belgium and the Baltic Provinces seemed to them a foregone conclusion. Even such a moderate publicist as Friedrich Naumann could not remain altogether untainted by the Pan-German megalomania which seemed to attack his fellow-countrymen like a pestilence. This was proved by his book 'Mitteleuropa,'

* During the war I had a conversation with an Austrian officer of Reserves of German-Nationalist views, on the subject of the treachery of the Czechs. When I asked what the Germans would have done if it had been expected of *them* that they should fight against Germans, he replied that such a thing was simply unthinkable, and, in any case, the Germans would never have submitted to it! So what, in the Slavs, was considered as high treason and a serious crime against the State, seemed to him, so soon as it became a question of German feeling, natural and inevitable. It can, of course, be objected that the Czechs, Ruthenians, and Southern Slavs of Austria-Hungary were not required to fight compatriots in the literal sense, but Russians and Serbs—Slavs indeed, but yet different, while, in the hypothetical case, Germans would have been required to fight their own kindred. This argument, however, will not hold good; for there is at least as much difference between the German of Tyrol, of Styria, or of Vienna, and the German from Prussia, Pommerania, or East Prussia, as between a Czech or Croatian on the one hand and a Russian or Serb on the other.

which was not only widely read and discussed, but also went through more editions than almost any other political book had ever attained in Germany. On a closer examination the innocent-sounding title 'Mitteleuropa,' proved an euphemistic pseudonym for 'Greater Germany.' Although the author, in his scheme, had the prudence and foresight to leave their independence to Austria-Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey, these States were, nevertheless, actually reduced to the status of vassals of Germany, to be governed from Berlin.

This fact, however, did not hinder the German Austrians from giving Naumann's scheme their ardent support and from desiring its accomplishment. Again and again, on either side of the black and yellow boundary post, the closer union of Austro-Hungary with Germany was advocated, as a means of giving formal expression to the feelings of friendship between the two nations. In the summer of 1918, under the pressure of Pan-German influence, and perhaps because he was himself in its grip, or possibly with the idea that by such a course he might more easily steer the Austrian ship—already showing ominous signs of foundering—Dr von Seidler, the Prime Minister, entered this roadstead under full sail and, amidst the rejoicings of the Germans in Austria, proclaimed the 'course' to be German! And this, it should be noted, at a time when the Austrian Slavs were on the point of seceding, because they were no longer willing to shed their blood for the German cause!

In their boundless self-esteem and tragic infatuation, the Germans took no account whatever of the fact that, of the 53 millions of people composing the population of the Monarchy, some 30 millions repudiated this friendship and that the 10 millions of Magyars also had no desire for such intimate connexion with Germany, which, indeed, could only constitute a grave menace to their national pride.

The non-German peoples of the Monarchy liked still less the prospect of such association, since the Germans had succeeded in making themselves disliked, and even hated, by them. In Austria-Hungary during the war there had been ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with them by personal contact, with extremely unpleasant results. Wherever the German troops had been,

they had aroused the anger and exasperation of the inhabitants by their arrogance and their inconsiderate demands. Nevertheless, even Austro-Hungarian officers, if they were of German origin, expressed boundless admiration for the Germans and considered themselves fortunate if they were able to go into battle under German leadership. The German Nationalist idea, hitherto banned from the Austrian Officers' Corps, had now penetrated its ranks; for it was no longer so exclusively non-national in character as formerly, when the nobility and the sons of officers had set the tone. This change was brought about by the intrusion of nationalist and even anti-Austrian elements, after the institution of the Officers of Reserve. The Austro-Hungarian army did, indeed, sink lower and lower in its dependence on the German army. The proof of this was given when it was placed under the command of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, a measure which aroused, in the young Emperor Karl especially, feelings of most violent resentment.

The longer the war lasted, and the more critical the situation of the Central Powers became, the more strained were the relations between the two countries. It is true that, outwardly, they kept up the appearance of being united in heart and mind, and the official press sang *ad nauseam* a hard-worked hymn of praise on their inseparable devotion. But behind this crudely-coloured staging, the position was not reassuring, and between the so-called inseparable 'brother' States clouds of an ever more menacing aspect were rising—clouds from which the flashes were so ominous and startling that even the German public at times became uneasy. It is true that they heard almost nothing of the sullen, thunderous sounds issuing from those clouds with so menacing a note; for the noise of battle was too loud; and so the people at home were unaware, whilst reading in the papers of the indissolubility of the alliance and of the efforts to knit it still closer, that behind the scenes there actually had been talk of war between the allies.*

* In the summer of 1917, when I was with the army in Tyrol, an officer, who had been transferred thither from the Russian front, told me that officers belonging to the two armies had seriously discussed the possibilities of war between Germany and Austria-Hungary!

At a later date, Count Czernin's revelations confirmed the rumours to this effect which were prevalent at that time; while Ludendorff actually threatened Austria-Hungary with war, if she refused to continue to fight in conjunction with Germany.

This was the true condition of the 'closely-knit' alliance. Its lack of cohesion was becoming more and more real, and threatened to become visible also, a state of affairs which, having regard to the progress of the Entente, was extremely dangerous.

This lack of cohesion, however, as might be imagined, had not arisen for the first time during the war. Although latent, it existed from the beginning of their closer relations. Whilst the entire population of Germany, with the exception of the 4 million Poles and other Slavs, had been of one mind in going to war, and in spite of all particularist and party differences had felt themselves to be a national unit, in Austria-Hungary at least one-half of her 53 millions of people had joined the quarrel with reluctance and hidden bitterness. To go to war under such conditions was undoubtedly to incur a grave risk. With continued successes and the prospect of an early and victorious peace, the risk might have been justified; but, with the war dragging on indefinitely, under increasingly difficult and exhausting food conditions, and with no hope of a satisfactory conclusion, there could be no possibility of justifying it to these discordant associates.

This difference in the political and psychological equipment of the two countries in arms was bound to make itself felt in course of time. It can be realised with more conviction and impressiveness by comparing the allies to two travellers journeying along the same road. The one, Germany, to all appearances is a giant in health and strength; the other, Austria-Hungary, although a commanding figure, is burdened with an enfeebled heart and unsteady nerves. The one strides onward with confidence and eager feet, exulting in the knowledge that the thoughts of those at home are with him on his journey. The other journeys with a heavy heart and weariness, oppressed by the thought that one-half of his people at home are opposed to his purpose and, even, are plotting evil against him behind his back.

Since the road grew ever steeper and the obstacles to the common goal—the 'Victory Peace'—became more and more frequent and difficult, that happened which was bound to happen: the strength of the weaker comrade failed. He was only able to keep pace with his companion by exerting all his power of will.

The German—to maintain the simile a little longer—saw that his companion's strength was exhausted, but he paid no attention to his appeals when besought to stop; instead, with threatening mien and cruel words, he forced his Austrian associate to continue the march. For a time this was possible; the weakened comrade summoned the last remnants of his strength, and bravely withstood the temptations beckoning to him, and promising rest and refreshment; for he did not wish to be held faithless. So, struggling and stumbling, he dragged along; until, with a loud cry, he sank unconscious. All adjurations, all assistance now were useless; his companion kicked him contemptuously aside, called him traitor and went on his lonely way, in bitter anger and obstinate determination, although forced to admit to himself that he, too, could never reach the goal. Onward he went, heavily, until an abyss yawned before him. The spirits of Revolution, who dwelt below, had destroyed the bridge on which he relied. Then the strong man also fell in despair to the ground, and awaited in impotent fury the death-blow from his enemy.

Such is the tragic history of those fellow-creatures, those allies in deed rather than in spirit, Germany and Austria-Hungary.*

When, in the autumn of 1918, Austria-Hungary collapsed under the united onslaught of the nationalist and socialist revolution, the shameful word 'Treachery' was shouted not only by the public of Germany, but also by that of Austria—in so far as it was German; for instead of repudiating this insult as an outrageous calumny, the German Austrians—with the German Nationalists and Social Democrats at their head—agreed

* See also my articles, 'Die beiden Weggenossen' ('The Two Fellow-Travellers') in the 'Augsburger Post Zeitung' of Sept. 18, 1919, and 'Oesterreich-Ungarns Verrat' ('Austria-Hungary's "Betrayal"') in the 'Neuen Zürcher Zeitung' of Aug. 29, 1919.

with it vociferously, and did not care that in doing so they were challenging historical truth.

Austria-Hungary would, indeed, have betrayed Germany if, without warning, she had left her suddenly in the lurch. But she did *not* do that; on the contrary, as early as the beginning of 1917 she had freely acknowledged to her German ally that, in view of the economic and national dangers menacing her from within, she would not be able to 'hold out' much longer, and indicated the autumn of 1917 as the latest date to which she would be able to remain her effective ally. This fact is stated in black and white in Count Czernin's memorandum, dated April 1917, to the Emperor Karl, in which occurs the following passage :

'Your Majesty, employing me as your responsible mouth-piece, has rejected the repeated attempts of our enemies to separate us from our allies, because Your Majesty is incapable of acting dishonourably. But, at the same time, Your Majesty has instructed me to inform the Ministers of the State of our ally the German Empire that our strength is exhausted, and that they will not be able to count on our support beyond the end of the summer.'

In the spring of 1917—note the date!—the German Government, therefore, was aware that Austria-Hungary would only be able to carry on the war until the autumn of that year. When, in the autumn of 1918—that is to say, a whole year later—this prediction was verified, Germany had been given a period of over one and three-quarter years in which to adapt herself to the new requirement and to make the necessary arrangements. Germany must have known that Austria-Hungary was not indulging in poor excuses when she declared herself incapable of carrying on. Therefore, '*Ultra posse nemo obligatur*.' Instead of their inveighing in Germany against the Dual Monarchy's treachery and desertion, they should rather have been grateful to Austria-Hungary for having made the tremendous sacrifice involved in co-operating with Germany for a whole year longer than had been promised. No other nation, in Austria-Hungary's place, faced with the dilemma of breaking away from her ally or of going to ruin, would have chosen the first alternative; we now

see that the Emperor Karl and his advisers should have placed their duty to the Empire, and to the welfare and future of 53 millions of subjects, before their obligations to the alliance. Enmeshed by a malicious fate in this conflict of duties, the Emperor decided for loyalty to Germany, and so proved himself an honourable man, indeed, and a faithful friend; but also, like his predecessor, the Emperor Franz Josef at Ischl, a short-sighted and imprudent statesman.

The accusation of treachery and of responsibility for the collapse of Germany made by his ally against the Emperor Karl, was the more unjust and infuriating because he had ample opportunity, during the war, if he had wished, to betray the nation that cast those reproaches at him. There was no lack of seductive offers from the enemy! Moreover, actual betrayal would not have been necessary; all required of him was to break away from Germany, a course of action which almost any other ruler in his place would have followed from motives of prudence. How dazzling these offers were has been shown in Count Revertera's revelations.*

It was not only scandalous and unjust on the part of Germany to endeavour to lay the blame for her collapse on the Emperor Karl's shoulders, it was also colossal folly, for he was the very man who had pointed out to them the road which, if they had followed his counsel, would have led to peace; not, indeed, the 'Victory Peace,' of which, in their megalomania, the Pan-Germans and the people they had misled were ever dreaming, but a moderate and reasonable peace, which would have saved Germany from the shameful treaty of Versailles. As early as 1915, Karl, at that time Archduke and heir to the throne, had pointed out to the German Headquarters, that if Germany would give up Alsace and Lorraine, the frightful wholesale slaughter of this war would quickly cease. Also, when Karl became Emperor, he returned to the subject, and endeavoured to rouse

* As Emperor Karl's confidant, Count Revertera conducted with the French emissary, Count Armand, the negotiations between Austria-Hungary and France, which were opened in the spring of 1917 in Switzerland, in a non-official and secret manner. Count Revertera published details of these negotiations in the 'Historisch-Politische Blätter,' No. 9, in the spring of 1922.

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the Kaiser and his advisers from the perilous illusions to which they were the prey.

In these endeavours Count Czernin supported him so far as he was able. In Czernin's memorandum, already referred to, which ostensibly was addressed to the Emperor but was intended for the German Headquarters, he indicated point by point, with an insight into coming events positively prophetic, the chimerical and dangerous nature of those illusions. He gave an impressive warning of the danger of over-estimating the submarines and of under-estimating the resources of England and America; and with uncanny prevision predicted the revolution, which could not fail to come about if the war lasted any great length of time, the results of which must be the downfall of the thrones of the Habsburgs and the Hohenzollerns. If, at the German Headquarters, they had paid attention to this warning, the war would soon have come to an end and the reigning dynasties of Austria and Germany would still be occupying their thrones. The sacrifice made by Germany in giving up Alsace and Lorraine would have been counterbalanced by compensations in the colonies; for France would then have been prepared to make big concessions.

The German authorities, however, being blind and deaf, would neither see facts nor hear reason, and rushed to their ruin, dragging Austria-Hungary with them. Thus, the presumption of the Pan-Germans was not only the cause of Germany's ruin but also of the ruin of the Empire of the Habsburgs; and the statement that Austria paid for her alliance by her downfall is justified. Historical fact, therefore, is directly contrary to that which the German Nationalists and the Social Democrats, in their calumnious inventions, gave out to be the truth.

The German Nationalists and Social Democrats, usually the bitterest of enemies—but of one mind in their common hatred of the Habsburgs and Austria—believed that the hour at last had struck for their dreams to be realised. The Socialists hoped for a powerful German democracy, a social democratic bulwark in the heart of Europe; the Nationalists looked for the resurrection from the ruins of the Habsburg Empire of a great

German nation under the leadership of the Hohenzollerns, who should be restored to power.

This belief alone is sufficient to indicate the even childish naïveté of their political conceptions; for they might have realised that the Entente could hardly be so short-sighted and credulous as calmly to look on whilst Germany, by the annexation of German Austria, indemnified herself for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine and the Polish districts of Prussia. When, however, the demonstrations of the German Nationalists in favour of the union resulted in a decided 'No' from Paris, they expressed the greatest indignation, and appeared ready to continue their efforts in spite of this prohibition. This is but another example of their political childishness, for there was not the remotest possibility of their being able to carry out their purpose. Without an army and lacking money, foodstuffs, and coal, how could they hope to offer resistance to the Entente with its immensely superior resources?

The only result of this foolish announcement was a pitiable admission of impotence. With every aspect of the severest disappointment, they were compelled to abandon their illusory dreams. Their one consolation was, and is, the hope that these dreams have only been temporarily abandoned, and that the union of the two nations will, sooner or later, be accomplished. But the fulfilment of their desire seems very remote, for, so far as can be seen at present, it appears to be out of the question that the Entente, or rather the leading Powers in the Entente—for Italy sympathises with the desire for union—that England, and especially France, should ever consent to such a course. Looked at from their point of view, it is clear that they could not permit it, as it would be sheer folly to allow the final result of their enormous sacrifice of men and money to be—a greater Germany.

The two Western Powers, having such a danger in view, are far more likely to use their utmost endeavours to prevent such development. And the surest method of accomplishing this would be to see that the horrible chaos to which the ruins of the Habsburg Empire have fallen, should give place speedily to more regular conditions, and that the peoples who have been torn asunder

by the destruction of the Dual State should again be united, even if this were effected under conditions different from those which ruled formerly. Even if the many discordant races of Austria hate one another—their hatred is merely artificial, the result of decades of nationalist agitation—they cannot live without one another, because they are mutually dependent, and, whether they like it or not, belong to one geographical, economic, and political union. This was formerly acknowledged, both in London and Paris. Indeed, some twelve years ago it was an axiom of British and French statesmen to regard the maintenance of the Habsburg Empire, in view of Germany's proximity, as a European necessity. It is true that this axiom was abandoned at the outbreak of the Balkan crisis in 1908; but it was yielded reluctantly, and Austria-Hungary was treated as an enemy solely because she was friendly to Germany; for a friend of Germany, in the peculiar conditions then prevailing, could be no friend to England or to France.

Thus, after a desperate struggle, the Habsburg Empire was struck down. Now that she lies, helpless, bleeding, and dismembered, vainly endeavouring with her maimed limbs to rise again, statesmen in London and Paris may well be, uneasily, asking whether it was really necessary so to injure her. They will ask themselves this question the more anxiously, since Austria is stretching out her poor arms for help to her former ally. In London and Paris this painful sight must recall Palacky's famous epigram: 'If Austria had never existed, she would have had to be created.'

At the present time Austria, the Austria which that Czech historian had in mind, no longer exists; and, therefore, the logical sequel should follow that she must be re-created. If this is not done, the chaos on the banks of the Danube will continue indefinitely, and, in place of the Eastern question, Europe will be faced with the Austrian question—a far more dangerous problem.

THEODOR VON SOSNOSKY.

Art. 2.—PANTOMIME.

1. *The Essayes or Counsels, Civill and Morall, of Francis Lo. Verulam.* J. Haviland for Hanna Barret, 1625.
 2. *Britannia Triumphans; a Masque Presented at White Hall by the King's Majestie and His Lords, on the Sunday after Twelfth-night,* 1637. By Inigo Jones and William Davenant. John Haviland for Thomas Walkeley, 1637.
 3. *The Works of C. Churchill.* John Churchill and W. Flexney, 1774.
 4. *The Works of Henry Fielding.* Edited by G. Saintsbury. Dent, 1893.
 5. *Criticisms and Dramatic Essays of the English Stage.* By William Hazlitt. Routledge, 1851.
- And other works.

‘HATH not old custome,’ asked the Duke, ‘made this life more sweete?’—and though Hamlet would answer that custom is a monster, most of us in our sentimental moments would agree that it has, indeed, made life more sweet. For that reason, among others, we lament the dwindling of pantomime into a thing of little consequence; and by this we do not mean merely its exile from Drury Lane, the decreasing number of its London performances, and the tendency, a blessing in disguise, to make the Christmas show less ostentatious. These are outward troubles. Far more serious is the general forgetfulness of what a pantomime should be.

Since Grimaldi retired the traditions of his art have been decaying, and though the fabric was built so soundly upon the foundation of the national character that a century has not wrought its total destruction, the present ruins reveal only to the expert eye what was the original outline. The blame for this decay is laid upon the music-halls, but not quite fairly so; for their ‘invasion’ did not occur until pantomime, as the product of the theatres, was dead. That condition happened in the ‘eighties, when Covent Garden opened its doors at Christmas to the circus, just after the management had taken from Drury Lane the services of the manager Chatterton, the famous Vokes Family of pantomimics, and Beverley, the scene painter—only to fail. Meanwhile, Drury Lane

kept the torch alight by recruiting a fresh company from every possible source, especially from the music-halls. As, however, these places of amusement were regularly supplied with performers who had begun their careers in pantomime, this was more of a migration than an invasion; and much as we may dislike the breaking of a coherent fairy story by the interruptions of 'turns' that cannot adapt themselves to its needs, we should realise that their failure to please is the failure of the pantomime tradition to direct their training.

The pantomime of the people, in fact, always relied on such folk. Before the music-halls came into existence, it took recruits from the old 'music-houses,' as before that time it took them from the fairs. It was not until the show became too 'fine' (to repeat the complaint of Theodore Hook) that the decline set in. Directly the theatre managers began to neglect the pantomimics and expended their funds in payments to rhyming journalists and Royal Academicians with a fondness for the stage, actionless verbosity and stationary canvas began to defy Leigh Hunt's rule of 'no more cessation than there is in nature,' and Hazlitt's plea that,

'If we must have a series of shocks and surprises, of violations of probability, common sense, and nature, to keep the brain and senses in a whirl, let us, at least, have them hot and hot, let them "charge on heaps, that we may lose distinction in *absurdity*," and not have time to dose and yawn over them, in the intervals of the battle.'

In short, from that time to this, it has been overlooked that the essence of pantomime is an appeal to the eye—the enlivening of a beautiful story with *visible* fun. Both Hazlitt and Hunt denounced the vogue of what was known as the 'speaking pantomime,' and a forgotten contemporary reinforced their argument by defining pantomime as 'the wit of goods and chattels.' They wrote while 'Mother Goose' was still a fresh memory, and, therefore, they knew their subject. But their warnings were not heeded. In consequence, we have come to such a pass that even criticism is based on false suppositions. Is it then remarkable to find our old custom hastening to the time when it will no longer be observed?

Possibly, there may be some who deny that the custom is ancient enough to be hallowed. To answer this charge, evidence could be gathered to prove that the tradition to keep holiday with stage celebration is the heritage of many centuries. It was known to the Middle Ages, to Rome, and to the days of Thespis when drama was invented in a tune of festival. There is no need, however, to go further back than Shakespeare, who in the phrase, 'To dash it like a Christmas Comedie,' and in his reference to 'a Christmas gambold or a tumbling trick,' sets forth his understanding of the need of a special celebration at that season. Therefore, there should be no surprise at finding Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones designing a 'Masque of Christmas,' so plainly related to what we used to see at Drury Lane every Boxing night that besides Misrule, Carol, Minced-Pie, Gambol and Wassel there is a kind of harlequin (Mumming, in a masquing pied-suit with a vizard) and a Widow Twankey (Lady Venus of Pudding Lane, with a cockney accent). These things, said Bacon, 'are but Toyes' to have come among his serious observations. Nevertheless, his essays include wise counsels to the makers of masques, which render him as valuable to the impresario of modern pantomime as is Aristotle to the student of drama. Indeed, 'Of Masques and Triumphs' goes very much to the point. 'Transformations' are expounded in the declaration that '*Alterations of Scenes*, so it be quietly; and without Noise, are Things of great Beauty, and Pleasure. For they feed and relieve the Eye, before it be full of the same Object.' Likewise, he voices present opinion when he commands, 'Let the *Songs* be *Loud* and *Cheereful*, and not *Chirpings* or *Pulings*,' and gives advice, still useful, in the sentence '*Spangs*, as they are of no great Cost, so they are of most Glory.'

The place of the harlequinade was then taken by the Anti-masques which had been 'commonly of Fooles, Satyres, Baboones, Wilde-Men, Antiques, Beasts, Sprites, Witches, Ethiopes, Pigmies, Turquets, Nimphs, Rusticks, Cupids, Statua's Moving, and the like'; but as for angels, 'it is not Comicall enough, to put them in Anti-Masques.' Before the masques are left, it is necessary to remedy an oversight at the expense of the reputation of Sir William Davenant. He who claimed to have written

with 'the pen of Shakespeare,' happens, in fact, to have had the pen of the pantomime hack. If a curious reader comes upon a copy of 'Britannia Triumphans,' a masque performed before Charles I, he will find included in the entertainment a Mock Romansa, played by a Dwarf and a Damsell, a Knight in old-fashioned Armour, and a Giant in coat of mail who had 'A Saracen's face with great black mustachoes.' After the Giant had expressed his intention of making the damsel dress his whale and fry his 'tripes,' the knight declaimed:

'O master vile, thou mighty ill-bred Lubber;
Art thou not mov'd to see her wane and blubber?

* * *

Though not to scuffle given now I'll thwart thee,
Let Blowze thy daughter serve for shillings forty.'

At this moment, Merlin—in the manner of our fairy queens—told the audience,

'My Art will turn this Combat to delight
They shall unto fantastick Musick fight,'

and then waved his wand, with the result that 'the earth open'd and there rose up a richly adorn'd Palace, seeming all of Goldsmith's workes,' wherein 'Britanocles' uttered some fulsome patriotic sentiments. To make this masque still more remarkable to modern eyes, there is an 'Entry,' consisting of a grave doctor with his men, namely, a Zany and a 'Harlekin.'

It is advisable here to digress for a moment in order to inquire how the creatures of the *commedia dell' arte* came to be Anglicised. In the first place, too much importance should not be given to their foreign origin. Rightly, Lamb traced the descent of Harlequin's wand from the wooden sceptre of King Lud, for the demi-masked, lozenge-patterned dancer of our 'shows, mighty shows' is as directly connected with the Vice of the Morals and the Lords of Misrule as with the poor, patched Arlecchino of Bergamo. That the Italian troupes were known to the Elizabethans there is no doubt. But Harlequin was doomed to be the servant of wandering cheap-jacks; Columbine, partly because her name was then in unwholesome disfavour, was rejected altogether, and only Pantaloon—unless one considers

the braggarts and pedants of Elizabethan drama to be derived from contemporary Italy instead of from ancient Rome—found his way at once to the stage. Passing by his appearance with ‘antique fairies’ in the play of ‘Dead Man’s Fortune,’ we come to the time when the great Scaramouch’s company was in rivalry with His Majesty’s Servants after the Restoration. Dryden called them ‘nauseous harlequins’; but they won, as well as the favours of the playgoers, the envy of the playwrights—who stole their tricks, which, indeed, still persist in pantomime. Our familiar schoolroom scene appears in a play of 1671 by Ravenscroft. The equally familiar haunted chamber is elaborately detailed in Mountfort’s hash of ‘Dr Faustus,’ published in 1697 and acted before then. The trap-door exploits, that are commonly called ‘fight scenes,’ began in ‘Harlequin Sheppard,’ whose scenario was published by Thurmond, the dancing-master, in 1724. None of these is styled pantomime—two are called farces, and the third a ‘night scene’—but pantomime, as has been shown, did not wait to come into existence until its name was discovered. Even when the term did come into use, it was not ‘invented.’ It merely had been mislaid, for, long before that, Petronius had made reference to a pantomime chorus.

With the beginning of the 18th century, the vogue of the ballet caused the showmen to discover that harlequinades entirely in dumb-show were a way to please the town. Their plan was to compose a ‘serious’ opening scene, wherein classical personages would sing wretched verses of the quality of this excerpt from Theobald’s ‘Harlequin a Sorcerer; or, the Loves of Pluto and Proserpine’:

‘With utmost pleasure, now I see
The Monarch of my Heart and Me,
No more great Pluto’sues in vain,
No more My anger I retain,’

which led to the ‘comic’ scenes, advertised to contain ‘all the Sinkings, Flyings and other decorations.’ Besides the actors of Harlequin, Columbine, Punch, Pierrot, Scaramouch, and the clown (then a simple yokel without special costume), there were performing dogs, strong men, rope-dancers, dragons, and conjurors. That the

mixture was incongruous is proved by a large number of burlesques and satires, particularly the 'Dunciad'—but Pope's lines on 'A fire, a jig, a battle and a ball,' are too well known to need quotation. Fielding, in his plays, made 'Monsieur Pantomime' cut a sorry figure, though this did not prevent him writing the best pantomime, in the form of a travesty, in existence. The fun of 'Tumbledown Dick; or, Phaeton in the Suds,' is so good that the satire is secondary, as an excerpt will show.

When the plot is taken to the country, a rustic remarks, 'It begins to grow a little lighter.' Then Aurora crosses the stage with two or three girls carrying farthing candles. This rouses a gentleman named Fustian; but his friend Machine quiets him with,

'Why will you not allow me the same latitude that is allow'd all other composers of entertainments? Does not a dragon descend from hell in Pluto and Proserpine? Does not a squib represent a thunderbolt in the rape of Proserpine? And what are all the suns, sir, that have ever shone upon the stage, but candles? And if they represent the sun, I think they may very well represent the stars.'

In 'Tom Jones,' Fielding handles the subject rather more roughly. The heathen gods and heroes of the opening scenes, he said, were

'certainly the worst and dullest company into which an audience was ever introduced; and, which was a secret known to few, were actually intended so to be, in order to contrast the comic part of the entertainment, and to display the tricks of Harlequin to the better advantage. . . . The comic was certainly duller than anything before shown on the stage, and could be set off only by that superlative degree of dullness which composed the serious.'

In time there came a change in critical opinion, and the explanation is worth noting. During the lifetime of Lun, the foremost pantomimic of his day, no abuse was too violent for him and his creations. When he died, pantomime suddenly came into that favour to which many a novelist and essayist has referred since. The change is noticeable in Churchill's satires. In 'The Rosciad,' published in 1761, he sneers at pantomime:

'On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron Lun.
Behind for liberty athirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw.'

Lun died in 1762. In 1763, Churchill published Book IV of 'The Ghost,' and in this he refers to

'Coxcombs, who vainly make pretence
To something of exalted sense
'Bove other men, and *gravely wise*,
Affect those pleasures to despise,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp; they would not go,
For millions to a *Puppet-Show*,
Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing *Pantomime*.'

As for the essayists of the 18th century, a volume could be published of their pleasantries; and a very amusing anthology it would prove. Sometimes, as in one issue of 'The Adventurer,' the humour is intentional—Harlequin Hercules is, according to the project of a correspondent, to strangle while an infant 'a couple of pasteboard serpents of an enormous length, with internal springs and movements for the contortions,' to cleanse with a whole river of pewter an Augean stable, 'where you will have an arrangement on each side of seven or eight cows' hides stuff with straw, which the fancy's eye may as easily multiply into a thousand,' and to be burned to ashes in the presence of the whole audience, 'if any of the fire-offices will ensure the house.' Also in 'Weekly Essays,' Arlequin Chef D'Œuvre declared he had

'a fine scene of the Tower of Babel: which, if not like the said Tower, hath, at least with the prospect of Stonehenge at Drury Lane, this to recommend itself, that it is like nothing else. . . . I shall throw down the Tower of Babel on the stage, turn the Stones whereof it was composed into Sugar Loaves which shall be eaten up by Harlequin and Scaramouch.'

There is, however, in another issue of 'The Adventurer,' an essay on 'A Parallel between an Evening spent at the

Playhouse, and the several Stages of Life,' the humour of which is unconscious. The writer, though astonished at the prodigies, realised that 'the entertainment was not adapted to my understanding, but to my senses; and my senses were indeed captivated with every object of delight.' At the end came a moral. 'The play is now over, the powers of the mind are exhausted, and intellectual pleasure and pain are almost at an end. The last stage, the stage of dotage, remains, and this is the pantomime of life.'

Various circumstances confined pantomime to dumb-show. In particular there were Acts of Parliament which, originating in theatrical jealousies, made it a severe offence for pantomimics to utter words except to music. And though these laws did not apply to Covent Garden and Drury Lane, those royal theatres obeyed them because their harlequins and clowns had to be drawn from the other houses. This discipline was excellent. Trained even more rigorously than are cinema actors to express themselves without words, the performers were forced to understand the essence of their craft. Naturally, those were the great days of pantomime, though even at the beginning of the 19th century the restriction was already in trifling ways ignored. Whereas twenty or thirty years before then a theatre had to close because a clown shouted 'Roast beef!' the immunity of the patent theatres was now encouraging his fellows to 'gag' occasionally. Leigh Hunt tells us that Grimaldi's talking was 'so rare and seasonable that it only proved the rule by the exception.' Yet that was the thin edge of the wedge. Clowns would keep on saying at every turn, 'Hullo!' or 'Don't!' or 'What do you mean?' This, said Leigh Hunt, 'only makes one think that the piece is partly written and not written well.' In consequence, the managers decided that their Christmas shows should be written, and instituted the change which really was the cause of the decline of pantomime to-day.

The decay was at first almost imperceptible. For that reason, its progress can only be traced in the 'books of words' or in newspaper files, and not in the statements of critics. Byron, as one example, sneered

even at 'Mother Goose,' and the review contributed by Keats to 'The Champion' of 'Harlequin's Vision' is contemptuous; whilst Lamb, who wrote delightfully of his first pantomimes as 'all an enchantment and a dream,' had nothing to say of those he might have witnessed in his later years. Leigh Hunt's joy in the harlequinade is, however, almost unbounded. He speaks of Harlequin dashing 'through the window like a swallow,' of that 'hobbling old rascal' Pantaloon and of Columbine as 'always the little dove who is to be protected.' On the other hand, Hazlitt gives his readers the impression that, as a schoolboy home from the holidays, he must have worked out the philosophy of his Christmas amusement. Those authorities saw pantomime in its prime; yet the enthusiasm they share for it cannot compare with that shown by those who saw pantomime in its decline. This strange fact is explained when we realise that Dickens and Thackeray were thinking of the Christmas of their boyhood. 'The delights—the ten thousand million delights of a pantomime' were remembered by Boz when he thought of the show that 'came lumbering down on Richardson's waggon at fairtime':

'What words can describe the deep gloom of the opening scene, where a crafty magician holding a young lady in bondage was discovered, studying an enchanted book to the soft music of a gong!—or in what terms can we express the thrill of ecstasy with which, his magic power opposed by superior art, we beheld the monster himself converted into Clown! What mattered it that the stage was three yards wide, and four deep?—*we* never saw it.'

Similarly, when Thackeray just before his death was writing of pantomime in the 'Cornhill,' it was not of the current performances, whose quality was causing a noticeable falling off in popular favour, but of a show 'at the Fancy,' where Grimaldi's name was still in the bill. He called his imaginary entertainment, 'Harlequin Hamlet, or Daddy's Ghost and Nunky's Pison,' and concluded, 'That Ophelia should be turned into Columbine was to be expected; but I confess I was a little shocked when Hamlet's mother became Pantaloon, and was instantly knocked down by Clown Claudius.'

From such affectionate regard pantomime passed by

stages into the fiercely critical gaze of champions of Ibsen. Mr William Archer, for one, produced a revolution of taste, as any one can see, who cares to compare his writings of one Christmas with the changes made at Drury Lane the next. Then came Mr Bernard Shaw with the forcible thrust of 'What the pantomime actually does is to abuse the Christmas toleration of dullness, senselessness, vulgarity and extravagance to a degree utterly incredible by people who have never been inside a theatre.' No doubt, denunciation was needed. No doubt, the making of pantomime was a craft that had gone awry. Yet it is not possible to agree that the ills would have been remedied, as these critics suggested, by the introduction of a literary flavour—have we not seen what Sir James Barrie made of a revue?

Nevertheless, there is still enough genius in London to bring the past pleasures of Christmas back to the theatre. With Mr Granville Barker as producer, Lopokova as Columbine, Idzikovsky as Harlequin, Leslie Henson, a born mime, as Scaramouch, and Massine to design the plot, the nucleus of an exquisite amusement could be formed. Or do we ask of the theatre too much?

M. WILSON DISHER.

Art. 3.—THE ULSTER PLANTATION.

1. *An Historical Account of the Plantation in Ulster at the commencement of the Seventeenth Century.* By Nicholas Pynnar. Originally printed in Harris' 'Hibernica,' 1747. Edited by the Rev. George Hill. Belfast: McCaw, 1877.
2. *The County of Londonderry in Three Centuries.* By J. W. Kernohan. Belfast, 1921.
3. *The Irish Rebellion of 1641; with a History of the events which led up to and succeeded it.* Murray, 1921.

It is singular that a whole generation of English journalists, who have discussed the position of Ulster from every conceivable point of view and in accord with their varying political opinions, should never by sign or word in all these long years have evinced the slightest interest in the origin of this great and powerful colony. One is moved to the conclusion that they know nothing about it—an incredible supposition, if it were not for one or two astonishing revelations to the contrary. A leading Liberal journal, which has lectured and abused the Northern Protestants for the past ten years, recently published a cartoon depicting Cromwell expressing a pious regret that he had ever 'discovered Ulster!' A distinguished jurist and politician, formerly a strong supporter of Ulster, informed a crowded meeting recently that the Ulster Plantation was the work of Scots and Welsh, apparently mixing up Strongbow and James I! At any rate, it is tolerably obvious that the would-be directors of British opinion on this burning subject, have never even heard of Pynnar's Survey, the Domesday Book of the Ulster Plantation, so ably edited by Mr Hill, admirably printed and readily accessible. Sometimes these people are vaguely alluded to as of wholly Scottish descent. The Americans, who, fortunately for their country, and that, too, before the Revolutionary war, received about 100,000 of these hardy, industrious souls, invariably refer to them and to their descendants as *Scotch-Irish*, as opposed to the other Irish, a comparatively modern influx. This, however, for the good reason that it was chiefly the Scottish Presbyterians who had then good cause to leave Ireland.

With the turbulent period, which resulted in the escheating and the acquisition by the Crown of the lands of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, and half a dozen smaller chiefs, we have no concern here. It will be enough to say that their estates comprised the six counties of Donegal, Coleraine (to be re-named Derry), Tyrone, Fermanagh, Armagh, and Cavan. The north-east corner of the Province, the counties of Antrim and Down, were not included in the Plantation. Long before this time, these two counties had acquired such affiliation with western Scotland by natural intercourse, both peaceful and warlike, and by private adventure, as to prepare the ground for a steady stream of spontaneous immigration from all parts of southern Scotland. This wide-spread origin was fortunate, for the west-coast Gaels, undiluted with stiffer and more civilised elements, might have proved, and indeed on occasions had proved, as troublesome to the British Government as the Irish Celts they displaced. In brief, Antrim and Down may be fairly regarded as ethnologically Scottish colonies; and with the complications of their further development we are not here concerned. Monaghan, too, was planted independently and has a little story to itself.

In 1608, after the flight of the earls, the ground of the six counties, from the Crown point of view, was now, save the Church lands, all cleared of ownership; and the moment was ripe for the colonisation scheme which had been long in the air. There was already a swarm of soldiers in Ireland, who had fought through seven years of war in the full hopes of reward out of the confiscated lands. It was a period of high adventure, stimulated by what seemed at the time a lack of opportunities at home. John Smith and his companions were struggling with the beginnings of Virginia. New England was being written up by distinguished navigators; and Ireland, so close at home and occupied by a mainly pastoral people, who seemed to the English almost savages, must have had immense fascinations. Intending colonists this side the Channel were astir; and the old soldiers in Ireland, then known as servitors, were all agog and more than suspicious of the King. James had in fact harboured some fatal notion of giving large grants to certain Scottish nobles, who would have shipped over

hordes of wild western Gaels and the like, only to add fuel to the seething fires of Irish unrest. The Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, the shrewdest of Crown officials in Ireland, and his Dublin council fully recognised that industrious farmers and artisans were the only material to carry the business through; and King James, having been successfully brought to heel, now threw himself with ardour into the project.

So in July 1608, a commission, accompanied by troops, started from Dublin on a journey of inspection through the six escheated counties. They were away for two crowded months, incidentally trying suspected persons, skirmishing with recalcitrant natives, and everywhere summoning juries to give evidence on boundaries. They treated the country for survey purposes as virgin territory, for such natives as might be retained on the soil were to be allotted fresh lands. The country consisted of bog, forest, waste mountain and pasture land, and was thus scheduled. Whatever may have been its condition at a former period, it was at this time almost wholly grazing ground, and the tillage area was nearly negligible; while beyond a few rude houses or stone towers, occupied by the better sort, there were scarcely any substantial dwellings.

The labours of the Commission were completed on Sept. 2. But the results were so imperfect that another expedition started immediately and returned late in October; and Sir John Davys, of the ready pen, Attorney-General, and Sir James Ley, Chief Justice, repaired to London with the Report to assist in perfecting the scheme. Excluding the county of Derry, which was to pass *en bloc* to the London companies, the amount of land surveyed for settlement was, in round figures, 600,000 acres. It was understood that only reasonably productive land was to be reckoned in this computation, since the total area of the five counties was, of course, many times this amount. But, making liberal allowance for mountains, woods, and bogs, there is yet a large margin unaccounted for—a problem that is met by the statement of competent judges, that the surveyed lands, by design or carelessness, were considerably underestimated.

The scheme of the Plantation which was thoroughly,
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and in the end successfully, carried out, was as follows. The old Church lands, already the property of a Protestant Establishment, hardly yet animate, but to be now definitely enjoyed by Anglican bishops and clergy, amounted to about a tenth of the whole. Outside this, with exceptions to be noted later, each county, having been divided into six or eight baronies, was further subdivided, as regards its surveyed lands, into tracts of 2000, 1500, and 1000 acres. These were respectively designated Greater, Middle, and Lesser 'Proportions,' the last being at least as numerous as the other two combined. They were to be all held on free and common socage. Each 'Proportion' carried rights on the neighbouring bogs, wastes, and woods of timber and turf, rights which appear to have been so freely interpreted as to result eventually in largely extended ownership. Candidates for land had been long stirring; and Dublin, so Chichester reports in the summer of 1609, was full of strangers. These were of two classes. First in numbers and importance were the potential Undertakers, or 'civic' planters, English and Scottish. Secondly, there were the old soldiers of the late Irish wars, the 'servitors,' who had been bitterly disappointed three years previously at the pardoning of the two earls and the resumption of their status and estates, which they had now so conveniently abdicated. In the third place, about 60,000 acres were reserved for shifted natives against whom nothing could be urged. These servitors and natives were to be mingled together in each county and, so far as possible, on the fringes of the planted country, the martial men having naturally been credited with a better understanding of the Irish, and otherwise more qualified to suppress trouble within, as well as without, the Plantation frontiers.

About a fourth of the whole area surveyed was set apart for the servitors and natives, but generally in rather smaller individual parcels than the three 'Proportion' rates of the Civil Plantation. This last was to consist of an equal number of English and Scottish Undertakers in each county, the object being to avert the danger of too much racial segregation. But, in order to retain the benefit for individual groups of homelands in a strange and dangerous country, alternate

baronies or 'precincts,' were allotted *en bloc* to Scots and English respectively. Further, encouragement was given for each barony to be occupied by persons from the same district or connexion. These little groups of some half-dozen Undertakers to a barony were headed by a leader, or 'consort,' who in turn drew lots for a choice of the said alternate barony. One or two greater 'Proportions' in most counties were reserved for servitors or natives, and three in Cavan, for the former, as a more especial danger-point.

So precise was the distribution between Scots and English that in the five counties the former received 64 'Proportions,' containing 82,000 acres, the latter 62 of 84,000 acres. Servitors and natives had 103,000 acres; corporate towns (to be), free schools (to be founded), and Trinity College, nominally 10,000 acres. The terms of entry to the accepted Undertakers were as follows: an annual payment of 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for every thousand acres, after the first four years; owners of Greatest Proportions to erect a castle of stone, surrounded by a bawne (defensive enclosure); owners of Middle Proportions, a castle or house of stone within a bawne; while for those of the Lesser Proportions, only a bawne, without specification as to house, was prescribed. These buildings had to be erected within a given time, ultimately extended to four years, while five continuous years of residence by the Undertaker, or a qualified representative, formed another very necessary condition. Lastly, one or two sureties, or 'cautioners,' had to be found in each case.

Undertakers were, furthermore, pledged to bring over a specified number of tenants and labourers, English or 'inland' Scots—i.e. not Highlanders, Islesmen, or West-Coasters—and to erect or cause them to erect suitable houses, 'close to the bawne.' They were not permitted to accept native tenants. One-third of each estate was to be sub-let under fee-farm grants, another third in leases of not less than forty years, while the remainder was available for demesne, tenants-at-will, and cottars. Every proprietor was to keep a sufficient stand of arms, and to muster and drill his tenantry periodically—a tolerably obvious precaution, with a considerable native population on their flanks, all bitterly outraged in sentiment and, as regards the

upper sort, in person or pocket. The servitors paying 2*l.* per 1000 acres more than the others were allowed to take native tenants, being obviously unable to import Britons, and presumably more competent to control a native tenantry. The servitors' grants were generally, as were those to most natives, under 1000 acres.

All this sounds like one of those paper schemes with which visionaries have always been wont to amuse themselves by drafting for potential colonies oversea. But this one went through, with many evasions and lapses, to be sure. Yet it worked out and proved sound, though the massacre of 1641 made, no doubt, big breaches in it. If the trade restrictions of England, and still more the crazy policy of the Irish parliament and the greater northern landlords had not drained Protestant Ireland so severely between 1700 and 1771, Irish history might have been written differently.

There was no lack of Undertakers; selection was easy; and many were rejected. Here is an average sample of the Englishmen who offered themselves and were mostly accepted: Dillon, of Aggardsley Park, Staffs; Sir Anthony Cope, of Cope Castle; several Tuchets, of Lord Audley's family; a Clare, of Stanfield Hall, Norfolk; Sir T. Cornewall, of the well-known Hereford family; St John, of Lydiard Tregoze, Wilts; Sir Maurice Berkeley, of Somerset; Sir Hugh Wirral, of Yorks; Bogas, of Deresham Park, Suffolk; Sir W. Harman; Sir J. Mallory; Flowerdew, Blenerhassett, and Archdale, all of Norfolk; Sir Francis Fishe, of Bedford. Financial status was carefully regarded; and in a full list all were credited with incomes of from 100*l.* to 500*l.* a year, such, in fact, as was enjoyed by substantial country squires of the period. A few burgesses appear, but Chichester, in a later dispatch, describes the Undertakers as mostly 'plain country-gentlemen.' It is worth noting, too, that a clear majority come from East Anglia and the East Midlands, and that a west-country colony in Co. Cork had come to great grief in the preceding century.

Here, again, are some examples of the Scottish applicants, equally significant: Homme, of Milne; Lauder, of Belhaven; Douglas, of Shott; various Hamiltons, of the Abercorn and other landed families; Lord Ochiltree; Sir T. Boyd, of Bedley; a Stewart, of

Minto; Sir John Drummond, of Perthshire; three Cunninghams, of Glengarnock; Sir Patrick McKie, of Laerg; Balfour, Lord Burleigh; Sir John Wishart, Laird of Petarro; Moneypenny (of the Fife family); Maclellan, Baron of Bombie; and Patrick Vans, of Barnbarroch. A few burghers of Glasgow and Edinburgh and some private servants of King James are exceptions in a list from which the above is a fortuitous selection. There are two or three ministers among the Scots, and as many parsons among the English adventurers. Among the servitors are such significant names as Wingfield, Folliott, Caulfield, Conway, Hansard, Perrott, Bodley, and Fettiplace, all Knights; and among the Captains are Atherton, Trevellian, Boddington, Throgmorton, Leigh, Annesley, Trevor, Fleming, Gore, Culme, Ackland, Devereux, Bagnall, and Daubenny. It seems to have been quite usual, too, for Scottish lairds to retain their territorial affix, after they had abandoned or sold their patrimony and crossed the Channel. Thus we find the Laird of Dunduff, the Laird of Luss, the Laird of Bombie, and others, registered as Ulster colonists.

The accepted Undertakers, or their representatives, were mostly in Ireland by the summer and autumn of 1610; and proclamation was made all over the six counties warning the natives to evacuate the 'proportion' lands by May 1611. There is scarcely a sign of dwellings being taken into consideration. Perhaps the mass of them were hardly worth it. In the initial difficulties of the Undertakers we learn that the natives rendered much help; many no doubt hoped to remain as tenants in their own localities, possibly not realising the edict to the contrary. Indeed, many did so, while under the servitors they were mostly retained as such under official permission. Most of them, too, had cattle, which few British had as yet acquired, while such other necessities as they produced could be readily sold to the incomers. The bulk of them, at the low rents prevailing, would be actually freer men under normal English tenancy than under the heel of their old chiefs, with their dues, exactions, and troops of cosherers and idle followers. Sentiment, however, we are told, was stronger than the fact of material improvement. To a man, they were ready to cut the throats of the colonists. The

latter had need to be stout men of stout heart; and most of them in truth were such, as well as men of birth. But the time of the natives was not yet. For, though there were some outbreaks in 1612-13, the real rising did not come till 1641. Lord Ernest Hamilton, the most recent and painstaking investigator of those sanguinary years, has computed the number of Protestant men, women, and children then killed to be certainly not less than 37,000. Those native gentry who had received fresh grants under the Plantation Act were further harassed by want of cattle, their only form of property being cows, which constituted the sole currency of the country. These, according to ancient custom, were let out to the lower sort of Irish at a share of their produce or increase. In the general unsettlement these cows had been frequently lost sight of by their owners, and as often, we are told, annexed by their hirers, whose sentiment was not proof against their cupidity.

A Crown inspection was made of the six planted counties, by Sir Josias Bodley, in 1615-16. His report was far from satisfactory; and the Undertakers seem to have been warned that greater activity in fulfilling their contracts was expected of them. So, two years later, in 1618-19, when Captain Pynnar was despatched on a similar, but more exhaustive survey, his report shows a great advance in development. He rode from place to place, through two seasons, and he describes with exactitude the condition of each settlement and estate with their occupants. It will perhaps best serve our limitations of both space and purpose here not to analyse the whole report, but to give some examples of what this industrious official tells us of various districts.

In the Scottish barony or 'precinct' of Clonkee (Cavan), for instance, is one of the few Undertakers allowed 3000 acres. This is the Lord Angbignie (we conform to the spelling of the survey throughout), who has sold in the meantime—for sales were allowed after five years—to a man of energy, Sir James Hamilton. The owner has a good bawne of lime and stone, eighty feet square, and two flankers fifteen feet high, and within it a very large, strong castle of lime and stone, of five storeys, with four round towers for flankers. The roof is set up and ready to be slated. Planted on the estate are

eight freeholders of British birth, holding from 120 to 480 acres apiece; eight leaseholders for three lives, with an average of 100 acres, and 25 cottars with small parcels of land and common rights; total forty-one families, mustering eighty men-at-arms. Adjoining is another Hamilton, on a Lesser Proportion (1000 acres). He has a stone bawne, with flanking round towers, and is building a four-storeyed stone house. There is also a village of eight houses and a water-mill, with five houses by it. Here are fifteen British families, freeholders, leaseholders, and cottars, mustering forty armed men. Yet another Hamilton, close by, is on the same scale and showing the same satisfactory conditions; while William Bealie, the next owner, equally up to the mark, completes the Precinct, throughout which Pynnar finds 'good tillage after the English manner'—a by no means universal state of things.

The next two Precincts, being on the border, are occupied by servitors and natives, with less uniform holdings. Near by, Sir Thomas Ash has bought two 'Lesser Proportions' from the original patentees. He has repaired an old castle on one, and has a good bawne with flankers on the other. All his land, however, is inhabited by Irish, of which breach of agreement he will probably hear more when Pynnar reports. Captain Culme has purchased Lough Ranner (Ramor) from another servitor, Ridgeway, and has been busy building a stone bawne, sixty yards square and fifteen feet high, and a good house, just being roofed. He is going to build a town to be called Virginia, for which he has been granted 250 acres, and has already eight timber houses, occupied by English, with a school and a minister (his brother), afterwards Dean of St Patrick's. Adjoining is one of the dispossessed O'Reillies (Shane), with 900 acres, who though 'out with Tyrone' has found favour; he dwells in 'an Irish house,' within a small bawne. Another of the same sept, close by, has 3000 acres, on which, in a repaired castle within a bawne of sods, he lives with his family. Another native, Maurice McTelligh, holding 3000 acres, lives in a good Irish house inside a bawne of stone; and, between the two last, an English captain, Tirrell, holding 2000 acres. The tenantry of all the last four estates are Irish and 'plough by the tail, nor have any leases been granted.'

Next comes an English 'precinct,' beginning with Mr John Taylor, on a 'Middle Proportion' (1500 acres). An active pioneer, he has a castle and bawne completed, where he dwells with his family. He has seven freeholders, seven leaseholders, and ten cottars—twenty-four families, all English and able to furnish fifty-four armed men. There is also a village of fourteen houses and a water-mill. Thomas, son of Sir Thomas Walldron, marches with the above, on 2000 acres (Dromillan). A big stone house is just finished, where he lives with his mother, brother, and sisters. He has built a town of thirty-one houses, all inhabited by English. There are five freeholders, averaging 80 acres apiece, and seventeen leaseholders, on rather smaller holdings, with thirty-one cottars, on two-acre plots carrying common rights. John Fish, probably a son of our Bedford knight already mentioned, is close by, on Dromany (2000 acres), and is also most energetic. He has a strong bawne and castle for himself and family, two villages of ten stone houses each, and two inns (being on a main highway). There are here four freeholders, averaging 150 acres each, four lessees for their lives upon the same scale, fourteen lessees for terms of years, averaging 50 acres and fourteen cottars, providing in all sixty well-armed men. The adjoining estate (1500 acres) of Mr Adwick, taken up under a mortgage from Sir Hugh Wirral, is in a less satisfactory condition. A new two-storeyed house has been awaiting its roof for two years, and there are only eight freeholders and lessees planted, with no cottars and no stand of arms.

Sir Stephen Butler, next door, is exceptionally well established, with a strong castle and bawne, two corn mills, a fulling mill, 41 families and 139 armed men. There are two hundred stand of arms in the castle, besides those distributed among the tenants for their individual defence. He and the other Undertakers of the Precinct are building the town of Belturbet, where many 'cage houses' are already erected and occupied by British, mostly tradesmen. Peter Arneas appears to be almost the only Devon man among the hundred and odd English undertakers and servitors. But he is a good specimen, for he has built a stone house, sixty feet long and three storeys high, and a village of seven houses,

and has sufficient English tenants to provide thirty armed men. Thus the methodical Pynnar plods along from estate to estate through the whole six counties. There is no occasion, even were it possible, to follow him further through the first five. The examples quoted may fairly stand for what he found and reported on generally, though there were a good many laggards.

Only one unmistakable Border name appears, that of John Heron, with 2000 acres in Tyrone, though the King intended to, and did in fact, ship over a number of troublesome Border rievvers, Armstrongs and others. A Scottish lady, Mrs Lindsay, who lived in a timbered house in the same county, within a bawne of sods, had planted the latter with a quick-set hedge. She could muster thirty armed men. Mr Obyns, who was very active on 2000 acres in Co. Armagh, and founded the colony of Portadown, was sued successfully in court by an English creditor. His property was resumed by the King, a part of it sold, and the balance returned to him. There appear a great number of knights, with an occasional nobleman, both Scottish and English, in actual residence. Mr Hill, an indefatigable antiquary and genealogist, has traced the after-career of many of these families, and by his industry immensely amplified the personal details given by Pynnar. In many cases the names of the imported tenantry are thus supplied, and sometimes even those of the Irish tenants. For a certain number of these last seems to have been permitted even to the Undertakers, or at any rate winked at; and Pynnar found far more of them than the law prescribed. In the six counties, however, he reckons there are at least 8000 men of British birth, fit to bear arms, 'though not a fourth part of the land is fully inhabited.'

Pynnar's account of the condition of agriculture is discouraging. The Scots alone as yet do much ploughing; and, if it were not for them, Pynnar thinks the Plantation might be in danger of scarcity. A sense of danger and insecurity seems still in the air, and no wonder! For numbers of Irish, other than those fortunate in getting estates or farms on the good lands, inhabited the woods and wastes and not unnaturally annoyed the intruders to the fullest extent of their opportunities, which must have been abundant. These 'wood-kernes'

seem to have been largely recruited from the hitherto favoured and idle class, unused to work, who by tribal custom had exacted personal maintenance from the peasants. The English tenants, Pynnar reports, with the larger holdings, and not well stocked either with draught or other cattle, frequently sub-let their farms to such Irishmen as possessed both at increased rents, living on the margin. Thus early the small middleman, later on the curse of the country, came into being, though not in this case of his own volition.

The County and City of Derry was settled by the London companies on different lines, and apparently with much less exactitude and circumspection. To each of the City companies—the Goldsmiths, Grocers, Ironmongers, Mercers, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Clothworkers, Vintners, Drapers, and Salters—were allocated 3200 acres, which, as shown by a contemporary map, appears a patchwork of continuous blocks on the east side of Lough Foyle. Pynnar found some of these properties in the hands of the Companies' agents, others let to private individuals. Valentine Hartopp, for instance, had taken that of the Merchant Taylors for sixty-one years and was well established in a battlemented castle, with a fair church, many stone houses, and twenty-nine English families. The Mercers' lands, in the hands of an agent, save for a strong castle and bawne, was in a quite undeveloped condition, and wholly occupied by Irish tenants. The Haberdashers' and Clothworkers' lands were let to Sir Robert McLellan for sixty-one years. He had two strong castles, but on one of the estates nothing but Irish tenants. Lady Doddington held the Skinners' land on similar terms. She had two castles, with a village and church adjoining each, and a good school, also a complete stand of arms and a personal household of twenty-four servants. These London agents and chief leaseholders had built well and substantially, but seemed shy of giving such English tenants as they had brought over the usual security in leases.

Pynnar found the City of Londonderry surrounded by a 'noble wall' twenty-four feet high, and four battlemented gates with portcullis and drawbridge. But there were only ninety-two small houses within it, and far too few inhabitants to man a quarter of the walls.

Contemporary opinion as to the comparative prospects of English and Scots is interesting, for neither nation had as yet done any colonising to speak of. The English, already great at oversea adventure, and steeped in the romance of new worlds, were represented by a much-enduring handful in Virginia, just creeping out of their stockades to raise their first crops of tobacco and maize. It was nearly two centuries before the Lowland Scot became in any serious sense an oversea agricultural settler. The colonial Scot of Ulster had long preceded him across the Atlantic. Pynnar and others, however, thought that the Scots of the Ulster Plantation would stand their transfer better than the English. The reasons were fairly obvious, for, though English agriculture, such as it then was, was far ahead of the Scottish practice, the English were accustomed at home to comfortable conditions, the others to a frugal and austere existence. The change of climate, too, from, say Norfolk or Suffolk, to that of undeveloped, undrained Ulster was undoubtedly trying under pioneering conditions, while from the Western Lowlands, at any rate, it was no change at all. These anticipations proved on the whole sound, though they are concerned with an intricate question not here relevant, but often discussed by Ulster writers. One word may be said, and indeed has often been said, namely, that the Ulster Presbyterian of later days did not necessarily imply Scottish origin. For so many English immigrants of Puritan leanings would by temperament, or through intermarriage, prefer the Presbyterian to the Episcopal communion, as to cloud any racial calculations made on this basis.

In conclusion, it may be worth noting that ten years later, in 1629, Charles I ordered another survey of the Plantation, whether with ulterior design or not we do not know. But his commissioners found such laxity in fulfilling the agreements of tenure, that the King resumed possession of all or nearly all the Plantation, restoring it to the owners, of course, on fines and a rise in the head-rent—a more than satisfactory procedure, no doubt, to a Stuart King! It can hardly have endeared him, however, to the Ulster colonists when the test came a dozen years later.

A. G. BRADLEY.

ART. 4.—A LITERARY SHRINE IN ITALY.

A VISITOR to Florence in the old days might well have imagined himself transported to England. It was not necessary for him to travel to London and participate in a London season in order to see an assembly of members of the Upper and Lower Houses, lords and ladies, professors from Oxford and Cambridge, and sages from Edinburgh and Aberdeen. Florence had long been a resort of the cultured English; they were almost as much at home on the banks of the Arno as on the banks of the Thames. And the centre of English social life in Florence was to be found at the villa 'Poggio Gherardo.' A distinguished English authoress is living here who was in touch with the social life of most of the capitals of Europe. I have been there many times when the peace of a lovely spring day rested upon the countryside. Fiesole looks down in commanding beauty from the heights; separated from Fiesole by the gentle undulations which stretch eastwards from Florence. Along the same mountain ridge lies Settignano; and between them, but nearer to Settignano, there rises the ancient crenelated castle of Poggio Gherardo.

Within this castle, rising from amid the dull green of the olive-trees, and upon which the glory of the Middle Ages still rests, were people who knew how consciously to enjoy the loveliness and grandeur by which they were surrounded. The host, Mr James Ross, since dead, who, as banker, had spent many years in Alexandria, was one of the greatest orchid-growers in Europe. When I first visited the orchid-houses at Poggio Gherardo in the spring of 1891 under the guidance of Mrs Ross, they contained 7000 orchids, among which were 1300 different species. The blooms which I saw at that time in all their living beauty in the orchid-houses afterwards met my gaze in the form of paintings; for the orchids reared by her husband were painted by Mrs Ross, and some 750 of these water-colours are now in the Herbarium at Kew.

But the owners of this villa were no mere gardeners. Wanderers who had pilgrimed the world over might take refuge in the peaceful, olive-shaded atmosphere of Poggio Gherardo, over which hovers the spirit of

Boccaccio, and which is adorned with scenes from the 'Decameron.' Mrs Ross has put forward the bold hypothesis that the poet wrote part of his 'Decameron' here; indeed, she has had the courage to assume that he was not born in Paris, but in Cumignano, close to Florence. If that is so, the ground upon which we were standing had once been trodden by the feet of Boccaccio. If Pampinea, Fiammetta, and the other ladies and the three noble knights of the 'Decameron' ever really lived and told one another their tales in the days when the plague raged in 'the glorious city of Florence, the most beautiful of all the cities of Italy,' they may have done so at Poggio Gherardo, for Boccaccio's description seems as though it had been suggested by this villa. The cicadas may still be heard chirping among the olive-trees, as in Boccaccio's day; the green of meadows and gardens is still to be seen here; fresh water and 'cellars with costly wines' are still to be found; and ladies and gentlemen, assembled there in the 'nineties, still told one another all manner of merry tales.

Our hostess was descended from a line of women whose names belong not only to English literature, but are also closely connected with German literature. Mrs Ross's mother was Lady Duff Gordon, and her grandmother was Mrs Sarah Austin. Both mother and grandmother shone by virtue of their beauty and still more by virtue of their intellect. The portraits of these distinguished women hang in the drawing-room at Poggio Gherardo; at the time of my first visit both had long lain in their graves, the one in Egyptian, the other in English soil. In her portrait, painted by John Linnell, Mrs Sarah Austin, the friend of Guizot and of the philosophers Cousin and Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire (she used to call them, in jest, her Plato and Aristotle), appears as a sweet, fragile being with a gentle expression in which a refinement of worldly wisdom is evident. The delicate head is supported, as though in meditation, on her hand; curls stray across her brow. It is the picture of a noble and thoughtful woman. After contemplating it, it is easy to understand that this woman was not only a wise helpmate to her husband, but also that great thinkers such as John

Stuart Mill, Grote, and Macaulay, gladly drew from the well of her unfailing intelligence.

Beside her portrait hangs that of her daughter, Lucie Lady Duff Gordon, painted by Henry W. Phillips, and portraying a majestic, Juno-like presence, distinguished and calm as a statue. The great, beautiful eyes look dreamily out; luxuriant tresses crown the lofty brow. Next to this is the portrait of her daughter, our hostess, Mrs Ross, by Leighton. It is evident at first glance that the daughter has inherited her mother's features. But the daughter did not appear before us merely in effigy, and from her lips we heard many details of the lives of her mother and grandmother.

Many of the old pictures that used to adorn the house have since passed into other hands, but the villa still contains a number of drawings and water-colours by painters of the first rank, such as Watts and Leighton. Poggio Gherardo is a museum of relics, the presence of which inspired Mrs Ross with the idea of recalling former days by means of several delightful volumes of reminiscences. For the paintings which were afterwards to beautify her home in Florence had originally come from Esher and Weybridge, and conjured up before our eyes the forms and the environment of those two wonderful women, our hostess's mother and grandmother. In the corridor there hangs a portrait of Henry Hallam, a fine head with a noble brow. From the walls we were greeted by the fur-clad 'doctrinaire' Guizot, by Grote the historian and Cousin the philosopher. In the drawing-room we paid our respects to other ancestors of our hostess, such as her great-grandmother, Mrs John Taylor, a matron of rosy countenance, who, early in the last century, gathered about her at her home in Norwich the flower of the intellectual life of Norfolk, and divided her time between housekeeping and literature.

Again and again at Poggio Gherardo we turned the leaves of a large album, a collection of autographs such as is seldom to be seen. In this album not only was England represented, but Germany also, and that in the person of her greatest men. There were letters addressed to our hostess herself and to her mother and grandmother. All three have done good service in the

propagation of German literature in England. When still a young girl, Mrs Ross translated into English Sybel's book on the Crusades; her mother, Lady Duff Gordon, translated several of Niebuhr's works and also Heine's poems; by her translation of Ranke's 'History of the Popes,' her grandmother earned the approval of both Ranke and Macaulay.

Besides this, all three women have achieved original work. Mrs Austin wrote a book on 'German Life'; Lady Duff Gordon, 'Letters from the Cape' and 'Letters from Egypt'; and Mrs Ross is the author of several books on Italy and of a charming volume of memoirs, 'Three Generations of English Women,' in which appear descriptions of her great-grandmother, Mrs John Taylor, and of her grandmother and mother. She subsequently wrote sequels to this work in the two volumes 'Early Days Recalled' and 'The Fourth Generation: Reminiscences.' In these last-named books we encounter personalities who moved in London political and literary society in the middle of last century, a society which, in spite of all its marked national characteristics, was in touch with the finest intellectual elements of Parisian life. Members of the Orleans family were regarded with kindly patronage in this circle; and even the future Napoleon III was tolerated, although no more than tolerated. If Mrs Ross should ever have wished to visit the graves of her friends, or rather of the friends of her mother and grandmother, she would have had no difficulty in finding them, for many of these friends had been laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

At Poggio Gherardo there are a number of letters addressed to Sarah Austin by distinguished German men and women, which have never been published, but appeared to me to be of great interest. Sarah Austin stands out in the intellectual history of England with a double title to renown: first as wife to and collaborator with the great jurist, John Austin, and then as an author and translator who rejoiced in passing on to English readers the finest productions of the German intellect. There was scarcely one German poet or thinker of renown during the decades immediately following Goethe's death with whom she had not corresponded.

Contemporary with Carlyle, she seems to range herself with that representative of Goethe in England in the faculty of vice-representative. In Germany, however, where, with her husband, she used to visit such seats of learning as Berlin and Bonn, she was honoured as representing, as it were, in her person the Muse of England. When she went to Germany, she assembled about her the first thinkers of the day, such as the Humboldts, Ranke, Savigny, Schleiermacher, Niebuhr, Bunsen, the Grimms, and such women as Otilie von Goethe and Bettina von Arnim.

By the book which appeared shortly after Goethe's death in 1833, 'Characteristics of Goethe, from the German of Falk von Müller and Others'—a three-volume work which is really a collection of translations, including her own translations of Goethe—Mrs Austin associated herself definitely with the circle of devotees at Weimar. It fell now to Goethe's daughter-in-law, Otilie, the widow of Goethe's only son, to thank her in the name of the illustrious departed. Otilie, in a letter from Frankfurt a/M, dated Sept. 14, 1833, began by reciting, in excuse for her silence, a catalogue of woes physical and moral. She then went on :

'But this is becoming a kind of autobiography and cannot possibly interest you. I can only add: Pardon me, and believe that I have realised to the full what you have done for me. I say "done for me," and I thank you for your interest in the life and works of my father-in-law and for all your efforts to gain him recognition in your country. No doubt you will agree with me that, so far as our feelings are concerned, the greatest benefit we women can receive is the advancement of the object of our love and admiration.'

Otilie von Goethe had a special affection for Ireland and the Irish. In collaboration with an Irishman, Mr Des Voeux, she had translated Goethe's 'Torquato Tasso' into English. Hence she now wrote :

'You ask me what I consider most suitable for translation. I think that "Egmont," because of its reference to Ireland and the essentially Irish character of its hero, would be most universally understood, but I must add that I have already made the same suggestion to a friend. No, indeed I cannot advise you to raise a storm of indignation against yourself

by a translation of "Wahlverwandschaften." My English self was horrified at such a bold suggestion, although my German self appreciates the moral purposes of the book.'

In her correspondence with Mrs Austin, Ottilie reveals herself as impetuous, wild, unstable, giving full rein to her instinctive coquetry. Contemporaries who were her intimate friends have described her as one whose mind was governed by imagination alone, whose emotions knew no restraint. Such also did she appear; her eyes sparkled sometimes with an uncanny but bewitching gleam, her cheeks burned with unsated passion. Hers was a wild and thwarted nature. Thus it was her famous father-in-law rather than her mediocre husband who had fallen under her fiery influence. To Goethe, the father, Ottilie seemed a fascinating enigma, and they lived together in spiritual union. To Goethe, the son, the comparatively insignificant son of the infinitely great father, she was a wife like many another. Her husband had no understanding for the volcanic fires glowing within her; Ottilie lived beside him but not with him. Her marriage, which was not a marriage of souls, turned her into a cynic; and, in the light of her own unhappy experience, she defined the soul of a man as a *ragoût* consisting of a large portion of egoism and three times as much vanity, with a good slice of calculation, called common sense, the whole seasoned with a taste of intellect. But, far above the mists engendered by her experiences, she perceived the spirit of Goethe enthroned in sovereign magnificence. To her he was, as it were, the spirit of God hovering over the waters of a tumultuous world.

After her husband's death (1830), Ottilie continued to live in Goethe's house at Weimar with her two sons Walther and Wolf and her youngest child, the delightful Alma. This mode of life lasted for another two years until the death of the great poet. Now, indeed, her heart was desolate. Her existence seemed to her to have lost its purpose. She no longer lived in the world but in the memory of her father-in-law; whoever, like Sarah Austin, honoured him, was honoured by her, and the aim of her life was to contribute to his fame.

Sarah Austin regarded all the members of the
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Weimar circle as her affinities. The Chancellor, Friedrich von Müller, was a 'Weimarer' *par excellence*. By his intervention with Napoleon I, he had saved the threatened independence of the Grand-Duchy, and he also had been one of Goethe's intimate friends. He wrote to Mrs Austin in April 1836 :

'The intelligent homage which you have paid to Goethe's memory, the deep comprehension of the qualities of this great man, with which you have made your countrymen better acquainted, gives you an indisputable claim to the gratitude and regard of all Germans, but to mine in particular, since you have honoured my small contributions to the study of Goethe's character by binding them in the garland which your noble hands have dedicated to his departed spirit.'

He informed her of the coming publication of Eckermann's 'Conversations,' from which Goethe's 'inner life and endeavour will shine as from a faithful mirror.' He enclosed in his letter an autograph of Goethe's—'a page which will not attain its full value until the tender perception of such a soul as yours has endowed it with a peculiar interest.' He concludes with the words :

'We at Weimar cannot abandon the hope that your travels on the Continent will lead you to our quiet valley, where indeed you will find not only great memories, but also a faithful band of worshippers, who have long desired to make your acquaintance in person.'

After the death of Goethe, the 'Weimarer' had, so far as possible, transferred their allegiance to Ottilie. But Ottilie's restless spirit often drove her from Weimar. Vienna is also intimately connected with the name Goethe; long before Vienna had erected a memorial to the poet, the soil of that city had received one whom Goethe had taken many times upon his knee, and on whose brow his hand had lain in benediction. Alma von Goethe, the granddaughter of the immortal poet, lies in Viennese soil. When we stand by her grave, our thoughts recur to her mother Ottilie, who, unable after Goethe's death to endure Weimar, built her nest in Vienna. After a short sojourn in Frankfurt, she settled there in 1839; and it was there that her youngest child died. Henceforward clouds obscured Ottilie's horizon. In 1845, in her endeavour to forget her unhappy lot, she

journeyed to Italy. But Italy brought her no relief. She visited many cities—Venice, Rome, and Naples—that seemed to her as woeful as her own spirit. Eventually she settled once more in Weimar, so as to be close to the remains of the great man. She died there on Oct. 26, 1872, and was buried beside her mother in the family vault in the cemetery there. Thus she lies far away from husband August, far also from Alma, and close to the Olympian, from the overflowing measure of whose giant intellect she had quaffed so deeply.

Sarah Austin had predeceased Ottilie by five years. Her literary energies had not been concentrated solely upon the sun of Weimar. She had gazed with pleasure also at other stars in the German firmament. She was as much at home in military Prussia as in Goethe's be-laurelled province. In Weimar it was the fashion to squander enthusiasm in every direction and to lose sight of the unimportant question of the welfare of the German people. At Bonn, on the other hand, not only the Prussian but the German flag also was borne aloft; and the standard-bearer was Ernst Moriz Arndt, patriot, scholar, and poet. At Bonn, Mrs Austin became acquainted with the cream of the intellectual life of Prussia. She could no more have forgotten 'Father Arndt' than she could have failed to remember 'Father Rhine.' From one of Arndt's letters to her sounds the voice of 'a good old German conscience.' His speech was energetic and compact like himself; and, as he laid store by vigorous language, he took pleasure also in making it the object of his reflexions. Thus, to Sarah Austin, he writes:

'Bonn, the 26th of the Storm-month, 1842.

'You have been so kind as to write me a charming letter in my own language, in which the only mistake was that you thought yourself obliged to compliment it. This German language of ours is, indeed, a stubborn rascal, but you have learned how to ride and control the wild steed. You were so kind, too, as to ask for news of an old man like myself. Who am I? A lonely bird, a voice crying in the wilderness, which is heard by few and the echoes of which will soon die away when my grave has been made. No matter, we are building up the divine edifice in various ways, each according to his nature, and we must rejoice in the glorious work, although

individually we may only swarm about it like guats or flies; for it can only be given to a few immortals to leave their imprint upon it. If I have any merit, it is that I have had some understanding of the greatness of my nation and of the secrets of its nature and speech. . . .’

From Bonn she proceeded to Berlin. Among the brilliant women whose acquaintance she made there may be mentioned Fanny Lewald. A letter from Oldenburg, the home of her future husband Adolph Stahr, betrays that sharp, masculine precision which pervaded Fanny’s actions. In this letter Fanny raised a protest against the excessively high esteem in which Gräfin Ida Hahn-Hahn was held by Sarah Austin. The latter had been so biased as to compare the capricious convert, who had exchanged temperate Protestantism for the incense-laden atmosphere of Rome, with George Sand. A year previously, however, Fanny Lewald had ridiculed the Gräfin’s affectations and exaggeratedly aristocratic bearing in an anonymous novel called ‘Diogenes.’ She now endeavoured to moderate Mrs Austin’s enthusiasm for this curious saint who combined life in society with mystic love. At the same time she indulged in a character-study of Bettina von Arnim, who at that time had cast her spell over the society of Berlin.

‘Oldenburg, Feb. 13, 1848.

‘. . . As regards one point I am in disagreement with you, that is, in the comparison you draw between George Sand and Gräfin Hahn-Hahn, whose ways lie far asunder. Whatever George Sand’s personal life may be, at any rate she is a woman capable of great and generous impulses, with a warm feeling for humanity and a deep understanding of her time and her countrymen. With such qualities as these one may err, but the errors of a George Sand are instructive and in my opinion not comparable with the *allures* of a Gräfin Hahn-Hahn. Indeed, it seems to me that we should use our utmost endeavour not to look at people in the mass, but to admit the right of every individual to follow the path of life suited to his peculiarities and to act as he chooses, so long as he does not transgress the rights of others. So I must admit that one of my greatest wishes is to see George Sand, although I have not a trace of the modern rage for celebrities. So little is that the case with me that, although I have lived for years in Berlin, I never made any attempt to

know Bettina until she herself called on me this autumn. At her first visit she remained with me more than three hours, and, although I disliked her restless manners, yet she is capable of really prophetic utterances, she is a genuine poet, even in conversation, and—the greatest proof of her worth—she has brought up her three daughters and three sons admirably. The sons are held up as models of energetic, philanthropic land-owners and adore their mother. . . . She is a noble, kind-hearted woman, whose philanthropy is guided by common sense.'

Besides Niebuhr and Arndt, Mrs Austin made friends at Bonn with that connoisseur of ancient philosophies, Christian August Brandis. The latter had an unconquerable dislike for Varnhagen von Ense, husband of the brilliant Rahel von Varnhagen, whose niece, Ludmilla Assing, had just published a further collection of letters from the inexhaustible mass of literary gossip and garbage which her uncle had left behind him. Brandis gave vent to his feelings on this subject in the following letter to Mrs Austin :

' March 7, 1860.

' A melancholy literary event has lately occurred, namely the appearance of Alexander von Humboldt's letters to Varnhagen von Ense. Our great naturalist was weak enough to overestimate Varnhagen von Ense's talent for glib delineation, and to make this unprincipled man the recipient, in notes and interviews, of outbursts of bitter feeling, and to give him many interesting letters addressed to himself from highly-placed people, such as Metternich, etc., for the sake of the autographs. Varnhagen's niece has now published these notes and letters, together with the memoranda of conversations with Humboldt; but there can be no doubt that Varnhagen had already prepared all this for publication. I hope this shameful work, which lays bare Humboldt's weaknesses in so melancholy a form, will never be translated into English.'

Sarah Austin had also exchanged a number of letters with Alexander von Humboldt. This occurred when, after her translation of Ranke's 'Popes' had met with such a brilliant reception, she entertained the idea of translating Humboldt's 'Ansichten der Natur' into English. But, perhaps because he was a courtier, it seemed as though she could not feel altogether in

sympathy with Humboldt's personality ; and it may have been for this reason that she abandoned her project, which cannot have greatly pleased Humboldt. Sarah Austin's translations were true interpretations. The philosophical writer, Friedrich Wilhelm Carové, a modest light beside the star Humboldt, when he was so fortunate as to be translated into English by Sarah Austin, expressed his gratitude for her art in the following humble words : ' I almost blushed, just as a lily of the valley might hang its head when it found itself placed in a richly gilt vase.'

Sarah Austin's daughter was not unworthy of her mother. Twenty-two years after the death of Lady Duff Gordon, Mrs Ross, at the instigation of her friend, John Addington Symonds, published in 'Murray's Magazine,' under the title 'Some Translations of Heine,' translations by her mother of a number of Heine's poems. She prefaced these translations by a few words in regard to her mother's relations with the German poet—words which were based on Lady Duff Gordon's own reminiscences. These reminiscences had been written at the request of her friend Lord Houghton for his work 'Monographs, Personal and Political.' Mrs Ross also refers to her mother's acquaintance with Heine in her book 'Three Generations of English Women.'

It did credit to this beautiful woman that, in her prime, she should often have forsaken the brilliant society in the midst of which her life in Paris was passed, to visit the 'martyr in his mattress grave,' and devote many hours to him. It does credit to the invalid poet that, already more spirit than body as he was, he should have been able from that grave to captivate one of the loveliest women of his day.

It was at Boulogne-sur-Mer in August 1833. Little Lucie Austin, a child of twelve with great brown eyes and beautiful hair which fell in long plaits down her back, was seated at the table d'hôte chattering in German to her mother, Sarah Austin. The charming little girl at once attracted the notice of the pale, sickly man who sat beside her, the more so because she gazed up at him with pitying eyes. The stranger got into conversation with Lucie and said, jestingly : 'When you go back to

England you may tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine.' The child looked in wonder at the strange man and asked: 'And who is Heinrich Heine?' This amused him greatly, and he introduced himself as a German poet. It was to Lucie Austin, therefore, that the verses in the 'Buch der Lieder' were addressed;

'When early in the morning
I pass thy house, sweet child,
I look up to your window
And meet your glances mild.

'So searchingly your dark brown eyes
My features seem to scan:
"Who art thou, and what ails thee,
Thou stranger pale and wan?"

'I am a German poet
Well known in German land;
Where the first names are written
My own with right may stand.

'And what ails me, dear maiden,
Ails many in my land;
Where bitterest griefs are mentioned
My own with right may stand.'

Lucie and Heine spent hours chatting together on the pier. The child sang English ballads to him, and, in return, he told her gruesome tales of strange fish and sea-monsters, and of a queer old French fiddler who bathed three times a day with his black poodle, and to whom the water fairies brought greetings from the North Sea. For was not Heine on a more confidential footing with the sea and the fairies than any other German poet? And was not Heine's 'Flying Dutchman' the precursor of Richard Wagner's opera of the same name? Little Lucie spent many delightful weeks in the company of the German poet, who once jestingly called himself the 'Court poet of the North Sea.'

Eighteen years had passed since that time; Lucie had become a celebrated beauty and had married Sir Alexander C. Duff Gordon. In 1851, Lady Duff Gordon, then thirty years of age, came with her husband to Paris. She was staying at the house of her friend Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, and she heard by chance that

Heine was living in the Rue Amsterdam close by. They told her the German poet had fallen on evil days, that he was very ill and had to contend besides with financial difficulties. She sent to inquire whether he still remembered the little English girl to whom he had told such pretty fairy tales at Boulogne. He begged her to come and see him without delay; and the dying poet and the vigorous young beauty revelled in reminiscences. It was with difficulty that Lady Duff Gordon controlled the emotion which overcame her at the sight of the poet's sufferings. He lay there in his 'mattress grave,' which his descriptions have made so familiar to us; his body was so emaciated it seemed like that of a child; his eyes were closed, and his face 'altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some old German painter.' His spirit had obviously wholly survived his body. He raised his powerless eyelids with his thin, white fingers and exclaimed: 'Yes, Lucie still has the same great big eyes.' He then asked her to bring her husband to see him, and expressed the hope that, as a woman, she was no less happy than the merry child had been. She replied that she was no longer so gay as she used to be, but that she was happy and contented, nevertheless. To which Heine remarked: 'That is delightful. It does one good to see a woman who does not carry about a broken heart to be mended by all sorts of men, as the women do in this country. They are not aware of what really ails them—lack of heart.'

A few years later, in the autumn of 1855, Lady Duff Gordon was again on a visit to Paris, where she stayed for two months. Heine meanwhile had moved to the Champs Elysées, and his English friend was also staying in that part of Paris. The beautiful woman sent him a message expressing her desire to see him again, whereupon he scrawled these words in pencil:

"Most revered great Britannic goddess Lucie! I sent word to you by the servant that I am ready to receive your godship on any day and at any hour convenient to you. Ne tardez plus à venir! Venez aujourd'hui, venez demain, venez souvent. Vous demeurez si près de moi, to the poor shade in the Elysian Fields. Do not keep me waiting too long. I am sending with this the first four volumes of the French edition of my unhappy works. Meanwhile I await your coming and

am your godship's most humble and devoted adorer, Heinrich Heine.'

Only a few minutes later his English friend was at his side. 'I found him,' she tells us, 'still on the pile of mattresses on which I had left him three years before; more ill he could not look, for he looked dead already, and wasted to a shadow. When I kissed him, his beard felt like swan's down or baby's hair, so weak had he grown; and his face seemed to me to have gained a certain beauty from pain and suffering. He was very affectionate to me, and said: "I have now made my peace with the whole world, and at last also with God, who sends thee to me as a beautiful angel of death. I shall certainly soon die."' To which she replied: "Poor poet, do you still retain such splendid illusions, that you transform a travelling Englishwoman into Azrael? That used not to be the case, for you always disliked us." He answered: "Yes, I do not know what possessed me to dislike the English, and be so spiteful towards them; but it really was only petulance; I never hated them, indeed, I never knew them. I was only once in England, but knew no one, and found London very dreary, and the people in the streets odious. But England had revenged herself well; she has sent me most excellent friends—thyself and Milnes, that good Milnes, and others."'*

For two months Lady Duff Gordon visited the poet several times a week. Heine rejoiced even in the worst translations of his works, but he was extremely anxious to be well translated into English. He was aware of Lady Duff Gordon's talent for translation, and he therefore requested her to interpret his muse to the English, offered to make her a present of the English rights of all his works, gave her full powers to omit anything in the English edition which seemed to her unsuitable, and drew up a plan for a different arrangement of the poems. He was as eager as a child to see her set to work and to have her translations read to him. He sent her copies of all his works, and urged her to translate his 'Lieder' into prose; but this was contrary to her feeling in the

* 'Three Generations of English Women.' By Janet Ross, Vol. II, pp. 223-26.

matter. Nevertheless, she translated one or two of his poems, and when she read 'Almansor' (*In dem Dome zu Cordova*) to him he was delighted with it.

Lady Duff Gordon's mother, who was a philosopher, had handed on to her daughter her emancipated views in regard to revealed religion; and this mental attitude enabled her to give a successful rendering of Heine's free thought. Heine also talked sometimes of his religious feelings, and regretted that all manner of gossip had been published in regard to his having turned Catholic. He felt that self-contempt which always arises when an important step in life has been taken from motives of expediency and contrary to personal convictions. He made the same confession in prose to his lovely Egeria as he had made in verse in his 'Testament,' and to which he had given expression many times, sometimes with mocking irony, sometimes with touching gravity, in his poems of that period. He took leave of her with the hope of seeing her again in England, whither he intended to go as soon as his condition made it possible, in order to make his peace with the people upon whom he had poured such biting mockery.

Heine was prone to exaggeration, and he had probably overstated the case when he represented himself as an Anglophobe; he would have been equally justified in calling himself a Germanophobe. Had he not given full play to his caustic wit on the very subject of the Germans? and had he always been so mild in his judgment of the French? It was no great matter that, as a young man, he wrote from London: 'Nothing but fog, smoke, porter, and Canning!' His moods and opinions, even in regard to the gravest matters, were remarkably variable. In a letter to Heinrich Laube, he speaks of the February Revolution which had been taking place in his religious thoughts and feelings. He did, indeed, say evil things about John Bull, and indulged far too much in generalisations; he who forms a judgment on such lines may easily fall into error.

'John Bull's cast of countenance,' he said once, 'is as sharply and deeply cut as a Greek coin. Wherever you come across it, whether in London or Calcutta, whether in the person of master or servant, it is unmistakable. Wherever

he goes he seems like an unwieldy fact, very honest but cold and absolutely repellent. One cannot but remark that, wherever he may be and in whatever company, John Bull always considers himself to be the principal figure. And, wherever he may be, it is noticeable that his own comfort, his own immediate, personal comfort, is the main object of all his desires and activities.'

Heine even went so far as to say that John Bull's friendship was not worth the trouble of winning, since he was so egotistical that an Englishman's most exquisite banquet could not give nearly so much pleasure as a Bedouin's handful of dates in the desert. But he adds: 'Although John Bull is the coldest of friends, he is the safest neighbour and the most straightforward and generous of enemies. While he guards his own castle like a Pasha, he never attempts to force his way into a stranger's home.' He was capable, moreover, of the highest expressions of esteem when referring to England's greatest men, such as his 'friends in Westminster Abbey.' He was a student of law at the University of Göttingen when the news reached him of the death of Byron at Missolonghi. Byron, who had won the esteem of Goethe also, was the more appreciated by Heine since the latter felt that they were akin. 'In many ways,' he writes, 'we must have been alike. . . . I have always felt at my ease with Byron, as with an absolutely sympathetic companion'; and he adds: 'I can never feel at my ease with Shakespeare; I am only too conscious that I am not his equal; he is the all-powerful minister and I am a mere underling, and I feel as though he might turn me out of office at any moment.'

To the day of his death Heine felt it as a weight upon his conscience that he had so often misjudged the English. But what will a satirist not say, even at the expense of truth, when he is bent on being witty? In face of the friendship laid at his feet by Milnes and Lady Duff Gordon, Heine felt that he must cast from him the armour of satire and do penance. But he was not to be permitted to carry out his intention of journeying to England and making his peace with the English; for soon after this his sufferings were at an end.

Lady Duff Gordon's daughter, Janet, was born on

Feb. 24, 1842; Mrs Ross, therefore, has entered upon her eighty-first year. The most distinguished men of their day in England had peeped into her nursery; Macaulay and Kingslake had rocked her cradle; she had been fondled by Dickens and Hallam; she had sat on Thackeray's knee while the great novelist drew many a picture for her amusement. It was a company of noble minds that gathered round the table in the house of her parents the Duff Gordons at Esher, and in that of her grandparents the Austins at Weybridge. The English immortals were almost as much at their ease here as in their own homes. The author of 'Vanity Fair' was particular about his dinners; he knew that in these houses he would meet pleasant guests, such as the dramatist Tom Taylor and the caricaturist Doyle. But he felt less certain as to the quality of the roast mutton, and so he made sure of the latter by means of the following verse addressed to his hostess:

'A nice leg of mutton, my Lucie,
I pray thee have ready for me;
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,
For no better meat can there be.'

Little Janet did not regard all her visitors so favourably as she did her merry friend Thackeray. Carlyle, for instance, was not so welcome. 'The only visitor I cordially disliked,' she has said of the great thinker, who was, besides, very cantankerous. One day he was discussing German literature with Lady Duff Gordon, who knew a great deal on the subject; but the sage of Chelsea was still better informed. At last he exclaimed: 'You're just a windbag, Lucie, you're just a windbag!' The little girl overheard this and reproved the philosopher with the words: 'Papa always says men should be polite to ladies.' When Janet was a girl of sixteen she was riding one day in Rotten Row with the philosopher whom, as a child, she had lectured on 'manners.' His wide-brimmed soft felt hat fell off, and a workman picked it up and ran after horse and rider with it. He doubtless expected a reward, but the philosopher merely remarked, drily: 'Thank you, my man. You will be able to say that you have picked up Thomas Carlyle's hat.'

Janet was a wilful child, and had dictated her decrees to many a law-giver from both the Houses of Parliament who frequented her parents' house. When she was eighteen she excelled all other girls in Esher in her power of taming horses ; when she was nineteen she tamed the heart of Mr Ross, whom she followed overseas to the land of Mizraim. The friends of her mother and grandmother remained her friends also. She was in active correspondence with such men as Sir Henry Layard, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, and Ferdinand de Lesseps. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who died at a great age towards the close of the century, had continued with the grandchild the sympathetic relations he had enjoyed with the mother and grandmother. He once wrote to Mrs Ross, who was always, for him, *la petite nièce* : ' When I came to Weybridge for the first time in 1849 I was received by a charming little girl who took me out into the garden to show me the pretty flowers which she had grown herself. " All my own," she said to me with pride.' Years afterwards, as chatelaine of Poggio Gherardo, *la petite nièce* might have said ' all my own ' with still greater pride when escorting her guests through the beautiful house and the wonderful collection of orchids which were her husband's pride and joy, and which have now been sacrificed to the war.

Poggio Gherardo is still the Buen-Retiro of that highly-cultured Englishwoman in her old age, who, following in the steps of her grandmother and mother, has herself made her mark in the literature of her country. How greatly the aged authoress is to be envied, living as she does in so wonderful and stimulating an environment ! You need only to step on to the balcony of the house, and a world of ancient historical glory and a landscape of magnificent beauty lie before your eyes. On the right are the mountains of Carrara, on the left the Apennines of Vallombrosa ; the horizon stretches out for many a mile. And in the foreground Florence is smiling in her spring-time beauty.

Art. 5.—CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

It may be thought presumptuous for any one who is not a trained lawyer to discuss the meaning of crime and its relation to punishment. The pleas that are often advanced in favour of the remission of penalty, when a prisoner has been convicted, seem to indicate, however, that there is some confusion in the public mind between crime and vice, or crime and sin, which ought to be cleared up. This is not specially the business of a lawyer, for it comes equally within the province of a minister of religion or a student of ethics. And it is only from their point of view that I attempt to handle the matter.

If the only moral standard were the law of the State, then, indeed, there would be no distinction between vice and crime. Few philosophers, however, have gone so far as this, except perhaps Hobbes, who taught that virtue was the characteristic of actions in accordance with the law of the civil magistrate. He did not recognise sin, as such, for (despite his chapters on a Christian Commonwealth) his philosophy has no real place for divine law; and he did not regard conscience as having any independent moral authority. On the other hand, Locke distinguished carefully *sin*, which is an offence against the law of God; *crime*, which is an offence against civil law; and *vice*, which he defined as an offence against the 'law of opinion or reputation,' i.e. the law of society.* Locke's view of moral relations commends itself nowadays to few people, and I am not concerned either to expound or to defend it. But his threefold distinction of sin, vice, and crime affords a suitable starting-point for this discussion. To be sure, many human actions are sinful, vicious, and criminal at the same time; and to those of us who regard the law of conscience as reflecting the law of God, vice (that is, action which conscience disapproves) is and must be sinful. That sin or vice is not always criminal, and that a criminal is not always a vicious person, whether we think of vice as a violation of the dictates of conscience, or only as conduct which society disapproves, are, however, propositions of high importance, and not always borne in mind.

* 'Essay on Human Understanding,' II, xxviii, 7.

And, first, as to sin and crime. If the State were the perfect expression of the Divine Will, if it were indeed *Civitas Dei*, a City of God, then doubtless crime would be sin and sin would be crime. An offence against God would be an offence against the State, and crime would be in all cases a sin against God. Thus, in past ages, heresy, that is, opinion which the Church held to be sinful, has been treated as criminal and therefore as punishable by the State. That was the principle, avowed or disavowed, behind the procedure of the Inquisition. When Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes, he treated the Huguenots as criminals, for he made them subject to civic disabilities and to legal penalties. In earlier days, the Donatist view of the State's duty in the suppression of erroneous belief was even more intolerant. And, in fact, it is only in modern times that the principle of liberty of conscience for individual citizens has been accepted by governments as a principle of statecraft.

Not only liberty of conscience, but liberty of action has been conceded by the State in regard to habits of life which the ecclesiastical authority has declared to be sinful. For instance, in the 17th century, the Government, both in England under the Commonwealth and in America, was not slow to punish Sabbath breaking; it was treated not only as a sin but as a crime, an offence against the good order of the State. Nowadays the State does not interfere. We still have laws on the Statute Book which subject a blasphemer to legal penalties, and I do not suggest their repeal. But when the blasphemer is punished, it is not for the sinfulness of his words, but because they tend to promote disorder in a Christian community; and, even from this point of view, there is a growing reluctance to put the law in operation against him, it being felt that Christian belief can be defended more effectively by reason than by authority.

In short, the tendency of modern legislation has been to distinguish—more sharply than in former generations—sin from crime, and to remove sins as such from the category of acts that are punishable by law, provided that they do not directly menace the peaceful order of society. Law-makers are wisely alive to the danger of enlarging the area of crime. A recent Act of Parliament legalised marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

But it did not compel the clergy of the Established Church to solemnise such marriages, it being recognised that the prohibitions of the Church may in such matters be at variance with the prohibitions of the law. The several branches of the Christian Church in these countries are not, indeed, agreed as to whether such marriages are *sinful* or not; but no minister of any Church can any longer treat them as *criminal*, nor are the clergy of the State Church allowed to treat them as *vicious*. Persons convicted of 'open and notorious evil living,' i.e. of vice, may be repelled from communion in the Church of England; but it has been legally decided that a man who has married his deceased wife's sister cannot on that account be repelled, whatever be the opinion of his clergyman as to the morality of his action. A sin is not necessarily a crime.

Again, that vice is not necessarily criminal is recognised by everybody. A man may be punished for being 'drunk and disorderly'; but it is because he has been disorderly, not because he has drunk to excess, that he is subject to fine or imprisonment. If a man is in the habit of getting drunk at home, the habit may fairly be described as vicious; but he does not become a criminal until his vice disturbs his neighbours.

The law has to be altered, no doubt, from time to time, if a particular vice becomes so widespread as to become a public menace. Thus stringent laws have been placed on the Statute Book to prevent the increase of the cocaine habit. It is not enough to punish the unauthorised sale of a dangerous drug like this; it is necessary to punish the personal use of it without medical authority. Here is a case where vice is treated as crime; but it is because the vice is so pernicious to the community at large, and the habit so infectious, that the State is obliged, for purposes of self-protection, to take cognisance of it.

In the United States, as all the world knows, a great experiment in legislation has recently been made, which forbids to any individual citizen the use of alcoholic drink as a beverage, the reason being that its abuse has brought untold mischief upon society. This novel enactment is of extraordinary interest, as it provides an illustration of that enlargement of the area of crime, which, as I have already said, modern jurists view with suspicion.

Such a policy, as in the case of cocaine, may be wise on occasion and in the public interest. It remains to be seen whether the ill consequences of tempting people to break the law which forbids alcohol in any form may not greatly exceed the advantages of Prohibition. It is too soon yet to pass judgment upon the wisdom or unwisdom of this remarkable legislation. All that is relevant here to mark is that if American jurists were undertaking the punishment of vice as such, rather than the punishment of crime, which comes within the proper province of law, they would be departing from the recognised principles of their own science, and would be preparing the way for a return to those older methods of legislation which took little account of individual freedom.

To take another illustration, and this time from the Statute Book of Great Britain. 'Vice' in popular speech connotes, or at any rate includes, illicit relations between the sexes. But these are not criminal *per se*, nor does the State take notice of them except in special cases, such as the following. If one of the persons concerned is married (the case directly contemplated in the Seventh Commandment), a wrong has been done to the innocent wife or husband, of which the law may take cognisance. Or, if violence has been used, the crime of rape has been committed, which the law punishes with great severity. Or—and this is the special case that is germane to my subject—the law now provides that if the woman is a girl under sixteen years of age, the man is guilty of crime. As to the 'age of consent' opinions differ, as the recent debates in Parliament showed. Many people, whose opinion is entitled to carry weight, have urged, and urged with success, that it should be a criminal offence for a man to have relations with a girl of fifteen years and eleven months, whether she be willing or not. And they can point to many instances of a young girl's life being spoilt by the vicious selfishness of the man who took advantage of her. They propose, therefore, to treat his vice as a crime. It is pretty certain that a good deal of public sympathy has been enlisted on the side of this legislative change, because of the abhorrence which is felt for the man's vice and selfishness in such a case. But it is not at all certain that sufficient attention has been

paid to the danger—now that the age of consent has been raised from fourteen to sixteen—of bringing a passionate young man, tempted it may be by a bad girl not greatly his junior, within the grasp of the criminal law. If he were reported to the police, he would be liable to arrest; and the danger of blackmail, to avoid public exposure, would be very real. However, I am not concerned now so much with the rights or wrongs of this particular matter, on which Parliament has pronounced so recently, as with the general principle that vice is not necessarily crime, which good people do not always remember, and that the treatment of all vice as crime would be an intolerable invasion of human liberty.

Another habit which is on the border-line between vice and crime, and as to which our legislative practice is somewhat inconsistent, is the habit of gambling. I am not now discussing the ethics of gambling, which opens up difficult moral problems; but the point to be noticed is that the State regards public gambling as illegal, and in certain circumstances a gambler or a man who encourages his neighbours to risk their money in lotteries is treated as a criminal. The practice of the State as to this illustrates well the principle which I am trying to elucidate, viz. that vice does not become crime until it reaches such proportions as to be a direct menace to the community. The State does not interfere if a man gambles away his patrimony at cards; but it interferes promptly—in Great Britain at least—if he becomes responsible for a public lottery.* Lotteries are recognised by the State in several European countries, and are regarded as a legitimate means of gathering money for State purposes. But they are now forbidden in England, because of the danger of encouraging the gambling habit. In Ireland, for many years, the law as to lotteries has been openly transgressed without penalty. The authorities of the Roman Catholic Church frequently organise lotteries for charitable purposes; but, as in so many other cases, it has been a feature of British rule that the law is not put in motion. Laxity of this kind has been bad for the education of the

* That the motive which led to the passing of the laws forbidding lotteries may have been the desire to protect a State monopoly, does not affect the argument.

Irish people, as it has encouraged them to think lightly of crime or of transgressions of the law of the State. But it has probably been sanctioned because of the belief of the British authorities that it would do more harm than good to interfere.

The question in all these cases is always the same: Is this action or habit directly injurious to the State? It is no answer to that to reply that it is a *vicious* action or habit. Society, that is, public opinion, must be trusted to condemn vice as such; but if you propose to invoke the law, you must be quite sure that the State will not lose more than it gains by interference, and by enlarging the area of crime.

If we examine this distinction between vice and crime from another angle, we shall see how important it is, and how little understood. A criminal is not always a man of vicious life, and he may conceivably believe himself to be acting in accordance not only with his own conscience, but with the will of God. One of the greatest of crimes—*the* greatest, from the point of view of the State—is high treason. If a man is persuaded in his own mind that he has a mission to subvert the monarchy, and to establish a new system of government, he may take up arms with that intention. He, and those likeminded, may try to set up a Republic by force. He is, undoubtedly, a criminal, and when convicted of treason is liable to the severest punishment. Of what avail would it be to urge that he is a man of good character and of blameless conduct in his home or in his business? It would be quite irrelevant. He is punished, not for being vicious (of which he has not been accused), but for being a criminal who is dangerous to the well-being of the State as constituted by law. If he had succeeded in his enterprise, and had overthrown the State, a new order of things would have been established, and what was crime under the old order would be counted as patriotism under the new. But our rebel was a criminal, for all that, until he succeeded in abolishing the laws which he had defied.

Take an example. The Orangemen of Ulster who took up arms in 1913, with the intention of resisting the impending decision of Parliament to give Home Rule to Ireland and thus to impose it upon Ulster, were, of

course, guilty of crime. They broke the law of the State, and defied the military forces of the State. They declared that they would break *every* law, if necessary, and they gloried in the name of rebel. There can be no question of the fact that every one who aided and abetted the illegal running of arms at Larne acted as a criminal, and made himself liable to punishment by the State. But equally, of course, to describe these men—many of them men of blameless character and high repute—as *vicious*, would be absurd. Nor did their clergy treat their illegal conduct as *sinful*; on the contrary, they encouraged them to resist by force of arms and offered prayers for their success. Opinions differ as to the ethics of the Ulster resistance, and I do not enter into that controversy. But it provides an apt illustration of the thesis that crime is not the same thing as vice, and that a man may have amply earned punishment as a criminal, although his Church and his conscience may acquit him of wilful sin.

Or, to take an illustration from another side of Irish politics. The assassins who murdered Sir Henry Wilson claimed in the dock to have been animated by the highest motives. One of them hinted that he believed himself to be doing right in ridding the world of a 'scourge.' Both men had excellent testimonials as to character, and their record of war service was creditable. So far as the evidence went, there was nothing vicious in their former ways of life. But they were murderers by their own confession, and murder is not only a grievous sin (although their ill-instructed consciences may not have told them so), it is a crime against the State and against the public safety, which the State punishes with death.

Here is another class of offences against the State, which some kind-hearted people shrink from branding as criminal. The strong men of military age who refused to take up arms at the State's bidding, when the State was in peril, made a great point of their objection being one of conscience. They were 'conscientious objectors,' and for the most part they regarded themselves as ill-treated if they were punished for their failure to serve the State. Indeed, the tribunals set up to examine their case were charged specially to distinguish between

objectors who were really 'conscientious' and those who pleaded conscience as a cloak for cowardice. Now the question of the lawfulness of bearing arms, in *foro conscientiae*, is a question between a man and his Maker. If he thinks it sinful, he must not do it, whatever it costs him. But no one has accused the really 'conscientious objector,' so far as I know, of acting *sinfully*. His action may not have been sinful at all: of that the State is not an infallible judge. His action was, however, none the less *criminal*; and the best proof of this is that if the men of Britain had, *en masse*, followed his example, Britain would have lost the war, and the State would have been ruined. Liberty of conscience, as conceded by the State, does not imply liberty to refuse to do the State's bidding and yet retain all the privileges of citizenship. It means that a man is not to be punished merely because of his private creed, his personal opinions or beliefs; but if those opinions or beliefs lead him to neglect his duties as a citizen, whereby the effectiveness of the State is weakened, he deserves punishment. Had the Huguenots refused to serve in the armies of Louis XIV, they would have had no just ground for complaining of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. To whimper at punishment inflicted by the State, because of a wrong done to the State, is childish; and to do the conscientious objectors justice, the best of them did not whimper. But sentimentalists were not slow to espouse their cause, and to condemn as unjust the punishment inflicted upon them as criminals, pleading that they were 'not bad men.' No more irrelevant plea could be put forward. They were punished—let it be said again—not for sin or for vice but for crime, and for a very grave crime. Many, indeed, who sacrificed all that they had in the war at duty's call, believe that the conscientious objector was dealt with too tenderly in this country; and it is certain that in France or in America he would have been subjected to penalties much more severe than were adjudged his due in Great Britain.

This leads us to notice the curious fact that, no matter what crime a man has been guilty of, provided that it has achieved notoriety, there are always to be found people who would have his punishment remitted. It is not too much to say that a large part of the trouble that

has come upon Ireland within the last ten years would have been averted, had crime been impartially and steadily given the punishment that was appropriate. I have already referred to the Ulster rebels of 1913, who escaped scot free. A similar thing happened in the case of the Sinn Feiners. The effect of solemnly condemning hosts of men to long terms of penal servitude for treason, as in 1916, and then releasing them, or allowing them to escape, from prison within a short period was demoralising to the political conscience of Irishmen. Either these persons did not deserve their sentences, or their sentences ought to have been served. The consequence of letting them all out of jail in 1917, in deference to pleas of political opportunism, was that the majority of the Irish people were led to believe (as they still believe) that these men were not criminals at all. Their original offence, of rising in rebellion (and the same is true of the Ulster volunteers in 1913), was not regarded by themselves as *sinful*, nor by their neighbours as *vicious*; and when the State showed, by its extraordinary and irresolute clemency, that it did not regard them as seriously *criminal*, it was thus proclaimed *urbi et orbi* that the State did not consider high treason to be a crime in Ireland. In view of this, it will be very difficult for the Free State Government to convince the Irish people that rebellion against State authority is deserving of punishment by the State; and not the least of the embarrassments by which the Irish Government is now hampered in its dealings with the Republican mutineers, is caused by the fact that the Irish people have been taught by their late English rulers that rebellion is nothing worse than a political eccentricity, and that punishment can generally be evaded, if enough clamour is raised.

The remission of penalty is always hazardous. Many years ago I had an instructive conversation on this subject with the captain of a training ship for the mercantile marine. The boys whom he had to control were very rough lads, some of them from criminal and vicious homes, and I asked the captain if he found it necessary to be severe in his discipline. 'Yes and no,' he said. 'I do not like giving severe punishment, nor do I find it necessary. But what is essential is that the

punishment shall be swift and inevitable. *I never let a boy off.* If I did, they would all gamble on the chance of escaping punishment when detected. It is much more important that punishment should be certain than that it should be severe.' The captain knew human nature better than many of our political leaders do, and the consequence of his policy was that his ship was in a high state of discipline, and that it was not regarded as a 'hard' ship even by the rebellious spirits under him.

A political tragedy of two years ago shows how wholesome may be a consistent policy of firmness in dealing with crime. The late Lord Mayor of Cork, Mr MacSweeney, was a man much esteemed by his friends, and, so far as any public evidence goes, he was a man of blameless private life. He found himself in prison, as a consequence of treasonable and seditious speech. There was no doubt as to his crime, nor can it be denied that from the point of view of the State he deserved punishment. But his advisers unwisely (and wickedly) encouraged him to refuse to recognise the law. He went on 'hunger strike,' and died—as sad a case of suicide as could be produced. It was a melancholy illustration of the lengths to which political prejudice will lead men, and the eulogies of Mr MacSweeney's private life and religious devotion, which were put forth as a proof of the malice of the British Government, were as irrelevant as human speech can be. No one accused him of being a vicious man, and at any rate he showed that he was a brave one. But the law must be respected, by good men and bad men alike, and if it is defied they must all pay the penalty. However, the significance of the whole unhappy story from the point of view of the State was that hunger striking practically ceased in British prisons. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst was candid enough to avow immediately that the weapon of a hunger strike had been rendered useless for her purposes. It was made plain that punishment could not be evaded by a criminal, because he, personally, did not regard himself as either sinful or vicious, by the simple procedure of refusing food while in prison. It was one of the few strong things that can be placed to the credit of the Cabinet of 1920, in respect of their Irish policy; and—despite the shrieks and threats of the wild Irish

women who protested—the action of the Government was not misunderstood in Ireland by the more intelligent of Mr MacSweeney's political associates. It is as well understood in Ireland as anywhere else that if refusal to take food in prison were to lead to release from prison, there would be an end of all government, whether in England or Ireland, for the criminal law would be deprived of its sanctions.

Probably, many of the protests against the punishment of criminals are inspired by an erroneous conception of the *purpose* of punishment, from the point of view of the State. It is, primarily, to deter the offender from repeating his offence, and to deter others from following his bad example. Its purpose is *deterrent*, and the measure of its severity is determined, in the main, with this in view. Undue laxity, or weak remission of penalty, may serve rather to encourage crime than to diminish it. Let us take an instance of a simple kind. To poach a grouse moor is very profitable, if the poacher is not caught. It is a delightful and adventurous way of combining profit with amusement. I have known poachers who were charming fellows. And if the penalty for poaching be either very light or very uncertain, that is, if sentiment is allowed to prevail, poaching will undoubtedly increase, to the detriment of sport, to the injury of the private owner of the moor, and to the disadvantage of his poorer neighbours who make profit, directly or indirectly, out of the visitors who come for the game. A poacher is punished, and ought to be punished, sufficiently to make his sport so risky that it is not worth while. If penalty, or the fear of penalty, deters our young friend from poaching, so much the better for him from the moral point of view, as well as for the State from the point of view of the public welfare. But it must be insisted on, that it is not the beneficial effect on the poacher's character that the State has primarily at heart in fining him or sending him to jail. The State is not concerned with the sinful aspects of his theft—that is the Church's business—but with the fact that he has committed a crime by breaking the law. In short, State punishment is primarily *deterrent*, and only secondarily *remedial* in its purpose.

It is a matter of grave importance that, where

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possible, the punishment inflicted by the State should be such that it does not debase the criminal's character, and that it should give him opportunity for amendment of life in future. Those who watch our convict system must have been gratified a few months ago when a criminal on being sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour asked the judge to give him instead three years' penal servitude, that he might have a chance of learning a trade, and so of living an honest life when he was released. The judge very wisely—if one who is not a lawyer may offer an opinion—granted the request; and the incident shows that the remedial element in State punishment is not ignored. Our convicts are not treated vindictively; the State does not avenge itself upon them. But they are punished, for all that, primarily and chiefly because the State desires in the interests of the community to check the progress of crime, by making it dangerous and its consequences unpleasant.

More, however, may be said than this about the new doctrine that punishment ought to be solely remedial and educational. This doctrine is not only politically dangerous; it is ethically unsound. Certainly, the incidence of pain in the natural order gives no countenance to it. In the field of nature, defiance of her laws is always punished. Nature never forgives. She exacts the last farthing of penalty. Only the fittest, those who adapt themselves best to their environment, survive; the rest die. There is nothing remedial about that law. It is all in the interest of the race, but not of the individual members of the race who have transgressed. Were the transgressor not punished, the race would suffer. Now it may be said—it has been said—that nature is here not our true guide. The individual man is an 'end in himself,' to use Kant's fine phrase; it is wrong to treat him as if his well-being were wholly subsidiary to the welfare of mankind at large. The progress of civilisation has been brought about, it is urged, not by following the inexorable teaching of nature, but by repudiating it and by substituting the Law of Love for the Law of Competition. And it is assumed in the argument that the 'Law of Love' forbids punishment as a deterrent! Here is a grave fallacy, and a mischievous one. If the criminal ought to be regarded in virtue of the dignity of his humanity, as an 'end in

himself,' that is equally true of every one of his innocent neighbours. If it is argued that you have no right to punish him or visit him with pain in their interests, it may be replied with equal force that you have no right to punish *them*, by exposing them to fraud and violence, in *his* interests. And this view the law in these countries has always taken. The welfare of the guilty criminal is not overlooked; but it is, quite properly, treated as subsidiary to the welfare of his innocent fellow-citizens.

A study of the parental discipline of a well-ordered nursery would be a useful training for some of our sentimental philanthropists. The law of love punishes a naughty child, not only for his own good, but in order that his good little brothers and sisters may not be seduced into naughty ways by his bad example. To say that nursery discipline does not recognise punishment as a deterrent is nonsense, and yet the law of love is nowhere more tenderly and happily observed.

The truth is that it is a law of God that sin must, and ought to, issue in pain. For this there is some inscrutable moral necessity. To attempt to explain away this law is to run counter to the ethics of the Gospel. This is not the place to treat at length of its deeper teaching; but I will observe that the most tremendous exhibition of the law that sin must issue in pain, somehow and somewhere, is to be found in the doctrine of the Atonement of Christ as unfolded in the New Testament and as expounded by the Church. If the Law of Love involves no more than the remission of penalty and the ignoring of transgression, then, at Calvary, we are faced with the darkest secret of human life. But I would not pursue this topic here. Suffice it to say that the New Testament gives no support to the shallow sentimentalism which would regard sin as no other than a mistake or a misfortune, and as carrying no consequence of pain in its wake. The Law of Forgiveness, the Gospel of Good Will to men, does not mean that men are not responsible for their acts to their neighbours as well as to God. As in the Divine Order sin issues in pain, so does crime issue in punishment in any society whose laws reflect the laws of nature and, so far as we understand it, the law of God.

J. H. BERNARD.

Art. 6.—THE OLD AND THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

1. *Old Diplomacy and New, from Salisbury to Lloyd George* (1876-1922). By A. L. Kennedy. With an Introduction by Sir Valentine Chirol. Murray, 1922.
2. *A History of European Diplomacy, 1815-1914*. By R. B. Mowat. Arnold, 1922.

A RECENTLY adopted habit of speech suggests a contrast between the old diplomacy and the new. It is well that we should ask ourselves exactly what we mean by this distinction, and how far the antithesis exists or ought to exist. That the manner in which foreign relations have recently been conducted, in this country at any rate, has been a new departure, there can be little doubt; but it is not certain that its significance has been understood by the majority for whom, in the pre-war period, foreign affairs had only a secondary interest. Nor need we assume that recent manifestations have been more than a transitory divergence from the normal course, such as may periodically occur when a statesman with the self-confidence of genius directs the helm of state.

Though the distinction has only obtained currency in the last two years there had been many new developments in the province of diplomacy long before the war. An older diplomacy in which dynastic issues, traditional ambitions and animosities played a part, which was mainly concerned in Europe with the balance of power, may be said to have ended with the Congress of Berlin in 1878, which marked the close of an epoch. The importance of Colonial questions has only comparatively lately engaged diplomatic attention. The vast and increasing influence of the United States, and a growing, if not openly avowed, tendency there to recognise the impossibility of standing aloof from external issues, together with the rise to power of Japan and its consequent effect on interests and issues in the Far East, introduced factors unknown to an older diplomacy, the horizons of which became vastly enlarged. The immediate occupation of diplomacy with economic and commercial questions has been also a comparatively recent innovation, of which Germany was the first country to take advantage. Great Britain's constitu-

tional conservatism was much slower to utilise the diplomatic agency for economic expansion, and even in recent years experience has shown with what difficulty a reluctant Treasury can be induced to provide the adequate machinery which, regarded in the terms of insurance on our immense foreign trade, would represent an infinitesimal premium. Finally, the fourteen points of President Wilson may be said to have heralded a new departure in diplomacy, even if the States which accepted them displayed a good deal of the astuteness imputed to the old system in evading their provisions. But it is not these developments which are contemplated by the popular label of 'the new diplomacy.'

There was, no doubt, a time when a vague impression prevailed that missions abroad were chiefly concerned with plot and counterplot, with webs of intrigue woven in the mysterious atmosphere of exclusive coteries enigmatically referred to as diplomatic circles or the chancelleries. As a nation we cling to tradition, and the average man has probably retained some suspicion that until recently a number of gentlemen were continuously occupied abroad in applying to international questions the counsels and stratagems of Machiavelli. Mr Kennedy, in his extremely able book, the work of an exceptionally shrewd and impartial observer, who has enjoyed unusual opportunities, and so makes what he has to say indispensable to all who desire to grasp synthetically the historic evolution of the last half-century, has pointed out the fallacy of the Machiavellian fable, which, as regards British diplomatists, he considers to have been sedulously fostered by German suggestion. Germany was perhaps not exclusively responsible for an imputation which, however unjustified, could hardly have been plausibly advanced against a service which was not well-informed and efficient. In ages when other standards of conduct prevailed, British representatives abroad may have played a hand in the game of tripping up a rival, or of misleading an adversary in order to conceal a design advantageous to their country's interest. Devices used by the agents of other states in the Balkans which cannot be too severely condemned have been revealed within recent memory; but it savours of self-righteousness and is hardly fair to refer to such practices as

'continental diplomacy.' Mr Kennedy is, however, undoubtedly right in describing the overwhelming majority of British representatives for many years past as simple and direct men of honour. Intriguers were invariably mistrusted in the British service. 'Edward Malet,' said Bismarck of an ambassador of the old school trained under Lord Lyons, 'could not tell a lie, not even a political one.' And in political lies Bismarck was himself an adept. If, as Sir Valentine Chirol suggests, he is to be credited with having introduced into diplomacy *une franchise qui frise la brutalité*, the phrase is incomplete without the addition '*quand la franchise me convient.*'

Generally speaking, the public view would seem to be that the 'old diplomacy' signifies the method of conducting international relations through accredited agents, experienced in the mentality and traditions of foreign countries, controlled by a Secretary of State at the head of a department of experts, as contrasted with the system which has prevailed since 1919, under which conferences of Ministers, not necessarily those of Foreign Affairs, and special commissions have largely taken over the management of these relations. A further development in this country has been the frequent substitution of unofficial advisers, and of a Cabinet Secretariat for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in dealing with important international issues. The old diplomacy has been criticised for having worked in secret, while openness and publicity are imputed to the credit of the new. How far the publicity for which approval is claimed has really prevailed in recent international discussions is open to some question, as it also is whether pending negotiations have not at times been prejudiced, and the position of the negotiator weakened by partially informed controversy in the press, or on the platform, regarding the points actually at issue. At the same time, the value of public opinion as a support to the negotiator in many cases cannot be ignored. The weight of British opinion behind the Ministers who were in sympathy with the cause was an important factor in the solution of the Italian problem in the middle of the last century, and its value was demonstrated in recent days when the renewal of the Treaty with Japan was under consideration. An increasing public interest in foreign questions

makes it inevitable as well as desirable that there should be less exclusiveness, and Mr Kennedy's moderate and sound recommendations in this sense are fully justified. The occasions when publicity as to the progress of negotiations is undesirable must be left to the discretion of the expert, who is best able to gauge the effect which publication would be likely to have in attracting other elements into the arena or compromising collateral interests.

In the two volumes under review the new methods of diplomacy stand condemned, implicitly or directly. The old diplomacy is rehabilitated, though various reforms and adaptations are recommended, some of which have as a matter of fact already been recognised and adopted. There are moments in the story of the world when any diplomacy is impotent before the fixed determination to war of certain ambitions. In our own case, at any rate, it can be claimed for the old diplomacy that it steered us successfully through many dangerous shoals and kept us clear of serious international complications over a period of sixty years. Mr Lloyd George never wearies of reminding us that the old diplomacy 'landed us in war in 1914.' No charge could be more unjust. The old diplomacy, which had for a long time previously amply warned those with whom decisions lay of the impending danger, struggled manfully to the last to find a solution for the crisis which the will to war of other elements made it impossible to avert. The task of diplomacy was ended when the national honour was engaged by a defiance which could not be tolerated without incurring the contempt of posterity. 'The old trained diplomacy,' Mr Mowat concludes, after his review of the last century, 'did magnificently.' But he recognises that in the future it will need reinforcement by outside help, and this he looks to find in the co-operation of the League of Nations. Mr Kennedy's judgments, as they emerge from a careful study of an exceptionally able book, are practically the same, and he does not hesitate to pronounce that our diplomacy has lost prestige since the war.

To the question whether a balance of advantage lies with the old methods or with the new an answer does not seem difficult to find. At exceptional moments when it may be possible to avert the calamity of war by direct

discussion and mediation, or to promote an acceptable settlement after the grave issue of war, conferences in which the chief or leading representatives of the various states interested take a direct part will be, as they have always been, indispensable. Diplomacy by conference is no new discovery, as those who claim to see in it a panacea for international difficulties appear to claim. But the cases proper for its application occur but rarely. In other respects advantage would appear to lie in leaving the management of foreign affairs to the expert who has been trained by life-long experience to deal with such matters. It is he who is best able to advise on the correlation of the actual question of the moment with a number of other issues, the interdependence of which may not always be apparent to the politician, whom the interests of the internal situation rather incline to an opportunist solution. He will have studied the mentality of other nations and be in a better position to decide whether the obstacle confronting him is substantial, or how far its shadow has been artificially extended for ulterior purposes. He will know, if he is not quite unfit for his position, whether it is opportune or inopportune to ventilate certain proposals at given moments, whether the political atmosphere in another country is favourable for their acceptance or the reverse. He will, by his familiarity with the temperaments and the national susceptibilities of his fellow negotiators, best appreciate the manner and form in which certain questions should be approached. His training will have taught him to betray no gesture of impatience, and he will be on his guard against using words which may offend. There is a certain unplastic element in the British character which can only be modified by long association with the people of other countries, and it is desirable that the senior officials of our Foreign Office should have served at several posts abroad before being entrusted with high responsibilities. The successful handling of foreign relations, notably with Latin peoples and still more so with Orientals, is experts' business, and demands experience and special education no less than any art or other function of human activity. Correspondence in the newspapers has called attention to the striking contrast between the terms of the Treaty of Paris

in 1815, under the wise guidance of Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington, and those of the Treaty of Versailles. When the millennium comes; when there are no more rival international interests and men have no longer reason to be other than frank and sincere, there will be no more need for professional diplomatists.

How often in recent times after conferences have broken up with the assurance that agreement has been reached, and with the publication of a formula to which the several parties have consented, have we learned a few weeks later that divergences have arisen as to the interpretation of the formula! It is then discovered that in essentials there has been no real agreement. A further conference has to assemble to discuss the interpretation, and action is once more postponed. The principals engaged in the new diplomacy, rarely endowed with the gift of tongues and, therefore, at a disadvantage in being only able to appreciate at second hand the position adopted by their fellow negotiators, not moreover accustomed as were the old trained representatives to weigh the import of words and phrases with precision before accepting them, are found only to have agreed not to disagree, until their apparent agreement is put to the test. Being themselves often those with whom ultimate decision, rests there is no higher court of appeal. They cannot disavow themselves, and a strained situation ensues in which each is disposed to doubt the good faith of the other. The international situation has thus repeatedly only degenerated as a result of diplomacy by conference, of which the disadvantages were never more clearly demonstrated than at Genoa.

The man on the spot is not always impeccable. But the Foreign Office has means at its disposal for controlling information and comparing it with that received from other sources. Mr Kennedy suggests that the last British Ambassador but one before the war at Berlin had fallen unduly under the spell of a personal relation with the Sovereign which limited his range of view, and lays stress on the danger that diplomatists, if left too long at the same post, may be influenced by the outlook prevailing there. He does not refer to the many monitions in a very opposite sense which came from other observers in the German empire. The diplomatist *de carrière* has,

however, no reason to complain of his impartial judgment, for he cites a number of important cases in which the man on the spot was right, but was overruled by the political plenipotentiary who superseded him. He reminds us how Lord Salisbury at the Constantinople Conference on Balkan affairs in 1876 was cleverly drawn into the Russian net by Ignatieff; while Sir Henry Elliot, who though the Queen's Ambassador became his junior, had a clearer perception of the situation and realised that to urge unacceptable demands on the Turk could only end, as it did, in war. The senior plenipotentiary, who was serving his novitiate in foreign affairs, reported the Ambassador, who looked at facts as they were, to be pro-Turk and suggested his recall, which was probably only deferred because the Russians had also urged it. But when the ill-starred conference broke down, as Elliot had foreseen, it was the Ambassador who, in appearance at any rate, was made responsible by his transfer to another post.* Again, when Salisbury made the historic error of judgment, which he afterwards frankly admitted, in propounding in his famous circular the views which eventually won the day at the Congress of Berlin, it was the professional diplomatist who, with a clearer diagnosis of the future, uttered the note of warning. Lord Lyons at Paris, in 1878, pointed out the mistake of bolstering up the Turk in the areas which he had renounced under the Treaty of San Stefano, and foresaw that Russia was destined to become the national enemy of the principalities erected there. Again and again in the volume of this acute and unprejudiced observer, it is shown how much sounder were the views of the professional diplomatist than the empirical conclusions of agents entrusted with special missions who superseded them. Our representatives abroad may have occasionally misjudged a situation, and the Foreign Office may in times past have been open to criticism for taking too indulgent a view of inefficiency. But the majority of them would have little to fear from the publication of archives which would reveal how ample has been the information at the disposal of the authorities.

* New light is thrown upon this incident by the publication last year of 'Some Revolutions and Other Diplomatic Experiences,' by the late Sir Henry Elliot.

While the principle, which has been adopted in recent times, of passing the junior members of the service through as many posts as possible is certainly sound, it would be a mistake to press too hard the suggestion made by Mr Kennedy that diplomatists if they remain long at the same post tend unconsciously to assimilate the outlook of the country in which they reside. An essential, indeed one of the most essential duties of the representative abroad is to make clear to the Government at home the mentality of the people among whom he has been sent to reside. He has to point out how a certain temperament, tradition, and habit of mind, as well as local conditions, transitory or progressive, must lead that people to approach certain questions from a particular point of view and almost inevitably to act in a certain manner at a given moment. It is his task to appreciate all these factors, and in the interest of good relations sympathetically to invite favourable consideration for legitimate aspirations which do not conflict with the interests of his own country. In the main he should be an efficient interpreter of the spirit of the country in which he is posted. It rests with the controlling department to balance his reports against those submitted from other quarters and take decisions accordingly.

To apprehend the mentality of other nations is no easy task. It demands imagination, tolerance, the elimination of prejudice, and especially experience. Heads of missions do not arrive at their highest utility until they have resided some time in a country and have made touch with all sorts and conditions of men.

The soundness of Mr Kennedy's general conclusions regarding the chiefs whose direction of foreign policy is reviewed in his volume cannot fail to impress those who, like the present writer, have served under them all. He rightly attaches great importance to continuity, the absence of which was conspicuous in the alternating attitude of Conservative and Liberal administrations up to the early eighties. Lord Rosebery is entitled to the credit of breaking a bad tradition by his pronouncement in favour of continuity. The principle was followed by his successors, and Sir Edward Grey's declaration of his intention to maintain the policy of Lord Lansdowne no doubt facilitated the rapprochement with Russia in 1907.

Such continuity connotes a loyal understanding among politicians to exclude foreign affairs as far as possible from party warfare, and not light-heartedly to seek a personal advantage by using in opposition language which foreshadows a reversal of engines when they succeed to responsibility. We are reminded how, in 1880, for party purposes Mr Gladstone denounced Austria in such unmeasured terms in his Midlothian campaign, that he was on accession to office confronted with the humiliating obligation of offering 'explanations to the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador. Quite recently we have had a conspicuous example of the inopportune in violent denunciations of Turkey and the menace of the crusading sword on the eve of a conference in which the Turks were about to take part. 'Self-elimination in the service of his country,' as Mr Kennedy well puts it, which is one of the duties the diplomatist not less than the soldier has to learn, does not always seem to be regarded as an obligation by the politician.

For that reason it is all the more welcome to find that Mr Kennedy does justice to the eminent services of Lord Lansdowne during his tenure of the Foreign Office, to his willing acceptance of responsibility, and his readiness to subordinate any consideration of personal success to disinterested public duty. The account given of the genesis and establishment of the *entente* with France could not be improved as a brief and lucid exposition. Excellent, also, is the summary of events leading up to the entry of Italy into the war and the justification of Sir Edward Grey for accepting the pact of London. Much useful light is also thrown on the Bulgarian imbroglio.

Mr Mowat is less concerned with the personal appreciations which add so much to the interest of Mr Kennedy's book. A volume of 300 pages covering a whole century of European diplomacy must necessarily be rather in the nature of a handbook for those seeking political education. Carefully compiled from documentary evidence and written as he claims it to be without partisanship, it will be very useful to students of recent history. The chapters dealing with the Union of Germany, the rise of Prussia, and the foundation and expansion of the German Empire are particularly valuable. Many important matters, such as the Egyptian question, which

has on several occasions reacted strongly on European diplomacy, are inevitably dealt with in a very summary manner. But the exigencies of compression do not justify the statement that the reconquest of the Soudan, which though completed in 1898 began in 1896, was undertaken when or because 'the political and economic conditions of Egypt, under Lord Cromer's guidance, had been rendered sufficiently stable to admit of a fresh effort at expansion.' It had not been Cromer's intention even to contemplate the recovery of the Soudan until after the Nile reservoirs had been constructed and new lands brought under irrigation, the revenue derived from which would have enabled the Egyptian army to be increased and the railway to be prolonged from Luxor to the desert frontier. But the Italian disasters in Abyssinia precipitated action, and it was in execution of categorical instructions from London that an advance was initiated which could not be arrested until Khartoum had been retaken.

The Fashoda incident which followed the reconquest is more fully dealt with by Mr Kennedy, who has evidently desired to do justice to both parties concerned. This is the proper spirit in which to approach such a delicate question, but he carries impartiality too far in laying down that the French case was logically as good as the British. To appreciate justly their respective merits the story must be carried further back even than 1895. The French Government had in 1894, when contesting the validity of the Anglo-Congolese agreement, under which certain areas including the Bahr el Ghazal region claimed for the British-Egyptian sphere were to be leased to the Congo Free State, based their chief argument on the alleged infringement by such a lease of the rights of the Sultan and the Khedive. The recognition of these rights in the terms of the lease was described as perfunctory, and the French Government insisted that the Khedivial Government had constantly affirmed its desire to re-establish its authority over the Soudan. A similar pretext had been urged in 1892, when a proposal of the Congo Government to divide the Bahr el Ghazal with France was rejected. As soon, however, as it had been definitely ascertained that Captain Marchand, whose instructions were by hoisting the flag

to give the French Congo colony an outlet to the Nile, had actually arrived at Fashoda, the stock argument which had served over a number of years to preserve the equatorial provinces from rival occupation was dropped and those very rights of Egypt were called in question. The French Ambassador in London then protested to Lord Salisbury that it was going rather far to vindicate perpetuity for the rights of Egypt over territories which had only belonged to her at most for three or four years.

Nor is it quite accurate to say that the French Government had simultaneously equipped an expedition *under an Orleans Prince* to start from Abyssinia and penetrate to Fashoda from the east. The expedition in question was conducted by MM. Clochette and de Bonchamps. Prince Henry of Orleans, a suggestion for whose co-operation from the east had already been made to the French Government by Colonel Monteil in 1894, went, it is true, to Abyssinia in the spring of 1897, apparently with the intention of joining Clochette. But whether because the French Government did not desire his co-operation or for other unexplained reasons, he did not accompany the expedition, and returned to Jibouti. The hostility of the Southern Abyssinians, to which the failure of the design is attributed, was perhaps not altogether spontaneous. There is still something to be written to complete the story of Fashoda.

It might also be contested whether Mr Kennedy is justified, when enumerating the concrete results of Sir E. Grey's judicious handling of certain diplomatic issues in the early days of the war, in claiming that it prevented Sweden from joining our enemies 'as she seemed inclined to do in the summer of 1915.' There were many elements in Sweden which aggressively proclaimed their German sympathies, but the mass of the people was not Germanophil, nor other than friendly to the cause of the Allies. There is also reason to believe that Germany regarded the neutrality of Sweden as being to her own advantage.

Attention has been drawn to these points, because the two former, at any rate, refer to matters within the range of the present writer's experience, and they may merit revision in a work of unquestionable value, which

deserves to be carefully studied by all who wish to form a clear and sequent appreciation of the foreign relations of Great Britain during the last ten decades. They will find in it no hesitating answer to the question implicitly posed by contrasting the old and the new diplomacy.

The new era presents for diplomacy tasks of greater complication and difficulty than it has ever had to deal with. The difficulty is not lessened by the increase of groups and parties with leaders, and press combinations with spokesmen who, however small their experience, appeal to the public ear with quick and easy methods for solving problems, political, military, or diplomatic, which have taxed the highest abilities of experts in all countries at all times. A good many years have passed since the late Lord Salisbury likened the work of the Foreign Office to that of bees in a glass hive. We shall not advance matters by illuminating the hive electrically. Not altogether unassociated with publicity, because of the opportunities afforded thereby, is a new factor unknown to the old diplomacy which first revealed its influence in the late war. The insidious weapon of propaganda has been, and will probably be more and more used to create currents of opinion in certain quarters in order to promote specific aims. Constant vigilance, intelligent observation, and perception of the forces at work in other countries will be necessary to estimate real values, to detect the sources of inspiration, and, if possible, to counter them. The peace and prosperity of the world will in the future, even more than in the past, depend on the manner in which international questions are handled. In the foregoing article the endeavour has been made to indicate some of the reasons for our conviction that few careers demand a longer, a more special and indispensable training than that of those who are called upon to conduct negotiations and preserve relations of harmony with other nations. Mr Kennedy's and Mr. Mowat's books appear at a most opportune moment, and we can but hope that politicians and journalists, and all who exercise any influence on public opinion, will give full and careful study to the subject in the light of the information which they contain.

RENNELL RODD.

Art. 7.—THE 'TIMES'; FROM DELANE TO NORTH-CLIFFE.

WHEN Lord Northcliffe died on the 13th of last August, the event was recognised everywhere, at home and abroad, as one of national importance. For the first time in history, a memorial service in honour of a 'newspaper man' was held in Westminster Abbey, and as the body was borne from the church to the cemetery, the streets on either side of the long route were lined with respectful crowds, larger than would be witnessed at the funeral of any statesman, except perhaps one, or of any of the heroes of the war. It was natural, of course, that the newspapers for days afterwards should be filled with obituaries and criticisms; all journalists had something to say, adoring, friendly, critical, or hostile, about the man who had in five-and-twenty years effected a revolution in their business. For this, undoubtedly, is what Lord Northcliffe did. Gifted with genius of a particular kind, he saw quite early in life that genius, if it was to succeed, must possess three gifts—the gift of seeing what the occasion requires, the gift of seizing the means for realising it, and the gift of practical energy for carrying it through. He came into the 'busy, curious, thirsty' world of London—a world into which some hundreds of thousands of girls and boys were annually turned out of the Board Schools, able to read, and anxious for 'news.' To satisfy them, he started 'Answers,' and from its success went on, till, to satisfy these children's fathers and a vast generation which longed to hear all that could be told of sport, pleasure, crime, with whatever politics might appeal to their pockets or their passions, he founded the 'Daily Mail.' Fortune lavished her smiles upon him, till the day came, in 1908, when he acquired the chief control of the 'Times.' Why not? Did he not deserve the pre-eminence? He had called a new world into existence, and had made 'the newspaper' a daily necessity for millions. It was a transformation that went very deep, and for the understanding of it we can propose no better way than by surveying, in some detail, the history of the 'Times' during the last fifty or sixty years, from the days of the great editor Delane down to the present hour.

Just 150 years ago, Dr. Johnson declared that 'knowledge is diffused among our people by the newspapers.' Insignificant as they were from our modern point of view, he had some reason for calling them 'rivulets of intelligence'; and indeed we know as a fact that eleven millions of copies were sold in England in 1767. Towards the end of the century, their growth was stopped by Revolution, War, and Repression, but after Waterloo they began to increase, throughout the civilised world, far more rapidly than population. While the latter was doubling, the newspapers were multiplied fourfold or more, and their circulation grew more swiftly still. In 1828, those in the United Kingdom numbered 483, in 1886 they reached 1,260, in 1900 no less than 2,902. France and Germany showed a like increase, while in the United States, that forcing-house of publicity, the number of newspapers at that last date had reached the amazing number of 15,904. As to the increase of circulation, the figures relating to the 'Times' are significant, though indeed they mark a far more rapid growth than could be claimed by any of its contemporaries. Founded in 1785, just thirteen years after the date of Johnson's remark, the paper had for thirty years to fight hard for its existence against Government persecution and other obstacles, but it prevailed, thanks to the mechanical ability, the courage, and the cleverness of the first two Walters, father and son. In 1815, its circulation was 5,000; in 1834, 10,000; in 1840, 18,500; and finally in 1854, over 51,000.

The last date brings us well into the era of John Walter III, and his editor, John Thaddeus Delane. In 1840, Delane had left Oxford and taken a subordinate position in the 'Times' office under Thomas Barnes, attending the debates in Parliament, frequenting the theatre, and getting to know something about the great world and everything about the paper. Barnes, who had been a Christ's Hospital boy and afterwards a close friend of Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and other Radicals, had been made Editor in 1817, after the dismissal of that not very estimable person, Stoddart, and the rash experiment, as most people thought it, of appointing a young Radical proved a great success. Reserved and unsociable as he was, Barnes brought the paper into a high position by

means of his keen insight into the public needs of the moment, by his choice of colleagues (Edward Sterling above all), and by his own incisive writing. It was to him, in 1835, that Sir Robert Peel, just after resigning his first Premiership, wrote the famous letter in which he thanked 'one whose person even is unknown to me' for 'the daily exhibition of that extraordinary ability to which I was indebted for a support which was the more valuable because it was an impartial and a discriminating support.' It was on Barnes too, according to the story told by Sir Denis Le Marchant to Greville, that Lord Durham called one night at Printing House Square with a request from the King of the Belgians for an article of a 'healing description'; on which Le Marchant said, 'Here was the proudest man in England come to solicit the editor of a newspaper for a crowned head!' In November 1834, when Wellington and Peel were just taking office, in succession to Melbourne, who himself had only been Prime Minister for four months, mighty efforts were made to win the support of the 'Times' for the new Government. In the previous summer the paper had been fiercely attacking Brougham, Lord Melbourne's Chancellor; for in those days when journalists and public men quarrelled they fought without gloves. Suddenly the combatants made peace, Brougham (if we are to believe Greville) doing a scandalous service to the paper, and Barnes accepting it. Melbourne had resigned, telling none of his colleagues but the Chancellor, who promptly went down to the office of the paper which had been attacking him, and gave the news. It appeared next morning, in a paragraph ending with the outrageous words, 'The Queen has done it all.' Of course the King, the Duke, and Society generally were grievously offended, but blamed first Melbourne and then Brougham, not the 'Times.' The news was what would now be called a 'journalistic coup,' to be accepted as fresh evidence of the power of the paper. Greville and others pressed upon the Duke the desirability of winning the 'Times' to his side; he answered 'he did not think the "Times" could be influenced.' But terms were made, through the agency of Lyndhurst (the new Lord Chancellor) and Scarlett (his successor as Lord Chief Baron); and the paper, which during the Reform agitation two or three

years earlier had been constantly and vehemently Whig, now blessed the Tories, they having agreed to the Editor's pre-established condition that they did not tamper with Reform and did not change the foreign policy of the country. 'Barnes,' said Lyndhurst to Greville, 'is the most powerful man in the country'—an estimate not quite verifiable, but interesting as showing the importance already attained by the Press and by its chief representative. One has to remember that less than thirty years before, Pitt's Government was fining and imprisoning any editor or journalist who dared to speak his mind.

Barnes died in May 1841, and a few days afterwards, young Delane rushed into the lodging which he shared with a friend in St James's Square, exclaiming, 'By Jove, John, what do you think has happened? I am Editor of the "Times"!'. He was only twenty-three years old, quite undistinguished, and with no particular social influence, but his work as a subordinate had led Mr Walter (the second of the name) to make what proved to be a choice of wonderful wisdom. His father, a country neighbour of Mr Walter, had for some years been financial manager of the 'Times.' Personally, young Delane was the very opposite of Barnes; sociable where his predecessor had been a recluse, quick to recognise the power of personalities in and upon political life, free from acrimony, and no lover of that 'thundering' style which Barnes and Edward Sterling had cultivated—for instance, in their long controversy with Daniel O'Connell. He had evidently by nature a real social gift. Realising his power, but not presuming upon it, he very soon came to associate on equal terms with Ministers, such as Aberdeen and Clarendon, and with their aristocratic friends, male and female; and let it be remembered that for many years after 1841—in fact till the other day—the aristocratic framework of English society was no mere framework. There is a phrase in Mr J. B. Atkins's 'Life of W. H. Russell' which might be transferred without change to Delane: 'He coveted position for himself, because it meant a ready-made vantage ground for the exercise of influence in the world.' The 'Governing Classes' in England still governed. With a House of Lords still unmutilated,

with a House of Commons elected (till 1867) under the limited franchise granted by the first Reform Act, and with a Court whose tendencies were popular and mildly Liberal, the country houses still exerted their old patriarchal sway, permitting even the Corn Laws to be repealed so long as the substance of power remained with them and their friends. And with them and their owners Delane remained on the best of terms till the end. He very soon began, as the phrase runs, to 'go everywhere'; he dined out constantly, hostesses readily accepting his condition that he must be allowed to slip away to his office at ten o'clock; he visited Ministers at their offices or at the Houses of Parliament, but he quickly caused it to be an accepted fact that his judgment and that of the 'Times' was independent of party and persons. To have maintained that attitude successfully for thirty-six years was Delane's great achievement. The Prince Consort called the 'Times' 'the barometer of public opinion,' and as such it was regarded by statesmen, by financiers, and by all other watchers of the public weather. They consulted it anxiously, but they knew that no tapping of theirs would send the mercury up or down to suit their wishes.

Delane's correspondence with Ministers was immense; indeed his biographer states that Lord Clarendon's letters to him, which were carefully preserved, 'would fill a volume.' It is not our business to dwell upon it, but one single instance may be referred to, for it shows in a striking way both the position of the 'Times' in the middle period of Delane's rule and the fine discretion with which he handled delicate political situations, besides throwing a curious light on the 'economy of truth' with which statesmen used sometimes to content themselves. In June 1859, after a General Election, Lord Derby's Government was defeated, and Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister. That was all that the public would have known, had not a leading article in the 'Times' of June 14 revealed the fact that the Queen, unwilling to choose between those great rivals, Palmerston and John Russell, had endeavoured to induce Lord Granville, the Liberal leader of the House of Lords, to become Prime Minister—a task in which he failed. The Queen read the article, and was indignant; 'Whom

am I to trust?' she said; 'why, these were my very own words!' Who was the traitor in the camp? Or was Delane gifted with second sight? There was everywhere great excitement, and on the 16th Lord Derby raised the question in the House of Lords. There had been, he said, a gross breach of confidence; for if it was the duty of his noble friend Granville to communicate Her Majesty's wishes and words to some person, that person was clearly not the editor of a newspaper. Lord Granville, in his reply, sailed as near the wind as was possible.

'In the course of the same evening,' he said, 'I made a statement generally to some of my friends—some political, some private—as to what had passed, but I never meant in respect of any one circumstance to give Her Majesty's language. It is quite clear that the article in the "Times" was founded on one or more of the statements which I had made myself on the previous evening.'

The obvious deduction which he meant his hearers to draw was that 'Delane had put together hints derived from leaky friends.' Will it be believed that the information, with a long sentence containing the Queen's very words, given in inverted commas, had been sent to Delane in a letter from Lord Granville himself, written on June 12? And that his permission to publish had been given in the words, 'if you make use of this information, please wrap it up, as you know how to do!' The letter is printed at length in Dasent (vol I, p. 313).

Once, when Lord Palmerston was attacked in Parliament for using too much influence through the Editor of the 'Times,' he 'simply replied that Mr Delane's company was so agreeable that he was always welcome.' It was agreeable also, *mutatis mutandis*, to his staff; they liked him, because with all his unquestioned authority, he was considerate and intensely human. One of the few survivors, Dr Wace, now Dean of Canterbury, issued in 1908 a little pamphlet containing a general account of Delane's relations with the office and a number of letters suggesting articles or cordially thanking the writer for a piece of work well done. When a subject was important or difficult, the Editor

would come into the writer's room and discuss the question, indicating the line to be taken, but leaving plenty of room for original treatment. 'To talk with him,' says the Dean, 'was like talking to the great political or social world itself, and one's mind seemed to move in a larger sphere after a short discussion with him.' Then the article would be written and printed, and carefully revised in proof by the Editor; and sometimes, even at four or five o'clock in the morning, he would cheer the heart of his contributor by such a little note as the one printed in the pamphlet, congratulating the writer on his 'admirable army article,' which 'does you great honour and reflects as much credit on the paper.' Only two or three examples of these notes are given in the Dean's pamphlet, but many others exist. One, in the days of the Russo-Turkish crisis of 1876-8, bids Dr Wace 'to take up the Eastern Question, which has been much mismanaged in my absence.' Another, very characteristic, written later, thanks the writer for 'the great and important series of articles [on that question] which you have contributed during the last fortnight. They effect a retreat from a false position so skilfully as scarcely to be perceived till the movement was complete.'

The great personality of the Editor and the ever-growing prestige of the paper had succeeded in bringing together a succession of remarkable helpers and contributors, the latter including not only a well-chosen special staff and regular Correspondents, but a variety of eminent 'outsiders,' such as it would be hard to match in the records of any other newspaper, past or present. Delane's biographer has given a list of them, by no means complete, which fills three pages; a few may be mentioned here. Among the regular Foreign Correspondents were W. H. Russell, whose Crimean work did immense service to the army by forcing upon the Government and the country the need for removing the scandals of maladministration and making the horrors of the first 'Crimean winter' impossible for the future. Russell worked also for a time at the beginning of the American Civil War, but his 'Southernism,' in which the paper shared, made his position impossible, and he left too soon to describe the great battles. General Eber in

Vienna, Gallenga in various capitals, Wingrove Cooke in China, did such service as could be done in days when competition had not yet forced the demand for foreign news. A new era was to dawn with the appearance of 'the incomparable Blowitz,' in or about 1872. This little great man, with his round body, round face, and 'weeping' whiskers, was the oddest mixture of genius and vanity, of quick political insight and a manner which at first made it hard for statesmen to take him seriously, that has ever adorned the office of a newspaper. Born in Bohemia in 1825, of a family of landed gentry and, as his 'Memoirs' emphatically state, not a Jew, he found himself at twenty years old a poor man, an agent having made away with the family property. He travelled, picked up several languages, got to know French statesmen such as Thiers and de Falloux, obtained appointments in the Colleges of Angers and Marseilles, and, in the last days of the Empire, by a timely revelation caused the powerful M. de Lesseps to lose his election for the last-named city. He had to take refuge from official anger in a country village, from which, through his knowledge of Germany, he was able to send to M. Thiers abundant information as to Prussian preparations for war. The war came, the Empire fell, and at the worst moment the Bohemian De Blowitz became a naturalised French citizen. As yet he had done no journalism, and it was an accident that first led him that way—the accident being that when the Commune seized Marseilles, he, Blowitz, contrived by cleverly manipulating the telegraph wires, to get into direct communication with M. Thiers at Versailles. Thiers knew him and believed his story. Two days later the National troops entered Marseilles and crushed the Commune, and Blowitz was sent, by the General in command, to report to the National Government. He did so, when the Paris fighting was just beginning, and a few days later his usual luck enabled him to be the first to announce to Thiers that the white flag was waving over the walls, and that the troops were entering Paris.

Happily for a vast public of readers, the talk of rewarding Blowitz with a Consulship came to nothing. At the house of a friend he met that man of wayward genius, Laurence Oliphant, at that time assistant to

Mr Hardman, the Paris Correspondent of the 'Times.' Hardman was often absent, and one man could not deal at that crisis with both Paris and Versailles ; so Blowitz was invited to assist Oliphant, as he proceeded to do. He instantly made his mark, reporting accurately what Thiers told him in conversation and what he saw under the special facilities granted him by the Government. Next year he had the opportunity of making the first of those great *coups* of memory and enterprise for which in after years he was famous. Delane came to Paris, made the acquaintance of his new subordinate, and went with him to the Versailles Assembly, where Thiers was to make a great speech. The speech occupied the whole sitting, and as the pair returned to Paris, Delane, vexed at the slow publication of the official reports, exclaimed, 'If we could have given the speech from end to end in to-morrow's paper, what a glorious thing it would have been !' Then he left for London, and Blowitz, 'following an old habit,' sat down, shut his eyes, called up the scene, and wrote down the speech from memory almost word for word. The telegraph served him well, and when Delane next morning opened his 'Times,' he found two and a half columns filled with the report of the speech which he had heard twenty hours before in the Assembly at Versailles. Of course this established the new Correspondent's position, and soon, after both Hardman and Oliphant had withdrawn, he was definitely appointed chief Paris Correspondent.

Blowitz remained as Paris Correspondent of the 'Times' for many years, during which he undoubtedly gave to the position of a Correspondent an importance which it had never achieved before. He has been justly described as the inventor of the 'Interview,' so freely used and abused in these present days, and his work of this kind differed from modern cheap imitations in that his published conversations were with important people on important subjects. Of his achievements in other directions two are among the classics of journalism—his article on 'the French Scare' on May 4, 1875, and his despatch of the full *verbatim* text of the Berlin Treaty, so that the 'Times' could publish it several hours before it was known to the people of Berlin. The story of this last performance can be read at length in the 'Memoirs';

it was a wonderful instance of energy, contrivance, and mnemonic ability, but, except as a feather in the cap of the 'Times,' not of much importance, since anyhow the world would have known all about the Treaty a day or two later. It was quite otherwise with the article exposing the intrigues of Moltke and the Prussian military party in 1875. Even if the author and the Editor could not claim that the article had persuaded the Emperor Alexander to interfere decisively, it certainly roused England and all Europe to the appalling danger which they had escaped, and helped to postpone the European war for forty years. It revealed the fact that Moltke had persuaded the old Emperor William that France was recovering too quickly from the disasters of 1870, and that it was to Germany's interest to crush her before it was too late; and also the fact that Bismarck was no party to the scheme, but powerless in the face of the army. It was the Chancellor's secret information, conveyed indirectly through the French Ambassador at Berlin, that reached the Duc Decazes, at that time Foreign Minister in Marshal McMahon's Government, and that he conveyed to Blowitz in the persuasion that the publication of the nefarious scheme in the 'Times'—the world's most influential organ of neutral opinion—would be the surest way to defeat it. The story of the publication is interesting also as an illustration of Delane's character as Editor. Keen as he was for news, and important news, he knew the heavy responsibility he would incur by publishing such an article as this unless supported by absolutely authentic evidence. Blowitz went to the Duc Decazes, showed him the Editor's letter, and, pledging himself never to reveal the incident, obtained the evidence required. It was a written despatch from the Vicomte de Gontaut-Biron, French Ambassador in Berlin, recounting a conversation he had just had with Von Radowitz, the German Foreign Secretary, which revealed the whole plot. This was simple, relentless, and thorough; it meant the extinction of France as a Great Power, the imposition of a crushing indemnity, and the military occupation of her great towns. People would hardly believe it then, but we of the present day know that it exactly anticipated the designs of Germany in 1914.

A word may here be said about Delane's allies and assistants within the office and outside. From 1845 to 1870 his right-hand man and assistant-editor was his brother-in-law, G. W. Dasent, who had spent some years in Stockholm as Private Secretary to the British Minister, and had made himself a Scandinavian scholar, as many excellent books afterwards showed. He remained with Delane till Mr Gladstone, in 1870, made him a Civil Service Commissioner and a knight. The business side of the paper was, till 1874, in the hands of Mowbray Morris, to whom under the old system fell a very anomalous duty, that of conducting all relations with the Foreign Correspondents. But Morris was a widely accomplished person, a scholar and a hunting man, and also at a later date, like Dasent, a brother-in-law of Delane; so that there were those who maliciously said that the 'Times' ought to change its name to the 'Family Herald.' When after some thirty years' service Morris resigned and died, his place was taken by John Cameron Macdonald, who had worked for the paper since Crimean days, and who carried on the tradition for ten years after Delane disappeared. But these Managers, of course, though their work kept the machine going, had little direct influence on the writers. These, long before Delane's days, had included many men of mark, and as the paper grew in size and influence the number of them went on increasing. From the long list given in Delane's 'Life' we may here select a few. During the American Civil War, William Vernon Harcourt—afterwards the celebrated Liberal statesman—had published letters on International Law under the signature which he made famous of 'Historicus,' and which he used later when writing on all sorts of political subjects. Other occasional writers before 1870 were Charles Greville, Crabb Robinson, Abraham Hayward (most authoritative of 'club-men'), Kinglake, Matthew Higgins ('Jacob Omnium'), Thackeray himself, Dean Blakesley, Roundell Palmer, and Goldwin Smith. With Brougham, who had been a dangerous and difficult ally of Barnes, Delane was fortunate enough to have little to do, though the ex-Chancellor lived to the age of ninety, dying in 1868. Of regularly appointed Correspondents, it is interesting to find that Mark Pattison served at Berlin in 1858, while the

Hungarian General Eber, who began to work in 1854, was afterwards for many years the influential 'Times' correspondent at Vienna, Athens, and Turin. Antonio Gallenga, the Italian, did invaluable work from 1859 to 1877, writing with equal success on Italy, on the Spanish Revolution of 1868, and on the Eastern Question nine years later. Louis Jennings, afterwards well known as the Editor of the 'Croker Papers,' worked for many years on the 'Times,' both as Correspondent in India and the United States and as a miscellaneous writer at home. But it was, of course, in his staff of 'leader' writers that Delane was most interested. A Correspondent may say, within limits, pretty much what he likes, but the writer of a leading article speaks for the paper, and the Editor must bear the responsibility for what he says. Hence Delane had to be careful whom he chose, and fortune for the most part favoured him. Dasent, Woodham of Cambridge, Thomas Mozley, A. A. Knox (afterwards a well-known police magistrate), Henry Reeve, and Robert Lowe were the chief members of his staff in early years; a strong team, which for the most part kept step beautifully and took the coach along safely, and at the regulation speed. Lowe was the most brilliant of these men, but neither his Editor nor his colleagues seem to have thought him capable of what he achieved in Parliament in 1865-6—of delivering a tremendous attack upon democracy, of collecting the discontented Whigs in a Cave of Adullam, and of breaking up Gladstone's Government. With Henry Reeve, 'Foreign Adviser' from 1840 to 1855, neither Delane nor Dasent was ever on comfortable terms. The future editor of the 'Edinburgh' was both pompous and quarrelsome. There was no room in the 'Times' office for both him and Delane, and the Editor was not sorry when, in 1855, Reeve left the paper.

Delane began to break down in 1875, and after two more years at work (often hard and anxious, for it was the time of the Near-Eastern crisis) he retired in the autumn of 1877, having just reached the age of sixty. Two years later he died.

In appointing his successor, Mr Walter did not go outside the existing staff; his principle being that a chief who knew the traditions of the office was more likely to

succeed than a man, however eminent, brought in from outside. Many people expected that it would be Leonard Courtney, who had long been an influential leader writer. To the world of politics, the appointment of Thomas Chenery was a surprise, for people knew him not as a journalist or publicist but as a learned Oriental scholar, Professor of Arabic at Oxford, and a member of the Committee for revising the authorised version of the Old Testament. In point of fact, he had been a busy member of the 'Times' staff for twenty-five years. Before and during the Crimean War he had been Correspondent at Constantinople, whence he spoke with the authority of a man of calm judgment who knew the languages and the people. Afterwards he had worked steadily at the office, showing a knowledge of foreign affairs rare at that time, which gave him a high value in the eyes of Delane. On the whole, though he did not, like Delane, frequent the great world, he was a good Editor, moderate in his views and on the best of terms with proprietor, manager, and staff, most helpful to his 'leader' writers, and quite able to cope with any situation that might arise in public affairs—it being remembered that the years between the Berlin Treaty and the first Home Rule Bill were not years of acute crisis. Chenery was long a sufferer in health, and he died in 1884, after a reign of less than seven years. John Walter III was still the chief proprietor (he lived till 1894). J. C. Macdonald had been for some years business manager, and among the survivors of Delane's staff of leader writers or editorial aids were William Stebbing, Leonard Courtney (Lord Courtney), and Dr Henry Wace. Courtney was a good and prolific writer on many subjects—almost as prolific as another politician, George Brodrick (who confessed to 1600 leading articles!), had been ten years earlier—and it is a little surprising that Delane and Chenery should have got on so well and so long with a writer of such an angular mind. Of other writers of the Chenery epoch, three were of great force and persistency, especially upon the Irish question; two of them have passed away—E. D. J. Wilson and J. Callender Ross. The public never knew even their names, but it is certain that their ceaseless bombardment of the Gladstonian position did more to defeat

Home Rule than the speeches of any statesman, except Chamberlain and Bright. The third of these writers survives; so, happily, does Sir James (then Mr) Thursfield, who being a convinced Home Ruler asked to be excused from writing on the subject. It is to the credit of the directing powers that they readily agreed; that writer's work in other departments (especially naval) being too valuable to be lost.

Long before Delane's death the conditions of the United Kingdom, from the point of view of a business like that of the 'Times,' had entirely changed from what they were in the middle of the century. Politically, Disraeli's Reform Act of 1867 had called into existence a new class of voters, several millions strong, and three years later W. E. Forster's Education Act had taken the first great step towards the fulfilment of Robert Lowe's policy—'We must induce our masters to learn their letters!' The one measure tended to alter the balance of the Constitution; the other promised a large increase of possible newspaper readers. Together, they made it easy to foresee a vast development of a cheaper Press, competing with the high-priced papers, while they compelled a wise Editor to take into account the new forces, and gradually to enlarge his outlook so as to include that reservoir of unknown forces, the self-governing democracy.

The competition in question, though it had long been in existence, had only begun to be serious after the great reforms of 1853, 1855, and 1860, which swept away in succession the three 'Taxes on Knowledge'—the Advertisement tax, the Stamp tax, and the Paper Duty. The first had imposed a tax of 1s. 6d. on every advertisement, great or small; the second, a tax of a penny on every sheet; and the third a serious tax on paper of every kind. The first was easily repealed in 1853; all the commercial classes, as well as all the newspapers, were against it. The second followed it into oblivion two years later, under the guidance of that eminent man of letters, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Naturally the 'Times' was nervous, fearing that cheap London and provincial papers, published a few hours later, might steal its news. But this argument, and those instinctively used by some Tories in the House,

did not prevail, and the more open-minded Conservatives, like Bulwer Lytton, joined the Government in carrying the Bill, while new arrangements for postal charges on papers gave a certain prospect that the Post Office would soon gain more than was lost by the abolition of the tax. Over the Paper Duty there was a more serious struggle, involving a fight between the two Houses, after many foolish things had been said by people who ought to have known better, including Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards the great Lord Salisbury. 'Could it be maintained,' he asked on March 12, 1867, 'that a person of any education could learn anything from a penny paper?' We wonder whether he asked the same question fourteen years later, when the 'Standard' was heading the 'Conservative Reaction' of 1874, which gave Disraeli and Lord Salisbury six years of power?

In 1855, when the first two of the obnoxious taxes were removed, the circulation of the 'Times' was so far in excess of that of any of its rivals that it may be said to have still possessed almost a monopoly. It sold some 60,000 copies daily, a figure not approached (as the stamp returns show) by the combined sales of the 'Morning Advertiser,' the 'Daily News,' the 'Morning Herald,' and the 'Morning Post.' A change was at hand. The time for a widely-circulated cheap daily press had come; there was any amount of journalistic ability ready to be engaged; all that was wanted was the money and the man. They were forthcoming in this same year, when a printer of Hebrew race, Joseph Moses Levy, bought the struggling 'Daily Telegraph and Courier' and brought it out as a penny morning paper on Sept. 17, 1855. It succeeded from the first, and on March 29, 1858, it appeared as an eight-page sheet, dropping its sub-title 'the Courier,' and the 'Daily Telegraph' began the course of full prosperity which has continued, with some variations, to this day. It was not alone, for in 1856 the friends of Cobden and Bright raised a capital of 80,000*l.* and brought out the 'Morning Star' and its companion the 'Evening Star' as the organs of Free-Trade Radicalism, and in the following year James Johnson bought the bankrupt 'Standard,' reorganised it with much ability, and issued it first at twopence and then at a penny, with a programme of 'enlightened amelioration and progress.' All

these papers did well, and not only satisfied an existing public of readers but created a new one, of which the more educated part grew more and more critical, and came to demand fresh and more stimulating food. Very soon this need was met by new weekly papers, of which the 'Saturday Review' soon took the lead. Founded mainly by Beresford Hope, a Churchman and a rather critical Conservative, it appeared in November 1855, its editor being John Douglas Cook, one of the great names of English journalism, who had for some years conducted the 'Morning Chronicle' in its unsuccessful attempts to convert the world to the politics of the Peelites. Cook was far more successful in his new task, which was to make the cultivated public of the cities, the Universities, and the country houses, eager to read every Saturday a clever, critical, and independent survey of things in general—'politics, literature, science, and art'—from the pens of some of the ablest writers of the day. About the same time, fresh life was breathed into Rintoul's 'Spectator,' then thirty years old, by the new editor-proprietors, Richard Holt Hutton and Meredith Townsend. There were other weeklies, of course, dear and cheap, some of the latter already commanding a vast circulation; but the two examples here given are enough to show that in the mid-'sixties the London weekly press was a powerful and well-organised institution. It is curious, however, to record that the 'Saturday Review,' in its very first number, declared that one of its main objects was to attack the supremacy of the 'Times.' 'No apology is necessary,' it said, 'for assuming that this country is ruled by the "Times."' This sad state of things the 'Saturday' intended to alter, and its first step towards achieving that aim was to get some of the cleverest 'Times' men to write for it, such as Hayward and Vernon Harcourt. And readers of both papers soon came to recognise that the public and political aims of these two daily and weekly journals were substantially the same.

Once started, the development of the popular Press which marked the 'fifties and 'sixties of the 19th century pursued its course with increasing speed, and we need not attempt to follow its manifestations. Its main effect on the 'Times' was to cause the older journal to carry out its traditional policy with fresh vigour, that

policy being at once to follow, and to lead, public opinion. Nor was it deflected by the success of the new evening papers, beginning with the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' which began its influential but very varied career in 1865 under the clever Conservative Frederick Greenwood, afterwards changing hands and becoming the mouthpiece of cultivated Radicalism under John Morley. The 'Times' took note, and went forward as before. Still less was it shaken by the new phenomenon of clever and well-informed 'Society Journalism,' which made its appearance in the 'seventies in a whole group of papers, of which the 'World' and 'Truth' were the leading examples. Edmund Yates, Grenville Murray, and Henry Labouchere were the active spirits in this new Revolution, which was based on the undoubted fact that the majority of mankind are more interested in persons than in things, and that personal portraits, serious or trivial, of prominent people were sure to appeal to a large public. Why be reticent about men and women who are playing a part in politics, war, society, law, sport, or the theatre? So long as you steer clear of libel, you run no risks; you won't mind if old-fashioned people declare that such gossip is indelicate; and you will get money, celebrity, and perhaps place! Of course these writers obtained what they wanted, but they debased the social currency, and for their punishment, as the years went on and as snapshot photography came to supersede the pen, the competition of a hundred rivals snowed them under.

We return to the 'Times' in the days of Chenery and his successor (1884), who was George Earle Buckle, then a young man of twenty-nine, an Oxford Double-First, who had been for several years Chenery's right-hand man in the Editor's room. We may so far anticipate matters as to say that Mr Buckle remained Editor for twenty-eight years, till 1912; that after his retirement he made a second reputation by writing the last three and a half volumes of the official 'Life of Disraeli,' and that the King has now entrusted him with the weighty task of editing the Correspondence of Queen Victoria. Those who worked with him on the 'Times' were a little amused when the reviewers of the 'Disraeli' announced as a discovery that Mr Buckle had acquired a great knowledge of the political history of the Victorian age; his

colleagues had known it all along, and even the best of them had sometimes experienced his 'blue pencil' when any article of theirs on a political subject had made a mistake of fact as to any events between 1860 and 1910. With a remarkable quickness in grasping essentials, whether from books or from talk, and with a still more remarkable memory; with a keen interest in public affairs, especially domestic; with few prejudices and with the best education that Oxford could give, he may be said to have possessed as many of the qualifications of a first-rate Editor as are likely to be met with under this imperfect scheme of things. Though he did not follow Delane's example in haunting the great world (which by the way was not so great in the 'eighties as it had been in Palmerston's day), he was no recluse, and in times of crisis he was in constant touch with the political leaders, especially those two who possessed his chief confidence, Mr Balfour and Joseph Chamberlain. Foreign affairs he was content to leave to a great extent in the hands of skilled advisers, at first Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and afterwards Sir Valentine Chirol, who joined the staff in 1892 and remained for twenty years, latterly in the new and very necessary post of Foreign Editor. These two, with a number of trained and trustworthy Correspondents—among whom the late Dr Morrison may be specially mentioned for his work in the Far East, and the late J. D. Bouchier for his wonderful knowledge of Balkan politics—gave to the 'Times' its unrivalled position as an authority on foreign countries.

But, in Mr Buckle's early years as Editor, the chief interest of the country, and of the paper, lay nearer home. The Irish crisis had reached its acutest stage. In Ireland itself the law was openly defied, and in the House of Commons highly organised obstruction, planned and carried out under the orders of Charles Stewart Parnell, blocked the whole business of the country. Then, as every one knows, came Gladstone's Home Rule proposal, to which the 'Times' carried on to the end a determined opposition. The defeat of the Home Rule Bill broke up the Liberal party, but it only intensified the trouble in Ireland itself. Driven underground, the agitation resulted in renewed crime and

outrage, which neither new Land Acts nor the firm administration of the new Chief Secretary, Mr Balfour, could bring to an end. This being so, the 'Times' took the serious and costly step of attempting to trace crime to its sources, and to reveal the ultimate and actual responsibility of the Nationalist party in Parliament, and its Chief, Mr Parnell. A series of formidable articles, under the heading 'Parnellism and Crime,' began to appear, written with much ability and vigour; they formed a chief feature of the paper during 1887 and 1888. One Nationalist member, F. H. O'Donnell, began an action for libel against Mr Walter, but the whole matter was raised to higher importance when, near the end of the Session of 1888, Mr Parnell asked for a Select Committee to investigate the charges brought by the 'Times' against himself and the Irish members. The paper had fixed its attack upon him in particular by printing—one in facsimile—what purported to be copies of various letters written by Parnell, encouraging the policy of outrage, and sometimes (especially in the case of Mr Burke, murdered in the Phoenix Park) approving of murder after the fact. These, Mr Parnell declared, were forgeries. Mr W. H. Smith, on behalf of the Government, refused a Select Committee, but offered a Special Commission of three Judges of the High Court, and this Parnell accepted, more or less under protest. An Act constituting it was quickly passed. The Judges appointed were first-rate men—Sir James Hannen, Mr Justice Day, and Mr Justice A. L. Smith; and they proceeded to open the inquiry on Oct. 22, having first declared their intention of conducting the proceedings according to the rules, as to counsel and evidence, followed in ordinary trials. Never was a more formidable array of counsel; for the 'Times,' Sir Richard Webster, Sir Henry James, and half a dozen other Q.C.s; for the Parnellites, Sir Charles Russell, and such younger lights of the bar as Mr Asquith and Mr R. T. Reid. Prodigious speeches, sometimes lasting a week or more, prepared the way for evidence that would have filled volumes; but the Court and the public fixed their attention on two witnesses only, both called by the 'Times,' one Major Le Caron and a certain Pigott. Le Caron, *alias* Beach, was a man of a type that became

familiar enough during the Great War, a 'secret agent,' who mixed with the enemy in daily life, and then reported to the Government. He had done his dangerous work well, and his evidence as to the close connexion between outrage and politics carried much weight. With Pigott the case was different, and before he had been an hour in the witness-box the friends of the 'Times' began to tremble for their cause. It was from him that the 'Times' had bought the Parnell letters; an instance of the incredible rashness with which, in times of excitement, even sensible people will sometimes act. Pigott was an unmitigated scoundrel, as everybody in Ireland knew; but the 'Times' had never inquired into his character. In a long day's cross-examination his case hopelessly broke down, and the famous 'facsimile' letter was proved to have been forged by Pigott himself. The Court adjourned for three days; in the interval Pigott bolted to Madrid, and there committed suicide, just after the police had arrested him. The 'Times' very properly withdrew the letters, but the inquiry proceeded, and was not concluded till Nov. 22, 1889, after 128 working days had been spent upon it. The full findings of the Court were published in a vast document, which may be read, somewhat condensed, in the 'Annual Register' for 1889. They proved that the paper had been right in exposing a formidable revolutionary conspiracy in Ireland, financed from America, but that it had been unable to establish that Parnell and the Nationalist members were criminally involved in it.

The huge expenses incurred by reason of the Parnell affair were the ultimate cause of the financial difficulties from which, some years later, the proprietors of the 'Times' found that they could not emerge unaided. In 1890 the manager, J. C. Macdonald, died, his life having been undoubtedly shortened by that trial, and to fill his place Mr Arthur Walter sent for Charles Moberly Bell from Egypt, where for some years he had been the Correspondent of the paper. Moberly Bell belonged to a family of Egyptian merchants, and had been born in Alexandria in 1847; he was at one time partner in a firm, but had left it for journalism, and had made a name by a brilliant dispatch describing the bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet in 1882. Hence-

forth he regularly belonged to the paper, while at the same time Lord Cromer, who had a great belief in him, constantly consulted him. Once installed in Printing House Square, he grasped the situation, and began with great energy to devise means for improving it. In the true modern spirit, he tried what could be done with 'by-products' of the great printing and publishing machine which was at his disposal, and with some—though not all—of these he was very successful. Such were 'The Times Atlas' and the 'Times History of the War in South Africa.' To Bell's initiative also were due the several weekly Supplements which are now well known; 'Literature' first, edited by H. D. Traill, scholar and wit, which ran from 1897 to 1901, its place being afterwards taken by the 'Literary Supplement,' which under the direction of Mr Bruce Richmond soon gained, and has retained, a position of the highest critical authority. Trade and Engineering Supplements were soon added to the list; they still form a part of the paper's regular weekly output. Another scheme of Bell's (in 1905) was received with less universal favour; it was 'The Times Book Club,' primarily a circulating library for the use of 'Times' subscribers, and secondarily just a book-shop. The fierce controversy which followed with the publishers and booksellers, as to the right of the club to sell off surplus copies sooner than trade conventions had permitted, lasted for two full years, and added greatly to Bell's anxieties; but he lived to see the Book Club well established, though with a programme not quite as he had planned it. Financially, however, none of these ventures had a success comparable with that of the great new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' 'I have had a call from a Mr Hooper, of the U.S.A.," said Bell to a friend about 1901; 'he asks us to print the new edition of the "Encyclopædia," on the American system of subscribers paying by instalments. I think it looks like good business. Do you?' It was indeed; and the profits went no small way towards paying for the terrible Trial!

Still, things did not go well. About the year 1907, the paper began to lose money; and its peculiar constitution, which vested the property in a number of owners without definite and limited liability, made it difficult to

have recourse to the ordinary arrangements which are practised at times of crisis by companies established under the Limited Liability Acts. Mr Arthur Walter, who was then in chief command, began to get nervous, and he and Moberly Bell agreed that steps must be taken to sell at least a principal share of the paper. In January 1908, Bell called on Lord Rothschild at New Court, and made proposals to him. They were favourably received, for ever since early in Delane's time the Rothschilds had been in close touch with the paper. But Mr Walter had a rival scheme, although the 'Times' solicitors were already in communication with New Court. It is not worth while to go into the details of the game of cross-purposes that ensued. Briefly, Mr Walter opened negotiations with Mr Pearson (afterwards Sir Arthur, who during and after the war did such good work for the blind), but they fell through, Mr Pearson not feeling able to negotiate with such a vague body of 'proprietors.' Bell withdrew from his Rothschild negotiations, and at last got Mr Walter to agree to deal with quite a different person, belonging to a different world, and bred to quite different traditions. This was Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, who in twelve years had made an enormous fortune out of the 'Daily Mail' and other papers, and whose ambition was to control the 'Times' and inherit its influence and prestige. Not unnaturally, when the terms had been arranged, it was not an easy matter to get them accepted, for the idea of a Harmsworth in Printing House Square suggested to many of the old-fashioned proprietors the proverbial bull in a china-shop. The 'Daily Mail,' with its staring headlines and flaming posters, its ubiquitous self-advertisement, its view of the world as a compound of a football scrimmage and a flower-show, was to many of the owners of stock and to most of the staff the very embodiment of what was to be avoided in journalism. It seems to be uncertain whether the bulk of the proprietors had been made aware of the negotiations with New Court, which, as we happen to know, Lord Rothschild was quite ready to confirm; if they had been so made aware, it seems very likely that those arrangements would have been ratified, and that the rule of Carmelite House would never have

been extended over the 'Times.' As it was, the Harmsworth-Bell proposals were accepted by forty per cent. of the proprietors and declined by the same proportion, the remaining twenty per cent., who were largely under the influence of one shareholder, remained neutral. After a short time they came round to Bell's side, and the bargain was made, the paper first coming out under Harmsworth auspices on March 17, 1908.

Long before this, the appearance and the 'make-up' of the 'Times'—that is to say, the proportion of its space assigned to different subjects—had greatly changed. A passage in Mr Buckle's 'Life of Disraeli' finds a partial explanation in the decline of the public interest in Parliament, and the demand for more news about everyday affairs, such as sport, entertainments, and crimes.

'Those who search the files of the "Times" during these years [i.e. 1840 to 1890] will find that, in the Session, the Parliamentary reports not only occupied the most conspicuous pages, but filled, day after day, half or three-quarters of the total news columns. . . . An oration by Macaulay or Bright, a tussle between Disraeli and Peel, or a serious debate in which Palmerston, Russell, Cobden, and Gladstone put forth all their powers, excited the universal interest among newspaper readers which has subsequently, in times of peace, only been secured by the visits of Australian cricketers or the successes of royal horses at Epsom' (vol. v, p. 449).

This was one reason of the change; another, still more powerful but less familiar to the ordinary reader, is to be found in the altered mechanical conditions of the production and distribution of the paper.

'It is curious to note the interdependence of things,' said a member of the staff; 'to get the paper out in time to be widely distributed, we had to go to press, not by 4 a.m. as in the old days, but by 2—by 1—by 12. *Therefore* we cannot report late debates; *therefore* the public gets to care less for Parliament. And it is on that wide distribution that the financial prosperity of a newspaper depends, for without it people will not advertise!'

For these two reasons, the 'Times' of the first years of the century looked, and was, very different from what it had been in Chenery's days, not in opinion, not in the quality of the writing, but in the news which it recorded

and in the greater variety of interests to which it appealed. It was, indeed, far removed from what it became after 1908, but the seeds of change were there, only waiting to be forced into bloom by vigorous, intensive culture.

At first Lord Northcliffe was very modest, almost deferential, about his new acquisition. To more than one of the higher 'Times' officials, he protested that his motive was to preserve, not to alter. 'I don't want to make money out of the "Times." I want it to remain a national institution. I have no desire whatever to interfere in the management.' But it was not in his nature, or it was beyond his power, to keep literally to this good resolution. After a honeymoon of about six months, the business man's instinct began to prevail; he kept devising new means of increasing the circulation and the advertisements, insisted more and more on 'headlines' (which meant sacrificing the printed continuity of long articles), and indicated many changes in the allocation of space. More than this, he gradually came to interfere between the Editor and his personal staff. Now, the theory of the 'Times' had always been that the Editor was responsible for everything that appeared in the paper, and that his work was not only to guide its policy but to assign subjects, supervise 'news,' whether in articles or paragraphs, and decide what letters should be printed, and in what type and place. This had been the absolute rule in Delane's time, though it had been modified later, owing to the increased size of the paper, and the fuller organisation of the editorial staff, with its two assistants, Mr J. B. Capper and another. With the finance of the paper, the Editor had nothing to do. It can be imagined what a disturbance this arrangement would undergo if, after the Editor had given his subject to a leader writer, 'the Chief' should step in and suggest a mode, perhaps quite a new mode, of treating the subject. Clearly this sort of interference tended to destroy editorial authority, while the policy of cutting down foreign correspondence was no more to the taste of the Foreign Editor, who rightly adhered to the old 'Times' view that quick and trustworthy information from all over the world was an indispensable condition of the prosperity of England and

the Empire. A struggle, insensibly and almost inevitably began between two hostile views of what the 'Leading Journal' should aim at. The one was that nearly everything should be sacrificed to circulation and advertisement; the other, that the first object of the 'Times' should be to maintain its *influence*. Political first, whether domestic or international, not by preaching but by presenting facts and drawing rational conclusions from them; social, by telling everybody what they might reasonably wish to know; and in all departments never to give ground for the suspicion that the hand of the advertiser directed the editorial pen. Undoubtedly the Northcliffe system brought about some improvements in the arrangement of news, and we may admit that, in these days, nobody wants to read four, or even three, long 'leaders' as they did fifty years ago, before quick communication had brought such a mass of news to every man's breakfast-table. But the drawbacks mentioned were too much both for the Editor and the Foreign Editor. They both resigned in 1912, after four years' trial of the new system.

No good purpose would be served by telling in detail the story of the rest of the Northcliffe régime. It lasted ten years, covering the period of the War, the Peace negotiations, and the years in which England, under her Coalition Government, was striving by makeshift measures at home and fruitless Conferences abroad, to bring some kind of order into a ruined Europe and a shaken world. For the first half of that period the 'Times' was edited by Mr Geoffrey Dawson, who (like his predecessor) was a Fellow of All Souls', and who had served a thorough apprenticeship in journalism; first in South Africa as 'Times' Correspondent and Editor of the Johannesburg 'Star,' and then at Printing House Square as Mr Buckle's chief Assistant. From 1912 to 1914 the problem of the day was the Ulster branch of the Irish question, complicated by such dangerous episodes as the 'Curragh incident,' which went far to persuade the Germans that we could not fight them. The War followed, and at the end of 1916 came the fall of the Asquith Government, towards which the severe criticisms of the 'Times' were largely contributory. 'England's Effort' grew more and more

intense, and as was natural it called out in a greater and greater degree the good and the evil of such an excitable, self-centred character as that of Lord Northcliffe. His direct work in propaganda and in such matters as the 'Times' fund in aid of the Red Cross deserve all praise; but as time went on he became more and more intolerable to his staff, and especially to its chief. More and more his old desire that the 'Times' should be 'a national institution' faded into the background; more and more he endeavoured to make it his personal organ, and an echo of the 'Daily Mail.' Often and often the Editor wished to resign, but he held on patriotically till the end of the War, when he withdrew, to be succeeded by Mr Wickham Steed, who as Correspondent at Vienna and elsewhere had become a leading authority on foreign politics, to which he naturally continued to give great prominence, especially by being personally present at most of the great Conferences of the Allies.

As is well known, Lord Northcliffe's death was followed by a complete reorganisation of the 'Times.' After much discussion, in the Courts and privately, Lord Northcliffe's entire holding was repurchased by Mr John Walter and Major John Jacob Astor. The connexion with the 'Daily Mail' was severed once and for all; Mr Geoffrey Dawson was induced to return as Editor; and the course of things in Printing House Square became normal once more.

In wishing well to the old ship on her new voyage, we shall have with us all educated opinion, and all those who care for historical continuity. We wish it with all the more confidence because it is certain that the 'Times' has at this moment a better chance than ever before of exerting a wide influence on public and private life. It is only bare justice to say that the reforms carried out by Lord Northcliffe and his financial and technical advisers, especially in the matter of lowering prices, have been extremely successful. While the circulation of the paper from 1880 to 1913, when the price was threepence, ranged between 35,000 and 53,000, it rose in July 1914 to 145,000, and in November 1922, when the price was three-halfpence, to no less than 180,000. These figures, which we believe we are the first to publish, spell prosperity. May it continue, and be wisely used!

Art. 8.—THE POLICY OF THE 'FASCISTI.'

THE almost bloodless revolution in Italy, which on Oct. 30 placed Signor Mussolini, the leader of the *Fascisti*, in power as Premier, Minister of the Interior and Minister of Foreign Affairs, is the most remarkable event in the rather drab annals of the Italian kingdom since 1870. Ever since Depretis in 1876 invented the system of *trasformismo*, by which parties became merged in an undistinguishable and undistinguished mass of opportunism, Italy had been governed by a series of middle-aged, or more often elderly, men, mostly of the middle class, all (except Crispi) pre-eminently parliamentary managers, of whom Signor Giolitti is the greatest. The supreme end of politics was to obtain, and keep, a majority; and, if the former was easy, thanks to the docility and electioneering skill of the sixty-nine prefects who depend upon the Minister of the Interior, the latter required infinite legerdemain in the difficult art of managing the numerous groups which have taken the place of the two historic parties. After the war, no Ministry could live for much more than a year, and at each international conference a different Italian representative presented himself. The electoral reform of 1919, which reintroduced *Scrutin de liste* with huge constituencies, the preferential vote and proportional representation, favoured those groups alone—the Roman Catholic 'Popular' party and the Socialists—which possessed an efficient organisation. The 'Liberals,' without a programme, without union, without enthusiasm, were split up into various conventicles, whose delicate shades of opinion were unintelligible to the man in the street. Italy is a democratic, but not a parliamentary, country, and organisation is not the Italian strong point. As Tasso wrote,

'Alla virtù Latina
O nulla manca, o sol la disciplina.'

Meanwhile, outside Parliament, there had arisen in March 1919, a new organisation, the *Fascisti*, which was destined in little more than three years and a half to dominate Italy. Created by Signor Benito Mussolini, the son of a Romagnole workman, and himself not only

an ex-Socialist but a former editor of the Socialist organ, 'Avanti!' the *Fasci di Combattimento* were primarily directed against the Neutralists and Bolsheviks. Their methods were those of the *lex talionis*, 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' To the violence of the Communists and Official Socialists they retorted with at least equal violence; and, as Governments were weak and the middle classes indolent and lacking, as a rule, in moral courage, the *Fascisti* at the outset did good by breaking strikes and intimidating the hitherto unchecked lawlessness of the 'subversive' elements. One cause of the success of the movement was that it provided for young men—and most *Fascisti* are very young—a means of letting off steam, which our more prosaic system of education provides in football and cricket. To take part in a 'punitive expedition' with all his expenses paid was an exciting form of sport for an athletic youth fresh from the trenches and eager to find a vent for his superfluous energy. Signor Mussolini, with a profound knowledge of the Italian mentality, provided the theatrical and spectacular element which Latins love—the pennons, the black shirts, and the Roman salutes.

Soon *Fascismo* extended its plan of campaign. It attacked the Roman Catholic 'Popular' party, made an expedition into Signor Nitti's stronghold in the Basilicata, and forcibly inculcated Italian sentiments into the Germans of the Upper Adige. Unsuccessful at the general election of 1919, Signor Mussolini was elected for both Bologna and Milan at that of 1921, and entered the Chamber as the leader of a group of thirty. But his real strength lay outside Parliament. His followers in the country grew into, and came to be organised as, an army, with which, as Signor Giolitti confessed, no police force could cope. Big manufacturers and large land-owners are understood to have provided the necessary funds, for the subscriptions of the members are small. The present writer knows a case of a landlord who, unable to collect his rents and finding the Government unwilling or impotent to assist him, invoked, as a subscriber, the aid of the *Fascisti*. Two lads of eighteen immediately presented themselves at his house and asked for the name of the ringleader of his recalcitrant tenants. They then gave the author of this 'no rent' campaign a

sound beating, summoned the other tenants, and told them that, if they did not pay their lawful dues to their landlord, a telegram would be dispatched summoning a hundred *Fascisti* to deal with the situation. Since then that landlord's rents have been punctually paid. It is no wonder then that *Fascismo* has received the support of those capitalists whom the Government had ceased to protect.

Fascismo embraced people of all political parties, except Communists, Official Socialists, and Roman Catholic 'Populars.' Its leader, as is natural in a native of the Romagna (the last stronghold of Republicanism in Italy), once declared that the movement was 'tendenciously Republican'—an indiscreet remark, which nearly caused a schism, for many *Fascisti*, especially in Piedmont, are enthusiastic Monarchists. The mistake was not repeated, and at Naples last October Signor Mussolini eulogised the House of Savoy, after having absented himself from the opening of Parliament by the King sixteen months earlier. The opinions of the *Fascista* leader upon internal politics are however no affair of ours, but of the Italians alone. It is when he treats of international questions that he arouses interest and some alarm abroad. In this department *Fascismo* is the child of Nationalism, which arose shortly before the Libyan war of 1911. Only, while Nationalism was mainly confined to the 'intellectuals' and had no hold on the masses, *Fascismo* is a vast popular movement with the force to execute its theories of foreign policy, especially as in the present Government not only the Foreign Office, but the War Office, Admiralty, and Aviation Department are all in the hands of *Fascisti* or of strong sympathisers with them.

It is, therefore, important to examine the new Premier's past record in foreign policy, with the premise that, as Gladstone said in 1880, when called to account for his unflattering remarks about Austria, he was then 'in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility.' He had not been long in the Chamber when he declared in his maiden speech on June 22, 1921, that the natural boundary of Italy towards Switzerland was the St Gothard. This claim for the annexation of the Italian-speaking Swiss canton of Ticino, which has been a Swiss bailiwick

since the 16th century, a fully-fledged Swiss canton since 1803, caused considerable excitement in Switzerland, whose Foreign Minister, M. Motta, was himself a Ticinese, and provoked the intervention of Signor Giolitti, the Premier, who begged the *Fascista* leader not to speak of Irredentism in Switzerland. Signor Mussolini had no cause to love the Swiss authorities; for years ago, when he had sought refuge in the Canton Ticino, he was expelled by them for carrying on a combined Socialist and Irredentist propaganda there, and the decree of his expulsion was rescinded only when he became Prime Minister. Three weeks before that event, M. Scheurer, the Swiss Minister of Defence, urged the necessity of a strong Swiss army, because 'certain tendencies of our Southern neighbour warn us to keep our eyes open.' Last November at Lausanne the would-be annexationist of Ticino had an opportunity for expressing his sympathy with Switzerland. More violent still than his animosity to Switzerland were Signor Mussolini's expressions of hostility to Great Britain. At the beginning of the same month in which he became Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, he wrote over his own signature in his newspaper, the '*Popolo d'Italia*,' of Oct. 1, 1922, the following sentences:

'We must prepare ourselves for the eventuality of giving active force to a practically anti-British policy. . . . It is not an Italian interest to contribute to the maintenance of the British Empire; it is an Italian interest to collaborate in its demolition.'

One wonders what the Italians would have said if Mr Bonar Law, three weeks before becoming Prime Minister, had sent a letter to the press, declaring it to be a British interest to collaborate in the demolition of the Italian kingdom! Fortunately we Britons are not over-sensitive in such matters. Still, it is well to be 'documented' about the recent past of the Foreign Ministers, with whom we have to treat. Then there is the question of Malta. In the spring of 1921 a chief organiser of *Fascismo* told the writer that the annexation of Malta (as well as that of the whole Dalmatian coast as far as the Bocche di Cattaro) formed part of

the foreign policy of his organisation. More recently, in his speech at Naples a few days before becoming Premier, Signor Mussolini proclaimed 'the Mediterranean for the Mediterranean peoples,' adding, for the benefit of Lord Cavan, that the Italian victory over the Austrians at Vittorio Veneto was won 'with the absolutely derisory assistance of other forces.' Since then, however, as Premier and Foreign Minister, this vehement journalist and agitator has put a large quantity of water into his wine. Diplomats who have had conversations with him have found him reasonable; on those occasions he casts aside the Napoleonic mask and abandons the Napoleonic pose which he assumes to impress his 'black shirts,' and talks as a man of the world to men of the world, who are not easily moved by theatrical gestures or strong language, but judge by deeds.

That portion of his first extraordinary speech in the Chamber as Premier, in which he dealt with international policy, won general approval. His declaration, that treaties, good or bad, would be respected, reassured those Yugoslavs who doubted whether he would, or could, ratify the agreement signed on Oct. 23 between Signor Schanzer and M. Antonievich, the Minister of the Serbo-Croat-Slovene State in Rome—a diplomatist whose British phlegm and philosophical temperament have largely contributed to the maintenance of 'correct' relations between Italy and Yugoslavia. For in his speech at Naples Signor Mussolini had talked of 'the Dalmatian coast, betrayed, indeed, but which has no intention of yielding'; while one of his lieutenants, Signor Dudan, a product of Spalato, is the chief native apostle of 'unredeemed' Dalmatia in Italy. We do not believe that Signor Mussolini, who has begun to show some of the qualities of a statesman, would desire a rupture between Italy and Yugoslavia for the sake of the Italians (only a few thousands now that Zara belongs to Italy) who survive in the other Dalmatian coast-towns. The danger is that young and excitable *Fascisti* may make a raid from Ancona to the eastern shore of the Adriatic, or that D'Annunzio may encourage such a step so as to bring himself again into the limelight. For the poet is said to feel jealous of the laurels of the Premier; their

relations seem to be those of the two lions in 'Bombastes Furioso,'

'Another lion gave a louder roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore.'

Already a follower of D'Annunzio has placarded the walls of the Maraschino-manufactories at Zara with a manifesto declaring 'the unity of Italy to be not yet accomplished'; already the Dalmatian Association has telegraphed to Signor Mussolini, prophesying that 'the saviour of Italy will save Dalmatia.' 'Office,' as the Greeks said, 'will show the man,' and the Premier's test will be his capacity to restrain his ardent followers. For the Yugoslavs have their equivalent of the Italian *Fascisti*, and it must be remembered that, if the Serbs until recent years were friends of the Italians, the Croats and the Slovenes have anti-Italian historical reminiscences, which unfortunately count for much at Agram and Laibach.

Signor Mussolini told a diplomatist that he proposed to pursue 'a strong national policy'; he told the Chamber that he intended to follow 'a policy of dignity.' He is no altruist; his maxim is that of Bismarck (from whom he has also borrowed the idea of 'the budgetless régime,' practised by the Prussian Premier from 1862 to 1866)—*do ut des*, or, as he puts it, 'nothing for nothing.' This is, however, no new departure in Italy. We can recall British Premiers and Secretaries of State who have been guided by altruistic motives in their foreign policy, but we cannot recollect a single Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs who has been so influenced—for poor Bissolati, a saint and an idealist in politics, was Minister of Pensions. Signor Mussolini's 'nothing for nothing' is merely the 'sacred egoism' of Signor Salandra, when he was Premier at the outbreak of the war. Signor Mussolini rightly asks from the Allies 'proofs of definite friendship.' A good and cheap supply of coal from England has more practical value in cementing Anglo-Italian friendship than lectures on Dante or historical reminiscences about Garibaldi's popularity in London. The 'black shirts,' like the Italians in general, are not sentimentalists, but eminently practical people, who have little use for 'moral support' and similar diplomatic phrases. But there is one of the *imponderabilia* of

politics which weighs nevertheless in the scale of Italy's international relations—the form of an Allied communication. A former witty Councillor of the French Embassy in Rome used to say, 'En France cherchez la femme, en Italie cherchez la façade.' Regard for the sensitive Italian *amour propre*, doubly sensitive since the Paris Conference, is the first essential in dealing with Italians. But this is a diplomatic truth too often forgotten at the Foreign Office, though fully recognised by the very experienced staff of the British Embassy in Rome. The Curzonian super-style has not always pleased the Italian recipients of Foreign Office notes; while, if it is desired to be on good terms with a country, it is well not 'to wash the head' of its Ambassador in London, especially if he may become Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Signor Mussolini is rightly resolved that his country shall be treated not as a junior partner of the Entente, but as an absolute equal of Great Britain and France. Herein he is sure of the approval of his fellow-countrymen; for nothing disgusted Italians so much with the Triple Alliance as their scornful treatment in that partnership by Germany and Austria-Hungary, nor do they see any reason why their new associates should in this respect adopt the manners of the Central Empires. Italy, it must be remembered, has come late into the 'county society' of the Great Powers; and, like all such late-comers, she is naturally anxious, and even punctilious, about her 'position.' Signor Mussolini, who has no sentimental preferences for one country rather than another outside his own, has clearly stated that, if Italy be not treated on a footing of absolute equality with the two old 'county families,' she will make other arrangements. The Allies are, therefore, warned. Let them be under no illusions. The French, although in the Eastern question they acted with Italy, are not beloved there; did not Tacitus, who knew his Latins, write of *nota inter fratres inimicitia*? The Germans were never really unpopular in Italy, and have returned thither in considerable numbers. The Austrians are now so inconsiderable a State as to be patronised—an act peculiarly gratifying to Italian sentiment. As for Great Britain, she is neither disliked nor loved; but when was

the best-off member of a family regarded with gratitude by the less affluent relatives? If we wish to secure Italy's assistance, we must talk less about the *Risorgimento* and the past, but remember that we are dealing with *Realpolitiker*. There is, however, one defect in Signor Mussolini's policy of independent action. If he takes a glance at the map of the Italian Peninsula, he will notice that Italy is not surrounded by friends. France, her neighbour on the north-west and (in Tunisia) on the south-west, loves her not; Jugoslavia and Greece have both been alienated; Switzerland, capable of diverting her trade from Genoa, was alarmed by the talk about the Canton Ticino; Albania plainly told the Italians that she would be glad if they left the country and suppressed their post-offices—and they have left it, except the Islet of Saseno in the Bay of Valona. Only Great Britain in Malta—which the *Fascisti* claim as *roba italiana*—is a friend, and, despite Signor Mussolini's speech at Naples, she is a Mediterranean Power of over two centuries' standing.

In his treatment of the Eastern question Signor Mussolini has been more vigorous than his predecessors. He has plainly told the Turks to be content with what they obtained at Mudania, and has had the courage to add: 'Thus far, but no farther.' With his record he could not afford to allow the Turks to trample upon Italian self-respect; besides, Italians have begun to realise that their Turkophil policy, which was really rather Hellenophobe than Turkophil, might lead the Turks to demand back not only the Dodekanese, but also Libya; for, after all, Italy was the Power which deprived Turkey of her last direct possessions in Africa, and that as recently as 1912. The Italian Premier has recognised the accomplished fact of the Mudania Convention and wants concessions for Italy in Asia Minor; but he realises that to allow Turkey to advance beyond the Maritza would mean 'Balkan, and therefore European, complications.' If France had had the same courage as Signor Mussolini, the Turks would never have assumed the arrogant tone which they have employed.

The chief mistake which the new ruler of Italy has made is to have promised too much. In his opening speech to the Chamber, he bombastically foretold the

durability of his rule. Now a much more experienced Premier than Signor Mussolini, Signor Giolitti, once said that every Italian Government exhausted itself in three years. Figures prove his accuracy; for since 1848, when Italian parliamentary Government began, two Premiers alone—Cavour (from 1852 to 1859) and Depretis (from 1881 to 1887)—have retained their posts for more than four consecutive years. Signor Mussolini, of course, differs from all his thirty-three predecessors, in his Bismarckian contempt for 'parliamentary majorities,' and has it in his power not only to dissolve the Chamber at his will, but also, thanks to his organisation in the country, to create a new Chamber in his own image. His difficulty will not be so much with a refractory Opposition in the Chamber as with disappointed followers and displaced officials outside it. The most urgent need of Italy is economy, and this can be achieved only by drastic reduction of expenditure upon the bureaucracy. Italian Government offices are notoriously overmanned; but, as soon as the new Premier dismisses numbers of civil servants and railwaymen, he will offend important vested interests, which will turn against him. The writer remembers the howl of indignation which rose against the late Signor Bertolini, when that Minister proposed the practical abolition of those free tickets, which enable thousands of Italians to travel gratis over the steep gradients of the State railways in first-class carriages at a heavy cost of coal. Signor Bertolini had to yield to 'public opinion,' i.e. vested interests; and the Italian State railways still show large annual deficits. But Signor Mussolini is said also to propose the dismissal of numerous supernumerary railwaymen, and these may be expected to join the Opposition. He purposes, too, a radical reform of the fiscal system; but taxation upon the rich is likely to diminish the ardour of the wealthier supporters of *Fascismo*. Signor Mussolini is himself stated to have foretold the loss of 30 per cent. of his adherents after his accession to power. Probably the estimate is unduly moderate, for to the above centrifugal forces must be added the intrigues of rivals inside and outside his own party, and the risk of friction with the Nationalists, whose chief, Signor Federzoni, is a parliamentarian of experience and ability, and who, as Minister

of the Colonies, is now, by the transference of the Foreign Office from the Consulta to the Palazzo Chigi, housed officially under the former roof of his imperious chief. It is asked, too, whether Signor Mussolini has not committed a tactical error in assuming such a further tremendous responsibility as that of full powers till the end of 1923 for financial and bureaucratic reform. For, if he will justly obtain all the glory of success, he will equally justly receive all the odium not only for failure but for injuries to the interests affected.

Difficult as is the task before him, small as is his technical preparation, the Italian Premier possesses a force of character as rare, in the modern breed of politicians, as it is efficacious. His programme is generally approved; his energy was badly wanted. For example, his idea of reverting from State Socialism to private enterprise, and his return to the doctrines of Herbert Spencer, enunciated a generation ago in '*The Man versus the State*,' should prove of great benefit to Italy. The State has not made a brilliant success of either the railways, which it took over in 1905-6, or the telephones, while the postal service, especially the parcels and book post, is uncertain and unsatisfactory. Books are frequently lost in the post—in one year the writer lost twelve—and, unless of an almost duodecimo size, have to be fetched from the post-office, and fetched (even if the addressee be away) within fifteen days, otherwise they are sent back to the place whence they came! Under these circumstances, book-selling is difficult, and the proposal to entrust the parcel post to a private firm is, therefore, welcome. Signor Mussolini is also understood to favour administrative decentralisation, instead of concentrating everything in Rome. He has already had to deal with the 'Sardinian party of action,' which wants not separation but decentralisation, and above all that the taxes levied from 'the heroic island' should be spent upon its wants and not upon the continental provinces. He has also the problems of the Germans of the Upper Adige, who carried all the four seats there at the last election, and of the Slavs of Istria and Julian Venetia. Having spent some time in the Trentino in Austrian days, he possesses personal knowledge of the way in which the Austrians treated their

Italian subjects, who were as numerous in the South Tyrol as are Italy's German subjects in the district between Botzen and the Brenner.

The new Premier invoked the blessing of Almighty God in his first official speech, and has already shown a cordial and politic desire to work with the Vatican. This is, indeed, no new feature of Italian politics, but dates from 1904, when Pius X first allowed good Roman Catholics (hitherto prevented by the *non expedit*) to vote at such elections as the bishop of the diocese considered desirable. From that time successive Premiers have collaborated with the Vatican, which can not only help the Italian Government in elections but support its foreign policy in the Near East. Already, like Napoleon, Signor Mussolini has recognised the political value of the Church. Already orders have been issued for the restoration of the crucifixes and the portraits of the King in the schools—a double sign of the attitude of the *Fascisti* (in power) towards both religion and the Monarchy. The latter institution, according to the ex-Republican Premier's programme, is to occupy a more striking position in the public eye. The red liveries, which have disappeared since the days of Humbert, are to be resumed; the Royal family is to move about freely, as, indeed, has for some months past been the case; and the Consulta, which had housed the Italian Foreign Office since 1870, and is conveniently opposite the Quirinal, is to be converted into a residence for the Heir Apparent, now eighteen years old. New life is being infused into that and other Government departments. The tireless Romagnole Premier has been known to telephone round at 9 o'clock to ascertain whether his officials were at work, and to leave his card upon the desks of those who had not arrived. If Signor Mussolini succeeds in enforcing punctuality in Italy, his Premiership will not have been in vain.

He is obviously a man such as we have not seen in Italian Cabinets during our time; his type rather harks back to that of the famous *condottieri* of mediæval Italy. In a country where no one can become a deputy before he is thirty, or a senator before he is forty, a Premier, who is only thirty-nine and still in his first legislature, is a novelty. Nor has modern Italy, unlike modern

Spain, been a country propitious to revolutions, such as that almost bloodlessly achieved by the chief of the *Fascisti*. Thus, in every sense Benito Mussolini is a new man, whose advent to power marks the revolt of young Italy against the gerontocracy, which, with very rare exceptions, had governed since 1876. He is, in fact, the product of the war, to support which he deserted Socialism, giving proof of his patriotic convictions by being wounded at the front. Unlike most Italian politicians, he has nothing conventional about him; like the rising generation, he is desirous that Italy should not be regarded as an art gallery or a museum, and its inhabitants as custodians. Here, as in his realistic foreign policy, he is merely repeating the saying of Signor Salandra, who foretold, when Premier in 1915, that, after the war, Italy would have fewer hotels and more factories. But, in order that the latter may work, they must have raw materials; and, in order to purchase these, the exchange must be less unfavourable to the Italian purchasers. Signor Mussolini, who is believed to rely upon the expert advice in financial matters of Senator Einaudi, the economic authority of the '*Corriere della Serra*,' has welcomed the economic collaboration of the United States in the development of Italy. In this his policy resembles that of the statesman whom of all others Mr Lloyd George liked most and the *Fascisti* least—Signor Nitti, an economist by profession. But the Premier said that he would accept the help of even a Socialist, if the Socialist were a technical authority. What the technical capacities of the Socialists are none should know better than the ex-editor of the '*Avanti!*'

It is too early to judge of the success of the *Fascista* dictator. Like the Roman dictatorships, of which Livy tells us, this assumption of all power by one man, and that an untried man, is in the nature of a desperate remedy. For Italy had for some years had Ministries but not Governments, and the Chamber, by its incapacity to provide a stable administration, has, in Signor Giolitti's mordant phrase, 'the Government which it deserves.' But it must be remembered that Italy, although a democratic, is not a parliamentary country, so that the new Premier's treatment of the Chamber has not aroused any widespread feeling in the constituencies,

in so far as any such feeling could be safely expressed. One powerful organ of public opinion, the 'Corriere della Sera' of Milan, has, indeed, ventured to criticise the Mussolinian method. This should be a warning, for that great journal possesses an authority and a circulation—terms not always synonymous in journalism—such as no other Italian newspaper can claim. It was the 'Corriere' more than any other single influence which killed the Orlando-Sonnino Ministry by its steady opposition. *Gutta cavat lapidem*; and the 'Corriere' has both force and persistency.

Meanwhile, especially in view of the elections, in which many candidates of various parties wish to obtain the official support of the Government, most people call themselves *Fascisti*, in some cases to the amusement of the original adherents of *Fascismo*, who smile at the tardy zeal of these 'Fascisti of the sixth day,' as they are called in allusion to the 'heroes' who, after the historic 'Five days of Milan' in 1848 were over, turned up and claimed their share in the fighting. The sale of black shirts has been unprecedented, and some of their recent wearers are politicians never before suspected of sympathies with the movement. As for the Socialists and Communists, they are temporarily powerless; their internecine divisions and their too frequent congresses, even apart from the action of *Fascismo*, undermined their once flourishing organisation. Their ablest leader, Signor Turati, is now regarded as far too Conservative by the younger and less experienced 'comrades,' who have their eyes fixed, not upon Montecitorio but on Moscow. As for the Roman Catholic 'Popular' party, its secretary, Don Sturzo, the famous 'boss' of Italian politics six months ago, the man who, although not in Parliament, vetoed Signor Giolitti's nomination as Premier last February, has lost all power. In Italy the Tarpeian rock adjoins the Capitol, and the meteoric rise and fall of the little Sicilian priest from Caltagirone is the latest example of this fatal vicinity.

Thus Europe has to reckon with a new force, unlike anything that we have seen for many years. Its author has said with pride that 'since the European war there has been no phenomenon more interesting, more original, more potent than Italian *Fascismo*.' It now remains for

him to prove by his capacity for statesmanship the last of these assertions. For the qualities which have made the movement thus potent in Italian domestic politics, are not necessarily those which will render it effective in international affairs. But even there it is an advantage for every one to have to deal with a man who knows very much what he wants, unlike one of Signor Mussolini's predecessors, who seemed unable to tell the Allies what his foreign policy was. Moreover, in dealing with Great Britain, blunt frankness will always benefit Italy more than subtle diplomacy. Of the former method the Romagnole workman's son is the foremost exponent to-day. History will show whether he is, as some of his enthusiastic followers claim, 'that greyhound,' foretold by Dante, whose

'Land shall be [like Signor Mussolini's birthplace, Predappio]
The land 'twixt either Feltro. In his might
Shall safety to Italia's plains arise.'

WILLIAM MILLER.

Art. 9.—THE BURDEN OF TAXATION.

BEFORE the outbreak of the Great War, qualified observers were already beginning to wonder how far the existing sources of public revenue, direct and indirect, were likely to prove adequate to the growing expenditure of the country. The development of the Income Tax, Super-Tax, and Death Duties, which had been a feature of the years following Mr Lloyd George's budget of 1909, had already considerably altered the proportion of taxation falling respectively on the income-tax paying class and the classes below the income-tax limit, to the advantage of the latter; and controversy was arising as to whether the rates of direct taxation had not become dangerously high and begun to act in discouragement of investment and business enterprise. The incidence of the indirect taxes upon the poorer classes was a constant subject of budget discussions; but it was felt on both sides of the House, in view especially of increasing expenditure upon social services, that the reduction of these taxes could not be justified unless some form of direct taxation falling on those classes could be substituted for it. On the whole, however, a substantial degree of equity had probably been attained; our system of taxation, illogical perhaps and certainly liable to abuse in some respects, was a fair compromise between existing claims; and it was admittedly in advance of that of any other civilised State in the regard paid to the taxable capacity of the wage earners. Above all, as events were too soon to prove, it was 'elastic' to an extent which no one could have anticipated.

It cannot be doubted that this elasticity was an immense advantage in time of war, and was the chief factor in enabling this country to meet a much more creditable share of war expenditure from revenue than was the case with other belligerents. On the other hand, the ease with which revenue could be expanded in every direction was an encouragement to extravagance and waste both during the war and since the armistice; it has enabled the financial authorities to postpone a much over-due examination into the fiscal resources of the

nation, and to strain these resources to a degree from which recovery will be a long and difficult process. It has long been apparent, from the fact that only by the rapid realisation of war material and stores purchased out of capital loans and the expenditure of the proceeds as income has it been possible to balance recent budgets, that the elasticity of the revenue has reached its extreme limit; and it is certain that the penalisation of the nation's capital and income by excessive rates of taxation, complaints of which were heard even before the war, has now grown to such a point as to have created serious alarm in responsible quarters.

The question of the incidence of taxation has been the subject of much discussion both from a theoretical and a statistical point of view during the last twenty years; but if the present position approaches that indicated in the preceding paragraph, it is evident that an important preliminary to any reconstruction and amendment of our system of taxation would be a careful and authoritative investigation into the national income and its distribution, and the actual allocation of our taxation between the various classes of our population. It should be possible to show what proportion of the income of individuals in different social grades is now being taken in taxation, and, more broadly, how the burden falls as between the two main aggregates of classes, the income-tax paying class on the one hand (comparatively small in number) and the wage earners on the other. What percentages from an ideal point of view should be demanded of incomes up to, say, 200*l.*, 2000*l.* and 20,000*l.* would still of course remain a question to which no final or satisfactory answer would be possible, as it could only depend on the rough general sense of equity which prevailed in the community. But if the information suggested could be obtained by such an inquiry for two or three successive periods to show the changes which have occurred in recent years, there would be some material upon which to base an opinion; and if such an analysis, once obtained, were kept up as a piece of expert intelligence work for the benefit of Parliament and the public, some agreed principles might be evolved which would guide the financial authorities, not only

as to the amount of income available for taxation, but also as to the proportion in which different classes should contribute to the revenue. That no official investigation has hitherto been attempted is due partly to the inveterate English prejudice in favour of empirical and hand-to-mouth methods, and partly to the difficulty of the subject—for it bristles with difficulty of every kind. What private investigators, however, like Sir Bernard Mallet before the war in his 'British Budgets' and Sir Herbert Samuel in his notable address as President of the Royal Statistical Society in 1919, have attempted with a certain measure of success, would certainly not be beyond the competence of a small body of experts, aided as they would be by important recent studies, such as those of Sir Josiah Stamp and Dr Bowley on national wealth and taxable capacity.

We have laid some stress on this aspect of the question because, as Sir Herbert Samuel observed in the address just referred to, 'we cannot say whether the burdens are justly distributed unless we first know what they are'; and because the presumption of an equitable distribution of the present heavy burden will always be a dominant consideration with Parliament and the politicians who are responsible for our finances. But it is only a first step; and any conclusion to which it pointed would require qualification in vital respects. It is quite possible that an analysis of the primary incidence of the taxes might turn out to conform pretty closely to the theoretical standards of 'ability' or 'taxable capacity' which have so largely influenced our fiscal legislation since 1907; it might appear that the burden has been duly placed on the shoulders of the 'strong' rather than of the 'weak,' and that a great revenue was thus being raised without obvious friction or injustice to any class of the community. Yet, all the time, factors might have been left out of account which would give a very different picture of the actual results of our fiscal system.

Of all the results of excessively high rates of direct taxation the most serious is the appropriation of so great a proportion of the larger incomes from which in the past industrial capital was accumulated, and which has been made possible by the adoption of the principle

of graduated or progressive taxation. This principle is indeed defensible on grounds of economic theory, but its liability to abuse in a democratic community goes some way to justify the opposition to it in past days by the adherents of the 'proportional' method. Used in moderation, as a means of increasing the yield of a direct tax without inflicting more hardship on individuals in possession of the larger incomes than the payment of an infinitely smaller tax inflicts on the poor, progressive taxation has obvious merits; but if pushed to excess it has one serious drawback in the eyes of those who look on the accumulation of capital wealth as a boon and indeed a necessity. Available statistics seem to be inconclusive as to how far the national income has, partly from this cause, been redistributed in recent years in the direction of increasing the number of the smaller incomes at the expense of the larger; but the balance of opinion indicates that this has occurred, and, in so far as it has, the surplus saved for industrial investment, for renewal of industrial plant, and for the supply of fresh capital to provide for expansion of business and for the employment of an increasing population will have been encroached upon; since it is an established truth that effective saving comes principally from the really large incomes. Taxation alone must have diverted from these channels a very large proportion of the amount available for them before the war. It is enough to note that the net receipt of income tax and super-tax has risen from 47,000,000*l.* in 1913-14 to 400,000,000*l.* in 1920-21. If there is one point on which both the business world and the economists are agreed, it is on the paramount need for the accumulation of great supplies of fresh capital from yearly savings, if this country is to survive industrially and to continue to support a population which has far outgrown the natural resources of two small islands. This therefore is the point, not at all in the personal interest of wealthy individuals, but in the interests of the masses of the people, to which inquiry should principally be directed. If it should appear that the life-blood of industry were being drawn away in excessive taxation, the present rate of income tax and death duties, or anything like them, would stand self-condemned. For if the country can no longer finance its home industries

or its foreign trade, it is very certain that its industrial downfall is at hand, and that in twenty years or less the population will have been reduced by starvation or emigration to perhaps less than half its present numbers.

The signs that the rates of income tax, super-tax, and death duties are excessive are too numerous and well attested to be disregarded. Who has not heard of persons with incomes large or moderate seeking every legitimate device to avoid income tax? They register private estates as companies; they create trusts for the maintenance and education of their children; they divide their property as largely as possible between their sons; in too many cases they transfer their permanent domicile outside the kingdom; while British companies doing business abroad are being wound up and re-registered in some foreign country to the detriment of industry at home. It is a well-known fact that large super-tax payers are frequently unable to meet the demand for the duty, and it is significant that in such cases the Revenue authorities are glad to get what they can on account and refrain from proceedings to sell up defaulters. As regards the Estate Duty and other Death Duties the so-called evasion is notorious, but does not prevent the rapid breaking up of landed estates. The operation of these duties has materially contributed to the agricultural revolution which has been accomplished—not, it is to be feared, to the advantage of the agricultural industry or the agricultural population. The burden of the death duties upon the highest incomes, translated into terms of an annual charge on income, was, as Sir Herbert Samuel showed in the address above mentioned, equal in the period 1903-4 to 1913-14 to that of all the other taxes combined; with income tax and super-tax at their present much higher rates it now amounts to more than a quarter of the whole. We doubt if the general public in the least realises that of these large incomes over one-half is paid away in income tax and super-tax, and if death duties in terms of income are included (as they should be) something like two-thirds. If therefore it is true that the bulk of effective saving for investment and capital accumulation comes from these incomes it is clear that the first measure of relief should be applied to the

hundred million pounds or so annually produced by the super-tax and death duties.*

The death duties have become too firmly embedded in our system of taxation, and the idea that the State has a right to share in a dead man's estate, before any of the successors or beneficiaries, is too consonant with democratic theory on inheritance to encourage any hopes of successful attack on the principle. Yet in practice they have probably become more harmful and oppressive than any other single form of taxation in proportion to the revenue they produce. In the early days, indeed, of Sir William Harcourt's institution of the death duties in 1894 there was much to be said in favour of a tax which automatically provided the element of differentiation between earned and unearned income then lacking in the income tax, and which brought in a moderate revenue without essential hardship upon individuals and without encroaching unduly upon capital resources. Even in the days, however, before this reform, when death duties were bringing in some ten millions a year, the late Lord Courtney deprecated a great enlargement of these duties, as compared with income tax, on the ground that they were taken out of the capital of the country for current expenditure. They now take similarly nearer fifty millions, and authorities like Sir Felix Schuster have consistently maintained that, if these duties must still be maintained, their produce should be strictly earmarked to the reduction of the capital of the Debt. The late Lord Goschen put his finger on the real objection to the systematic graduation then just introduced—an objection not to the principle but to its application—when he pointed out that there were no 'stages' or 'landmarks' to 'guide you as to where you ought to stop.' When he proceeded to remark that it would be 'bad finance to set any tax so high that everybody sets about thinking how he can evade it'; that 'if it were desired to cause a distribution of property during life, the Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to finance for the Exchequer and not for social reform'; that 'dispersion of capital did not necessarily mean

* The super-tax in 1920-21 produced 55,700,000*l.* and the death duties just over 47,000,000*l.*

social reform,' and that 'a tax equal to ten years' net income must have a disastrous effect upon landed estates'; he uttered truths which, though they may have appeared far-fetched in 1894, have been more than justified by subsequent developments.

It is too late, however, to argue against principles like graduation, or progression, or differentiation in taxation; principles which may be sound enough, as we have said, if applied in moderation, and indeed necessary whenever the demand for revenue rises to the level required by highly organised civilised States; but the question for practical men now is whether, under the influence of economic theory and political prejudice, these principles, so easy to apply in a country in which capital and property are still concentrated in comparatively few hands, have not been carried to such an extreme as to threaten the whole basis of our industrial and commercial system.

Wholesale evasion is admittedly a primary test of the validity of a tax. The Income Tax Commission of 1919, in a somewhat perfunctory treatment of the question, acknowledged that considerable loss of revenue was caused by 'fraud, negligence, and ignorance,' but it is more than likely that perfectly legitimate evasion accounts for a great deal more loss of revenue. What is wanted is a fresh examination, not merely from the point of view of how to tighten up collection, of all these sources of revenue in the light of the most recent figures of assessments and net receipts, in order to discover how far their productiveness is being affected by the present conditions, and to test the truth of the contention (or rather the deliberate conviction) of the whole business world that a considerable reduction and simplification of these imposts is an essential preliminary to any genuine revival of confidence and eventual prosperity.

Any attempt in this direction would, of course, be described as a reactionary measure intended to transfer the burden from the financially 'strong' to the weak. We should refuse to be alarmed by any such accusations. We are by no means prepared to admit that the actual incidence of the taxes as raised at present is so favourable to the wage-earning classes as it would appear to be, or that the fact that they contribute ostensibly only about one-fifth towards the tax revenue,

while four-fifths falls on the income-tax paying classes relatively insignificant in numbers, is not much more than offset by the restriction of employment attributable to the overtaxation of the owners of capital. We have already pointed out the danger of accepting the results of an inquiry into the primary incidence of taxation as in itself conclusive on the question ; and another difficulty about such estimates as these is that they tend to stimulate the vehement assertion by both 'capital' and 'labour' of claims to fiscal treatment which either party may imagine to be favourable to itself. Neither in the raising nor in the spending of public revenues is it admissible to distinguish meticulously between the interests of different classes. All alike are concerned in the defence of the country, in the payment of the interest on the National Debt—for the power to raise vast sums from the holders of capital in time of war is quite as essential to the safety of the whole community as the power to enlist men for service in the field—in the maintenance of the industrial strength of the country ; and in the amelioration of social conditions. But while the obligation of the wealthier classes to contribute more than a proportional share towards all these objects is fully admitted, it is allowable to point out that the Labour leaders would altogether repudiate most of these liabilities. They would not, for instance, admit the justice of any contribution by the classes they represent towards payment of the interest on the National Debt. From their vociferous championship of a nostrum like the 'capital levy,' it might indeed be imagined that the wage-earners do actually contribute towards this payment. But in point of fact they can only be said to do so in the sense that in so far as the charge for debt could be eliminated there would be more money available to be extracted from the income-tax paying class for 'social betterment.' For if their contribution to the revenue were computed, it would probably be found that by far the larger part of it is already being returned to them in the form of subsidies to services from which they alone directly benefit.* The latest

* A return of Public Expenditure from Rates and Taxes under the Acts relating to the Relief of the Poor, Education Acts, including provision of meals, Old Age Pensions Acts, Housing Acts, Public Health Acts,

of the Returns of the expenditure on the services grouped under the heading of Public Assistance, for which the public is indebted to the persistent and energetic pressure for some years past of Mr Geoffrey Drage, would show a total, if the expenditure of the Ministry of Labour be included, of something like 250 millions from Parliamentary votes and grants alone; and a figure of 400 millions (which did not include the Labour department cost) was accepted in a debate of April last as the total expended in the year 1921-22 under these heads from taxes *and rates*. It may be added that the number of beneficiaries was roughly estimated at 30 million persons out of a total population of 48 millions! The effect of such a system on the productive, and therefore the taxpaying, capacity of the wage-earners need not be insisted on here; but Mr Drage does not exaggerate the financial danger when he describes it as a 'rake's progress' to bankruptcy.

It cannot be too often repeated—though the question is always elusively treated by candidates for Parliament—that what is really undermining our public finance is the great development, fostered by the necessities and effects of the war, of State socialism in its many forms. There is all the difference in the world between a modified resort to measures which may be inconsistent with time-honoured maxims of political economy, to meet conditions which were becoming a scandal and disgrace and to effect, if possible, a general improvement in the standard of living among the poorer classes—between this and a policy of social betterment pushed to a point at which it is seen to be leading to the impoverishment of the whole community by drying up the capital funds indispensable to industry, and by discouraging the productive energies of the workers themselves. We believe that the idea which has so largely inspired social policy since (and even before) the armistice, that revolution in this country is only to be averted by a lavish distribution of pecuniary advantages to the wage-earners, is not only a delusion, but is also a libel on the intelligence and good sense of those classes. We are

National Health Insurance, and National Unemployment Insurance Acts (see 189 of 1921 for 1920 and 139 of 1922 for 1921). The expenditure of the Ministry of Labour, 79½ million pounds, 1921-22, was not included.

inclined to think that there is a growing perception of the truth that the wage-earners are the worst sufferers from a taxation of the wealthier classes which restricts and diminishes employment; and that the working man, if he understood and realised the facts, would resent the position of parasitism to which he is being reduced, a position of increasing dependence upon, and therefore inferiority to, the other classes of the community. 'I do not think,' said Mr Asquith as Prime Minister in 1913, when the evil had not attained half its present proportions, 'that there is any doctrine more fatal to the root principle of democratic Government than that it should consist of the constant amelioration, at great cost to the community, of the social conditions of the less-favoured classes of the country, at the sole and exclusive expense of the other classes.' 'You must not,' said Mr Lloyd George on the same occasion, 'leave a class which has great political power and control without any share of responsibility.' This, however, is precisely what our present system does. If we may judge from the expenditure programme of their leaders, the sense of responsibility among the wage-earning classes in regard to national finance is practically non-existent, in spite of the appreciable burden which indirect taxation undoubtedly imposes upon them. There can be no security against the ruinous liabilities involved in the claim for social betterment, which is the present obsession of the Labour leaders, until the wage-earners come to realise that they can in no case escape a preponderant share of the cost; until, as it has been pithily expressed, it is made clear that 'every five pounds spent in endowing unemployment out of the taxes or building houses out of the rates, drives another workman out of employment for a week'; or alternatively, until responsibility can be brought home to them in some form which they can appreciate.

Mr Austen Chamberlain, while endorsing the views of the Government speakers in 1913 above quoted, remarked that 'he would put the limit of total exemption very low indeed, and would not exclude any one who was able to maintain himself.' As a result, however, of the Income Tax Commission, which he himself appointed in 1919, the exemption limit, so far from being lowered,

was very considerably raised, and the burden on wages correspondingly reduced. The Commissioners, indeed, almost contemptuously dismissed any argument in favour of direct taxation upon the wage-earners. From the political, and merely fiscal, points of view, they were no doubt wise in their generation; but it was a surrender of constitutional principle for which the country will continue to pay dearly until some effective means of reasserting it can be discovered.

On the whole, then, we do not think that there would be any reality in an outcry of reaction, should some readjustment of the burden of taxation come up for consideration, since many of the evils affecting the poorer classes are directly traceable to its present incidence. It is, after all, in the true interest, not only of the masses of the people, but also of the Labour leaders themselves, who are hoping, sooner or later, to take a responsible part in the Government of the country, that they should revise the views they now profess, whether in good faith or not, as to the unlimited possibilities of the taxation of capital and of property owners. For a Labour Administration might easily find itself in the awkward predicament of having to finance a gigantic structure of State socialism without the assistance of the layer of the golden eggs, a shy bird who will take to her wings quickly enough if her nest is too often raided.

So much it has seemed necessary to say on the subject of the present incidence of our imperial taxation as a subject for inquiry. But, however carefully and 'scientifically' taxes may be adjusted, if the total is excessive, they cannot fail to be burdensome and oppressive to all classes. Reduction of expenditure, therefore, remains the first and greatest desideratum.

So far as a general desire to enforce economy goes, the prospect is not unfavourable. It is perhaps not too much to say that all parties paid lip-service to economy during the late General Election; and a significant and encouraging feature of this election, compared with others for many years past, has been the absence of any appeal in responsible quarters to popular cupidity, or of attempts to bribe the voters by promises impossible of fulfilment. A considerable majority in the new

House of Commons will, therefore, it may be expected, approach the question of economy in a spirit very different from that of the late Coalition majority, and give earnest support to the efforts of a trusted and capable Chancellor of the Exchequer who has unequivocally expressed his determination to 'break expenditure.' That the minor economies on the lines of the Geddes Report will continue to be effected, there can, of course, be no doubt. But much more than this is wanted, and there is undoubtedly a wide field awaiting a Government which is prepared to tackle big questions in a persistent and courageous manner, and to embark on a course of well-considered and thorough-going administrative reform.

Sufficient reference has been made to a prime cause of financial embarrassment, all-pervasive State socialism, that bottomless pit which threatens to engulf the whole fortune of the community. Until we have an organised public opinion in the country and in Parliament which is determined to force upon governments a reversal of their whole attitude on this question, there can be no hope of stemming at its source the torrent of imperial and local expenditure. The present time of acute trade depression and much deplorable destitution and distress, moreover, is not favourable to an immediate application of rigorous principles to the dole system; but there is little doubt that if, in place of the general spirit of laxity in the administration of all this class of expenditure, local and central, strong heads of departments were to punish and discourage waste, tighten up control, and prevent overlapping and duplication, a very great deal more than is imagined could be done in the way of saving money. Less immediate results are attainable in another field in which, however, there are immense prospective possibilities. A radical revision of the relations between imperial and local finance and the present extravagantly wasteful system of grants-in-aid, has been talked of for thirty years or more; but nothing has been done except to tinker at the question with results increasingly unfortunate to financial control. Divided responsibility is the worst enemy of economy. To create effective control, locally and centrally, would involve a fundamental reconstitution and reorganisation of both

local and imperial revenues; but a serious and sustained attempt to deal with this great question might well produce startling results, and materially lighten the burden both to the taxpayer and the ratepayer. Reform on these lines would, for instance, embrace the question of Public Education, the expenditure on which has swollen beyond all permissible bounds without any corresponding benefit in the shape of increased efficiency.

Firmly, therefore, as we believe in the ultimate possibility of a great reduction of expenditure, it would clearly be unwise to rely in the near future on economies sufficient both to meet the fresh demands on the revenue which have arisen since the date of the last budget, and to allow for the remissions of taxation outlined above. If it is true that certain sources of our tax revenue have been so far overstrained as to threaten the industrial revival upon which the prosperity, if not the very existence, of the country depends, it may become immediately necessary, as some important opinion maintains, to take into very serious consideration a revision of our whole fiscal system.

Lord Goschen was the first of modern Chancellors of the Exchequer to feel and express concern for the 'broadening of the basis of taxation'; but a careful administration of the finances for many years postponed the necessity till the tariff reform controversy arose, when the phrase came to bear a rather sinister significance. That controversy had a great educative effect in the country, but it would be rash to predict that protection for native industry may not yet become a living issue in politics. The older economic writers held that the socialist theory of the State, which has now obtained so powerful a hold on all political parties, and permeated our internal system in every part, ran counter to all the ideas upon which the free trade policy had been built; and that the arguments used in favour of socialistic experiments could and would be used in favour of protection. 'The form and names might differ; but they all alike mean privilege and compulsion.' If logic governed political thinking in this country free exchange would have little chance of survival in its one remaining field, that of external trade; and one is tempted to wonder how long the manual workers of this country,

accustomed as they now are to rely on the State for protection against competitive wages, will resist the temptation to call for protection against competitive prices to which, in a world-market, their wages must, in the long run, conform.

Happily, the question shows no sign of immediate emergence; for if one thing is certain in economics, it is that a country, dependent for existence on foreign trade, could not survive if it raised the cost of its manufactured exports by any serious taxation of the imports of raw materials and food. From the point of view, moreover, of the present observations, a protective tariff is out of court for the reason that the more effective it was in keeping out foreign goods, the less revenue it would produce.

It is easier to say what should be avoided in the way of new taxation than to propound fresh sources of revenue. We would encourage the investigation, as part of the work of the proposed commission of inquiry (on which something will be said later) not only of the balance as it now exists between direct and indirect taxation, but of every suggestion for a novel impost under either head, whether for local or imperial use. The income tax has long been looked on as the sheet anchor of British finance; and it is significant of the feeling which has now been aroused by the abuse of this tax that serious schemes should be put forward for its supersession.

Mr P. D. Leake, for instance, has sketched out in the press a scheme for the taxation of annual production as a substitute for the income tax, for which he claims the advantage of great simplicity in collection, since it would be assessed upon the actual employer on the whole amount of the service rendered by him and his capital and his co-operators, i.e. presumably the workpeople employed by him. The term 'employer' would include Joint Stock Companies, private partnerships, and independent workers of all kinds, whether engaged in trade or business; and also persons employing others in domestic occupations. As this tax would do away with all element of progression, it would apparently be necessary, in order to make it at least proportional in its effect on all classes, to dispense also with a great amount of

indirect taxation which falls upon the poorer classes with greater proportional severity than upon the well-to-do. If it is intended to supersede all other taxation Mr Leake's scheme is of too drastic a character to make its adoption likely; but it contains features of a novel and suggestive character which make it worthy of careful examination, and it might well prove useful if tried on a small scale at first, for example as a substitute for the Corporation Profits Tax.

Another scheme is that of a sales tax on the Canadian model put forward a year ago by Mr Stephen Leacock. We do not suggest that any tax on expenditure, such as this, could be made to take the place of the income tax in our system, but there is every reason why a proposed addition to our sources of revenue which promises a big yield should be taken very seriously indeed even if it does not square with modern canons of 'ability.' That it would raise the price of articles to the consumer by some small percentage is incontrovertible, but the consumer would pay in exact proportion to his expenditure, the amount and occasion of which is, at least to some extent, within his own control. Any proposal for an expenditure tax of this description—sales tax, luxury tax, or turnover tax has hitherto been rather contemptuously opposed by the revenue authorities in this country; but 'beggars cannot be choosers,' and whatever its practical defects may be it is a possible resource which should not be rejected without much fuller consideration than it has so far received.

Our present scheme of indirect taxation on a few articles of universal but not, at least in the case of intoxicants and tobacco, of obligatory consumption, is probably the most productive and at the same time the least burdensome in the world; but, as in the case of the great direct taxes, the merit it possesses of easy expansibility has led to its abuse; and the enormously high rates on such semi-luxuries as the two first named, strongly emphasises the inequality of the contribution to the revenue of the man or woman voter, subject to no direct tax, who drinks and smokes and those who abstain from these indulgences. The question whether our indirect taxation, if submitted to a general survey, might not be made to yield as good a return, and the

excessive rates on certain articles such as beer at the same time reduced—whether, that is, there may not be other articles (or transactions such as betting on the French analogy) which could not be brought under contribution to relieve a position of exclusive reliance upon two or three great sources of revenue, has often been discussed and may well come up for discussion again. Failing all else there would remain for consideration the possible alternative of a uniform customs duty of moderate amount, five or ten per cent. on all imports, for revenue only, which would be free from serious objection of principle, though the doctrinaire free-trader would doubtless repudiate the addition to such a scheme of a provision for colonial preference which might be worth some sacrifice of strict fiscal orthodoxy.

We have attempted in these rather cursory observations to summarise the chief points on which anxiety is widely felt, without dogmatising on the facts and tendencies to which attention has been called. They seem to us to constitute a *prima facie* case for official inquiry, and we are strengthened in this belief by the comments on the proceedings of the Royal Commission on the Income Tax of 1919-20 which a minority of the Commissioners placed on record. In a highly important 'Reservation' signed by Mr Geoffrey Marks and three other Commissioners, which, with others, attracted too little attention at the time, complaint was made that 'the scope and incidence of the tax in all its aspects' (the words of the reference) had not been fully considered. They remarked 'that an inquiry into the scope and incidence of a tax is incomplete unless the effect of that tax is considered in connexion with the imposition of other burdens, and unless taxation is regarded, not merely from the point of view of the individual, but from that of its general result on production, industry, and saving'; and that the 'question of the effect of the death duties, whether considered separately or translated into an annual tax,' had not been taken into account. They also expressed the opinion that the 'steep graduation upon the higher incomes' was likely in 'course of time and perhaps soon' to 'reduce the whole return of taxable income'; and they suggested that in view of the growing disproportion of direct to

indirect taxation, the absence of any direct taxation of the mass of taxpayers, and the enormous sums allocated out of the revenue of the State for 'so-called' public assistance, the burden which was the price of the safety achieved for the whole community by the war should be more widely distributed.

Through its recommendations the Royal Commission, indeed, served its purpose by the improvements it undoubtedly effected in the mechanism of the tax—that of making it possible to maintain an abnormal yield with a view to meeting the demands of what was still a war budget. But it served a temporary purpose only; and the above quoted comments support the contention that its conclusions cannot be accepted as valid in the present situation, and that they require to be completed by an inquiry of a much more comprehensive kind.

Even more important is the fact that this inquiry has been demanded in quarters which cannot well be disregarded by the present Government. There is reason to believe that Mr Herbert Gibbs has very influential support in the City of London in his recent advocacy of a commission to study the whole question of taxation and to report on the best means of raising the required revenue from the point of view of the permanent commercial interest of the country. That we are in the fullest sympathy with his suggestion will have been evident from the whole tenour of the present observations. Whether, however, the method of inquiry should be that of an ordinary Royal Commission, appointed by the Government to represent a variety of opinions and interests—political, professorial, official, and commercial—and allowed to run its course till it ends by producing a report or reports which may or may not be adopted by the Government of the day, is quite another matter. We should see little advantage in the appointment of a commission of any kind unless it were the outcome of a deliberate intention of the Government to find and apply a remedy to recognised evils. A common purpose should inspire both the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the body entrusted by him with the work; and the chairman should be a man of the highest standing in the commercial world, or, if possible, both in the commercial and political worlds. We are inclined to think

that quite a small body, on the model of the recent committee presided over by Sir Eric Geddes, of three or five men of real weight, who would naturally delegate various portions of their investigations to sub-committees nominated for special inquiries, would be more suitable for the purpose than a Royal Commission of the usual kind; and as for the terms of reference, the simpler and wider they could be made the better.

Lord Grey of Fallodon, in some remarks on the need for economy, suggested not long ago that it might be necessary to 'start at the other end, find out what revenues the country can afford to raise without crippling industries and employment, and then consider how they can spend that amount to the best advantage.' These words might well form the text of the reference to the Commissioners, who might be instructed to investigate the question of the taxable capacity of the nation at the present time and the maximum amount which can safely be raised, and to report on the manner in which the necessary taxation can be levied with the least possible injury to the commerce and industry of the country.

It may be doubted whether, even now, economy is a popular issue; and we should deceive ourselves if we thought that the considerations on which we have insisted in these pages will make any real appeal except to those whose general training, or whose experience at the centre of commercial or industrial activity, has enabled them to appreciate their force. This is not a matter in which Government can wait for inspiration from the general public or even from Parliament. It must act, if it acts at all, on the inspiration of expert knowledge, and from a definite conviction that early and resolute action is absolutely necessary if the situation is to be saved, and some measure of economic and social health restored to the community.

Art. 10.—ANATOLE FRANCE.

1. *Anatole France and his Circle ; being his Table-Talk.* Edited and recorded by Paul Gsell. Authorised translation by Frederic Lees. Lane, 1922.
2. *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard.* 1881. *La Vie littéraire.* Four vols. 1888-92. *Thaïs.* 1891. *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque.* 1893. *Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard.* 1893. *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.* Two vols. 1908. *L'Île des Pingouins.* 1908. Paris : Calmann Lévy.

And other works.

SOMEWHAT more than forty years ago a reviewer, in turning over his monthly packet of French literature, found himself, before he had read more than a page or two of one of the volumes, in the Paradise which good writers keep for good reviewers, but which, so far as new books are concerned, is not open every day, or every month, or indeed every year. The author was not unknown to him—otherwise he would have been a very incompetent person to be trusted with such a job, seeing that the name had figured among the Young Guard of the ‘Parnasse’ in verse, and elsewhere in prose, for some years. But though there may have been earlier premonitions it may be doubted whether there had ever been such a vivid, if not yet complete, revelation of what was in M. Anatole France as was given by ‘*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard.*’

The exact nature of the revelation may be a matter of debate between any two chance-comers; and their opposing views (*if* they are opposed) may even correspond to, if they do not actually cause, difference about the whole character of the author’s work. To the present writer, then and ever since, M. France appeared and has continued to appear as a new embodiment, Avatar, exponent, or anything else you please, of French style—as giving the quintessence thereof; as returning to the idea, the ‘substance’—in the philosophical and theological sense—of the literature and the language, the country and the people, together with its special properties and the most characteristic of its ‘accidents.’ There was a pretty story; some charming and much

amusing character; two nice cats; incidentally some sound criticism. But however charming these things might be in themselves, they did not make the charm of the book: for you could find as good elsewhere, as Bacon observes of flower-beds and tarts. What you could not find—even in those of the giant race before the flood of the Terrible Year who still survived, was the perfection of style in its widest sense according to the norm peculiar to, and characteristic of, *French*.

For though, of course, it would be absurd to claim any monopoly in the recognition of the fact—it is doubtful whether it is universally recognised that French has a style of its own as distinct from that of its individual writers; and that it is almost the only language that has. Greek and English have no special style, because they have all styles; Middle High German had the beginnings of one but lost them utterly. Latin had indeed something like a special style of its own, whence it comes that Latin prose is so much more difficult to write than Greek. And whether the other daughters of Latin have retained and developed this or not, French certainly has. When Rivarol said that the language had a ‘*probité attachée à son génie*’ he was only thinking of the *clearness* which it undoubtedly possesses. But certainly, whether it merely developed (Petronius is a rather suspiciously lonely witness for development) or added from Celtic and other sources, it has many more possessions than mere clearness.

And these additions help to produce a closer *liaison* between form and matter in French style than in any other. French can do almost anything; but there are certain things that it does only by, in its own phrase, a *tour de force*. It can be magnificent—in ‘Roland,’ in Agrippa d’Aubigné, in Hugo; but in the first we feel that it has not become wholly itself; in the second that the author is an eccentric; in the last that he is a giant as well as a god in the literary religion of his own country. It can be passionate; but Gastibelza and the lovers of the Marquésa d’Amaëgui and the *innominata* at Saint-Blaise, though they speak exquisitely with the tongue of French, do not speak with its peculiar spirit. That spirit has been excellently defined—though in regard to the French people, not the French speech of Paris—by

the master whom all competent criticism has recognised as M. France's own, by Voltaire in 'Babouc' as *doux, poli et bienfaisant, quoique léger et médisant*. There is an additional characteristic in the original which we will here omit, though the enemies of France (the country) have laid undue stress on it.

It is characteristic, and perhaps necessarily characteristic, of this style that there is something a great deal more in it than mere phrase. It is true that 'phrase-maker' as a term of abuse or depreciation is absurdly misused. One has seen it applied to Flaubert; whence it would follow that the character of Emma Bovary, and the great phantasmagoria of the 'Tentation' are merely phrases. It might be applied to the Goncourts. But to apply it to M. France would be simply ridiculous. As with all the practitioners of specially French style, like the best of the *fabliau* and farce-writers; Rabelais when he is not at high-jinks and sometimes when he is; Saint-Evremond; Hamilton—that extraordinary loan of ours to them—Molière, Voltaire, and others since—a great sobriety of actual 'phrase' and a miraculous counterprofusion of suggestion, innuendo, association, mark M. France always more or less; always without exception when he is at his best. Sometimes, especially in his later books, he forgets. For instance, in an early page (12) of that curious hit-and-miss, 'La Revolte des Anges,' he suggests comparison with Voltaire, and comes out second best. Zadig's experience with metaphysics is admittedly one of its author's pearls, 'Il savait de la métaphysique ce qu'on a su dans tous les âges, c'est à dire fort peu de chose.' One may turn that over in one's mind at intervals for a lifetime, and it never loses savour, even though that mind itself may by no means despise what 'comes after things natural.' Now, M. France writes: 'La métaphysique ou les métaphysiques—c'est à dire ce qui est joint aux physiques et qui n'a pas d'autre nom; tant il est impossible désigner par un substantif ce qui n'a point de substance et n'est que rêve et illusion.' Voltaire would have stopped at 'substance' and kept the point without the splutter.

Although after 'Sylvestre Bonnard,' if not indeed before it, no competent judge could doubt, and no one, honest as well as competent, deny that a new story-

teller of the first magnitude had arisen in France, there was a time when one was apt to think of him more frequently as a critic. There can have been few periods when a more interesting trio of reviewers for comparative enjoyment, presented themselves to the fit reader than MM. Ferdinand Brunetière, Anatole France, and Jules Lemaître. No dishonour is intended to MM. Scherer and Faguet who occupied a somewhat different position: though a fresh trio might be made up with them and M. Brunetière again, so that he formed a sort of centre from which the others diverged. He represented the disciplinary and logical side of the French nature—logical, that is to say, when you allow it a big bundle of postulates and axioms to start from; he was essentially a critic of standards. M. Lemaître on the other hand, was a rather glaring example of a characteristic of his nation which enemies have called frivolity, and which Voltaire admitted by adding, something about ‘vanity’ in the description above quoted in parts. He was amusing enough to read if you could tolerate a kind of smart schoolboy wit and occasionally a schoolboy ignorance; but could do little more for you.

Between them the writer of things afterwards collected as ‘La Vie littéraire’ and ‘Le Génie Latin’ (composed of ‘introductions’ to various classics on a somewhat larger scale) showed to singular advantage. That masterly command of the most central and distinguishing mode of his own language which was noted to begin with, could hardly show itself better than in criticism. When you read for the story, the man who gives it you need not write any better than Paul de Kock or Ponson du Terrail, if he *does* give it you. Style in history is a great *bonus*—so great that it will make up for a very scanty dividend of truth; but it is not the *unum necessarium*. It may rather be doubted whether in philosophy some crabbedness or cragginess of style is not superior to *beleidigende Klarheit*, such as Nietzsche attributed to Mill.

But in criticism if once more (and fortunately for some critics) not necessary, it is at least a very great advantage. Further, the prejudices and morbid appetites which have affected M. France in politics and religion seem to do him little harm in regard to pure or even rather impure literature; and he has some general

principles which are as sound as general principles in literature can be. Paradoxical as were those curious discussions with the unlucky *eidolon*, Prof. Brown of Sydney, which M. Gsell reports, the condemnation of the demand for what is called originality in genius is thoroughly right. It is true that when M. France says that perhaps ninety-nine parts out of a hundred, nay, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, in Victor Hugo's genius are owed to others, you make a simply knock-out retort: 'But it is the thousandth part that makes the genius.' Still, it is quite possible that M. France merely did not say that. Anyhow, his discharge of the main duty of the critic, to show people who care to be shown what one fairly qualified mind thinks of the produce of another, fairly qualified or not, was as a rule admirably and almost always delightfully performed. People used to compare him with the English critic who afterwards came into contact, not to say collision, with him about Joan of Arc, but whose *esprit* he himself, in writing about folk-tales, found *particulièrement agréable*. There were, indeed, not a few likenesses between them—in the expert command of each over his own tongue; in the alertness of their mental attitude; and in the adjustment of that attitude to the purposes of impressionist criticism in the best sense of that term. Of the differences there is no room and not much need to speak here. And this is perhaps fortunate, for the discussion would turn largely on the illimitable and irreconcilable difference between French and English standards of the most mysterious of mysteries—Taste.

I doubt whether there are to be found anywhere four volumes (nay five, if you add the longer constituents of 'Le Génie Latin') of genuine *causeries*—genuine newspaper articles, that do not even in the usual small volume and large print of French fashion cover more than half a dozen, or at most a dozen, pages—which are so full of delight as these. It was not the fashion among M. France's English contemporaries to reprint such things, though I see that this fashion, rather dangerous but with luck agreeable, is coming back with us. In France men have, at any rate for something like a century, reprinted their criticisms as regularly as their portions of tales.

You may find in others more edification, in the way of solid knowledge of the authors treated, than M. France imparts to you, but hardly anywhere more fascinating stuff of the kind itself. The preface of the third volume in which he defends himself against M. Brunetière's charges of levity, subjectivity, and the like, is not only very sound argument on its own side but delectable reading. You may sometimes wish that the author had displayed in some respects a little more of the boldness of which he is so lavish in others. Thirty years ago, it still required some courage to take Baudelaire seriously in his own country, but M. France's apology for him (the term here is appropriate in all senses) had been far out-gone by mere Englishmen years earlier. He is again unsatisfying on Flaubert; the reason in both cases evidently being that both require, though you may laugh at them as well as love them, to have the love and the laughter kept well apart. About Verlaine, on the contrary, M. France is much more to be trusted, because the opportunities for taking *him* not seriously are so numerous, constant, and almost incredible, that the ironic treatment is seldom out of place for more than a moment. But in the enormous majority of cases one thinks much less of the subject than of the writer and the writing. When he made that assignment of 'particular agreeableness' to Mr Lang it was a case of 'De seipso fabula.'

M. France, however, whatsoever the additional merits and the occasional failings on his part, is 'in his heart' as much a novelist as Mr. Pumblechook was a corn and seeds man, and the book or books which came after the collection of the criticisms gave the amplest evidence of this.

'La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque' may possibly, as regards the present writer, who has, however, taken some pains to correct possible 'idolatry of the study,' something of the same prejudice of favour which, as has been confessed, attaches to 'Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard,' and which includes one or two others yet to be mentioned. It also came to him in a miscellaneous bundle of French books for review, and here also he said to himself, 'This will do.' Nor has a thirty years' later re-reading in the least affected this conclusion, though it may have slightly affected the terms of reasoned

judgment. The 'Rôtisserie' is probably the last (it is certainly one) of the placed runners—placing here is fortunately not confined to three, and there are no dead heats—in that long and glorious relay race, the novel-writing of the French 19th century. It is not only one which shows its writer's powers at their most characteristic, fullest, and best; but—shifting from the point of view of the mere critic to that of the mere reader which the mere critic too often forgets to take—it is the most interesting. The 'Crime,' delightful as it is, had been something of what the French themselves call a *berquinade*, something written with—oh! call it not squinting but double vision—on the young person and the Academy. It had been charming; but a tolerably catholic amateur in literature, without in the least wishing for anything naughty, might wish for something in which the author gave himself freer play. In the book of which we are now speaking M. France does this in a method almost always delightful and with results almost always happy. There can be no question that in M. l'Abbé Jérôme Coignard he has added one to the inhabitants of the world of great novel creations. In this book, as not quite in the 'Opinions,' and in his appearances and representatives elsewhere, Jacques Tournebroke's *bon maître* lodges, and keeps his pattern almost impeccably. Indeed, as a former Editor of this Review said in writing of that 'bright broken Maginn,' who had a good deal of Coignardism in him,

'Barring drink and the girls [*we*] ne'er hear of a sin,'

for the 'redistribution of capital' involved in the abstraction of M. d'Astarac's diamonds is set off by the two facts that the abstractor's salary had not been paid, and that the diamonds were sham.

If something was owed to a live model (as it probably was, though Verlaine is more disguised than in the Choulette of 'Le Lys Rouge'), that does not interfere with the merit of the picture. Panurge without Panurge's ill nature; Falstaff with the addition of a great amount of quite genuine learning which the fat knight had had no time to acquire, and (to do him justice) could hardly have acquired in any case because it was not accessible; even not a little of Parson Adams in him,

though in company with a good deal also that would have horrified that excellent clergyman and might have brought about a fight (what a fight it would have been !) between them—the Abbé puts in a diploma-piece such as few have lodged.

The charm of style which seems in the famous old phrase 'to caress itself against' the reader, remains at its highest; and the minor characters keep their goodness likewise. One might write a whole essay on the sketch of the young *seigneur* of the old régime in M. d'Anquetil. But of the many features of the book which any fit reader will find noticeable, perhaps the most striking is the long scene or act which, beginning by Catherine kissing her hand to Jacques Tournebroke, and thereby getting her ears boxed by Anquetil, passes through revel and bloodshed to the very leisurely and curiously incidented flight of the young gentleman, the abbé, and his pupil to shelter in the mystic *château* of the Rosicrucian-Gnostic Astarac, and indeed continues itself to the end of the book. If it could be contrived—though it would be difficult to bring it about except by accident—that a reader should have read all M. France's other books before the 'Rôtisserie,' he would be hardly prepared for anything like this. For though there are touches of sarcasm and even of philosophising in it, it is on the whole a scene of action of almost Dumasian attachingness and 'go.' Instead of sipping M. France's usual liqueur for its flavours and 'finishes'; instead of warily pacing the paths of his shrubberies lest you step into some trap, or crush some Mandragora of cynical unorthodoxy, you read fast and turn the pages to see what is going to happen just as if you were under the white napkin in the Bastion Saint-Gervais, or floating after the explosion of the *Eclair* with Mordaunt's hand on the gunwale. M. France does not often do this sort of thing; it is not his special vocation. But it is always well to be able to bisect your sheep as well as your bit of floss silk. Take from the same book again the end—the doleful but admirably managed end—of the Abbé and itself. One might have doubted M. France's ability to execute this so flawlessly; but the doubt is made ashamed of itself. And there is one flash which puts a streak in his *spectrum* different from any others, where Jahel (one

would fain see more of Jahel) meets the reproach that she is the cause of Coignard's death, not with commonplace gush or anything lending itself to satiric construing, but thus: 'Son visage pâle d'horreur et brillant de larmes [elle disait], Croyez-vous qu'il soit si facile d'être jolie fille sans causer de malheurs?'—even as Helen said—

'Where'er I came
I brought calamity.'

There is a glimpse here, and another in the end of 'Le Lys Rouge,' of something greater, if not more delightful, than the author has ever actually given.

Except to those who enjoy M. France rather for his political and philosophical than for his purely literary characteristics, the 'Opinions' will, perhaps inevitably, be a little less attractive than the 'Rôtisserie' as part of the *Jeremiad*. On the other hand, even the *Preface*, the most argumentative part of the book, continually keeps the balance supplied by *Acatalepsia* and *Ataraxia*, the mistresses of his masters Pyrrho and Epicurus, better than do his later volumes. There is hardly anything better in the whole of this *Anatolia* than the conversation between the Abbé and Catherine the lace-girl under the porch of Saint Benoit-le-Bétourné, in which, despite her charms and coaxings, he refuses to take the part of her rascally friend, Brother Angel, and is punished, perhaps not altogether without some fragment of cause, by a loud complaint of too close attentions on the Abbé's own part. This, with the shocked rebuke of *Tournebroche père* that follows, and the exceedingly ingenious if not too relevant legend of St Abraham and his niece, in which Coignard excuses himself, gives us forty pages, lacking one, of pure contentment. Hardly anywhere is the author more like an exceedingly nice kitten, gracefully walking, climbing, playing about with charming soft and well-ordered fur coat reaching from its demurely pretty face to its elegant feet, and now and then exhibiting delicate mother-of-pearlish claws—claws which may even by some unlucky accident actually scratch now and then, and look as if they would like to scratch oftener than they do. And it is only fair to say, considering that we have admitted some slight excess of disregard of

the young person (the *old*-young person) in M. France, that there would hardly be a better sermon in conversation on the subject of ultra-prudery than that which the Abbé delivers while he is turning over *Cassiodorus* (probably the passage about *vinum acinaticium*) on the top of the library steps to the excitable gentleman who is scandalised at an illustration to Ronsard, with too few clothes on the figure represented.

Some people may possibly prefer even to the two Coignard volumes, 'Le Lys Rouge' and 'Thaïs,' the curious 'foursome' which constituted the 'Histoire Contemporaine' and comprises 'L'Orme du Mail,' 'Le Mannequin d'Osier,' 'L'Anneau d'Améthyste,' and (perhaps most famous of all) 'M. Bergeret à Paris.' We could not agree with them. One may be very grateful for that youngest child of literature, the novel, and yet never read a political novel or story, whether concerning our own country or any other, without wishing politics out, however keen a politician you may yourself be. These books, indeed, also contain plenty of what has been called M. France's own *liqueur*—a kind of literary chartreuse, yellow rather than green, flavouring whatever may be the subject, from the amiable battles between Lucien and Zoe through all manner of domesticities and miscellanea, to the reconstruction of the psychology, as they would say now, of the dog Riquet—a Riquet of many tufts. There is, indeed, some 'miching mallecho' here. But it is a relief from something else of which there is more. Uncanny and almost apocalyptic as it was in many ways, the 'Affaire' was hardly more so in any than in making M. Anatole France dull.

The earlier volumes of the set with the coming and passing of Madame Bergeret (one does not like but is rather sorry for her), especially perhaps 'L'Anneau d'Améthyste,' may present more reliefs to this perpetual half serious treatment of 'ics and 'isms—politics, militarism, pilgrimages, clerics, anti-semitism, and what not. But the main thought left by the set in one mind rather habituated to criticism is 'Well! perhaps a novelist as good as M. France and freed by time and nature from M. France's preoccupations will make a really great novel with these four not good ones for furniture—of background, not foreground—a hundred

years hence.' At present they are withered nests of yesterday, in which no bird of eternity has ever been hatched.

In some ways 'Thaïs' is a cardinal book in the literary history of its author. When it first came out it created, one remembers, the beginning of that puzzlement which, intentionally or not, M. France has caused to accompany most of his later things as to what was his exact intention. It shocked the orthodox, of course, but it was, if we mistake not, pointed out at the time that there was no absolute need for the shocking. The beatification of Thaïs, in spite of her earlier sins, and the damnation of Paphnutius, in spite of some good deeds and infinite self-mortification, are both fully justifiable on grounds and arguments of the most undoubted orthodoxy. Her place is ready between Mary of Magdala and that other Mary, like herself 'of Egypt,' if not identical with her. On the other hand, when Paul the Simple, at the bidding of St Anthony, devotes Paphnutius to the demons of Pride, Luxury, and Infidelity, he again is fully justified. Paphnutius is, indeed, a person as unpleasant as he is sinful. It is evident from the first to the last that his self-imposed mission to Thaïs is undertaken for the sake of his own glorification much more than for that of her salvation; and, if not from the first, it very early becomes complicated by fleshly desire of an almost sadic kind. He conducts her to her sanctification much less like a shepherd of the East and of poetry with coaxing and music than like a drover of Western prose and fact with stick and goad. One of M. France's most subtle and most characteristic touches is where after Paphnutius has sealed Thaïs's cell with ostentations and privately impure ceremony, the Abbess Albina bids her maidens take the prisoner food and her accustomed flute. All his stylitism is pure vanity; he repeatedly rejects the counsels of his wiser colleagues as to less ostentatious modes of asceticism; and in his very prayers not to be damned, the uppermost and undermost thought alike is that it would be such *very* hard lines if he were. A most ingenious turning-point is that, while he notices that the demon-jackals and theorbo-girls trouble him less when he is engaged on the solid practical work of making a new cord to replace that

which their mischief has destroyed, he never takes the lesson of this.

On the other hand, there is beyond doubt in 'Thaïs' a good deal calculated to *froisser*—to irk and disturb—a strictly pious mind. Horn and hoof do not exactly flaunt themselves, but they are constantly appearing round the corner or under some flutter of vestment. There is very little positive 'impropriety,' such as that in which the later books fearlessly indulge; but there *has* been a terrible deal, and it is pretty freely referred to. The supper at Cotta's is rather Trimalchionic and chiefly distinguished by the fact that the guests are more like gentlemen and much more like philosophers. Their philosophy is of an exceedingly unorthodox kind. Paphnutius is too sulky, too much engrossed with Thaïs in divers manners, and perhaps not quickwitted enough to make any show for the Church; and Christianity, if you call it Christianity, is represented only by Arians and Gnostics. Moreover, an orthodox person with eyes in his head must soon perceive that the figure in the book who is given, if not the best part, the one which the author likes best, is the half-Pyrrhonist, half-Epicurean Nicias. Nicias is generous, good-natured, proof against the sulky brutality of his schoolfellow, Paphnutius. And when he takes leave of Thaïs and her rather questionable saviour, the author puts into his mouth some of the finest work—perhaps *the* finest, for the euthanasia of Thaïs is more 'done to pattern'—of the book. In fact, there are few Anatolian beauties which we should select before the whole scene where Nicias, after paying the last attentions to the philosopher-suicide, Eucrites; leaving the symposium, turned half orgy, half tragedy; rescuing Paphnutius and Thaïs from the mob; suffers the splutter of the monk; says farewell to the beautiful light-o'-love, who is herself saying farewell to the world; describes the state of both with not unkindly or unsympathetic criticism, and meets the merry laughter of his girl-slaves as he comes to his own house with the reflexion, quiet in its gloom, that Death after all is but the last page of a book which you are still reading.

Admirers—M. Gsell tells us somewhere, if not in these precise words—admit that most of M. France's novels

are not so much novels proper (or even improper) as philosophical discussions sandwiched with incident, conversation, and caustic comment. Perhaps the one least exposed to this description is 'Le Lys Rouge.' There are some excellent things in it. The least important perhaps, but not the least remarkable, is that the author, one really believes for the first time in the long and brilliant history of the French novel, has drawn an English woman who is a live, possible, and rather agreeable human creature. Miss Vivian Bell says 'darling' rather too often, and, being a she, she would be more likely to be named Vivien or Viviane, but these are purposely selected nothings. The great fact remains, whether due or not to some personal experience. To go up higher, the promenade or rather wandering of Thérèse and Robert when they have left (as it happens in her case for the last time) his *garconnière* after one of their stolen meetings, is strangely affecting. There is no notice stuck up, 'You had better pay attention to this'; but there is an atmosphere which tells you as much. And the interest, which at the very beginning of the book is small, grows steadily. It is true that Thérèse, Countess Martin, is a doubtfully pleasant person, that she has followed and is to follow in the wake of those innumerable heroines of French novels who seem to take the marriage ceremony as a public notification that anybody may now ask, and almost anybody have, the privileges indicated by that ceremonial, but absurdly restricted to one. This goes, of course, for nothing. But she is rude to her husband, which, we have always understood, is contrary to the best rules of the game; and she 'plants there' a most respectable lover, as such lovers go, whose only fault, besides that involved in the situation, is that he sometimes leaves her to foxhunt on the primeval system of himself pulling the fox out of the earth by the brush. She is, however, punished by the ways and moods of her 'second,' the sculptor Jacques Dechartre, and appears to be left at the end in the (for such a heroine) impossible and intolerable condition of a loverless life. (When will some one have the wit to write a novel round the negative of Madame Bovary's famous exclamation, 'Je n'ai pas d'amant'?) But the book is not one to be left with a jibe. A very severe

critic may demand that this curious character of Thérèse—a sort of born spoiler of her own sport and everybody else's; a kind of feminine and very unsacred Ecclesiast who feels and knows that all is vanity but cannot keep herself out of it—should be dealt with on a higher plane. But this is the old mistake of demanding better bread than is made of wheat, and seeking not so much noon at fourteen o'clock as fourteen o'clock at noon.

When things have settled down—which in literary criticism takes from about two to ∞ generations to come about—it is probable that unfavourable estimates of M. France will fasten chiefly on that curious trio of books which principally represent the decade before the Great War, 'L'Ile des Pingouins,' 'Les Dieux ont Soif,' and 'La Revolte des Anges.' From a superficial point of view they represent sufficiently striking differences. The first is nothing if not amusing; the second, but for a certain undercurrent of aim and execution, might almost be called dull, and is more and more tragical; while the last piece is a curious compound of the satiric comedy of 'Les Pingouins' and the satiric tragedy of 'Les Dieux ont Soif.' This last-named book, indeed, may almost puzzle the most experienced, most catholic-tasted, and most shock-proof among critical readers. A complete survey of the novels of any moment which have taken the French Revolution for canvas would not be ill-worth doing; and this book, if it did not give the reader most pleasure, would certainly try the critic not least. If M. France were a reactionary one could understand it better; for the gradual transformation of Evariste Gamelin into a monomaniac of murder for the sake of a Revolution which, except murder has no principle at all, and has murdered its own murder-agents as soon as they were a little stale, has never been more powerfully drawn. The effect of this mania in exhausting or extirpating the sexual passion which has been his sole human characteristic, is also an acute suggestion; and the rapidity with which his paramour consoles herself, though she is no mere light-o'-love, comes in forcibly enough to help drop the tragic-satiric curtain. But the book as a whole is overloaded with history, possesses hardly any story, and has little more than sketches of character apart from type.

The third book, 'La Revolte des Anges,' has plenty of jesting free-thought in it and plenty of 'sculduddery'; but there is much more story in it than in either of the others; there is a good deal of outlined if not fully drawn character; and M. France's inevitable and not seldom irresistible satire of all things human, and some others, finds clearer expression than in 'Les Dieux ont Soif,' and more concentrated expression than in the book of the Penguins. The close, with the vision in which Satan dreams that he has changed places with God and is developing all the vices which Satanism attributes to Jehovah, or rather, 'Ialdabaoth,' while the former Almighty, under stress of misfortune, is becoming as admirable as Satan himself, has a certain majesty about it which M. France seldom aims at and therefore—for he is not apt to fail in anything he does aim at—seldom achieves. And the whole portrayal of the Revolt, though a little obscure in parts, is an obvious satire on terrestrial anarchism, perhaps more double-edged than the author quite knew. The futility of anarchism of *any* kind may be held to excuse that of even great apostates like 'Prince' Istar and the hermaphrodite Archangel Zita, from whom one is always expecting something that never comes. But the retired guardian angel Abdiel-Arcade, though amusing sometimes, is disappointing. He says he was well educated in Heaven, but he seems never to have learnt one of the very earliest rules of a decent education—always to put back a book in the place on the shelves whence you have taken it. On the other hand, the scene in which he remits his guardianship under circumstances which seem rather to require strong exercise of it and expresses his reason to Maurice d'Epervier his ward and Madame des Aubels, a married lady, is one of those which make almost any book of M. France's delightful, and which almost any other author would spoil.

Except that it also is rather too much of a *Livre à clefs*—a novel satirising political and literary history not to say individuals—nobody could impute dullness to the famous and probably long-lived, if not immortal, 'Ile des Pingouins.' There is story enough if it be only in chronicle form; and there is amusement enough, though perhaps some people might wish that

it were a little more varied in kind. Nothing of the sort could well be better than the scene where the soon-to-be-named Orberose undergoes the marvellous transformation effected by clothing, and not only offers no objection but suggests that she ought to be laced tighter. But this and other appearances of Orberose herself and the humanised Penguins give opportunities—rather too lavishly taken—for indulging in that error of M. France's novels which Diderot of all people in the world condemned so unsparingly and unanswerably in regard to the 'Lettres à Amabed.' It is true that 'Amabed' is dull while the 'Ile des Pingouins' is not; but when one is reading it the words of the author of 'Jacques le Fataliste' keep singing in one's ears. The Pingouins certainly cannot be said to be *sans goût*, *sans finesse*, *sans invention*, as for once Voltaire permitted himself to be; and it would be excessive to say that M. France ever permits *himself* exactly 'un rabâchage de toutes les vieilles polissonneries que l'auteur a débité sur Moïse et Jésus-Christ, les Prophètes et les apôtres, L'Eglise, les Papes, les cardinaux, les prêtres et les moines.' But there is something rather too like this; and the old doubt will not away. Supposing nobody believed in certain things, would this kind of fun remain funny? The other sort—the *grivois* or *gaulois* sort without any anti-catholicism—is indeed safe from this very damaging question, because what it turns upon is essentially human. But is it not rather easy and rather monotonous? And when some of our school reformers have attained their object and made conversation about certain matters part of a liberal education, will not the matters become as uninteresting as brushing one's teeth?

As the short story is, or till recently was, almost as much a French speciality as claret or sardines; and as M. France is one of the most specially French of Frenchmen, it might be supposed that his short stories would be extra-special. And so they are sometimes, but not always. The curse of purpose—the foot-and-mouth disease of the novel, spoiling its talk and hindering its progress—is perhaps more virulent in the short than in the long story; and of late years, at any rate, M. France has been sadly purposeful. Sometimes,

indeed, his inimitable demure malice carries the purpose off as in the title story of 'Crainquebille,' where the submissive mystification of the unhappy costermonger forms, as it were, a screen on which the successive events, the subordinate characters, and the whole thing are thrown in that peculiar magic-lantern fashion, of which, if the author has not exactly the secret or the monopoly, he certainly has an unparalleled command. 'Pierre Nozière'—itself not much more than a short story, composed of *historiettes* still shorter and approaching 'Sylvestre Bonnard' in a general character—is not much below that. The division in which Pierre dines with the journalist, nearly falls in love with his wife, and alas! succumbs wrongfully, if not to 'Venus to Bacchus,' is French Dickens, and Dickens at his Copperfieldian best. And this is hardly less the case with not a few of the curious 'Bergeret' pieces, where M. France, as one can hardly remember any one else doing, projects on the film part of his own self, his own experiences, his own opinions, without exactly giving us fragments of autobiography or parabases like those of Fielding and Thackeray. But he does 'preach' a good deal here and elsewhere, and the statements of fact as well as of opinion are sometimes startling. 'Les travailleurs ne demandent rien et ne recoivent rien,' says M. Marteau, another of the mouthpieces of M. France himself. Our author was, we believe, born in 1844. It would be really obliging if he would point out, for the benefit of some contemporaries fairly acquainted with public affairs in France and England, at what time since that date *les travailleurs* have not been demanding constantly and receiving at least a large proportion of what they have asked. But M. France is not exactly the sort of person one argues with. If he were he would hardly wake the wild raptures of laudation which secularists and anarchists give him sometimes.

Anything like extended notice of the largest, most serious, and most laborious work of our author (already glanced at) would be out of place here; but to leave it with only that glance would be impossible. To say that while it is not lacking in those charms of form which we expect from him, the 'Vie de Jeanne d'Arc' is not so full of those less charming tones and colours which

might be expected is perhaps stingy, but not quite unjust. To speak still more frankly, one does not seem to see even the most agreeable and accomplished cat as quite the appropriate biographer, historian, or critic of mice. It may seem blasphemous to call her whom that true Englishman at her trial applauded, wishing she were English, a 'mouse'; and hard lines on mice to compare them to the corrupt and sanguinary pedants who tried her. But she was a saint, long before she was gazetted as one; and they were theologians. Now, M. France likes nothing better than playing with saints and theologians as a cat plays with mice. But Joan was from the modern, if not strictly from the contemporary, point of view, French; and she was a girl of the people; and she made royalty and the Church and the nobility look disgusting—from all which points of view she appealed to him. Besides, it has been impossible for any good person, from the Englishman at the trial downwards, not to love Joan, though they say she was curiously unapt to excite amorous feelings of the usual kind. So M. France does little more mischief with her than to point out what mere 'hallucinations' her 'Voices' and the rest of it were, and to resort to psychiatry for help. But as one reads one remembers that if the psychiatry of the 15th century (for after all her trial, ostensibly at least, was this) seems worse than worthless to that of the 20th, the current variety may possibly seem the same to that of the 25th. It is curious how often ironists forget to apply the invaluable 'corsive' (as the old medical term went) of irony to their own methods and conclusions. Practically the book is a sermon on the text:

'Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum,'

in two volumes, delightfully written in a curious mosaic of M. France's own dialect and the ancient documents partially modernised. As to rigid exactness any one who compares Mr Lang's notes with M. France's text may possibly decide that it is not the novelist's strongest point.

There is, however, another 'serious' book of M. France's which removes any suspicions that its title and authorship may create in a much more decided fashion.

It is a commonplace to praise the book-buying habits of the French. But there certainly can have been few more remarkable instances of this than the fact that 'Le Jardin d'Epicure,' which was, we think, published in 1895, had reached its 114th edition in 1921. For the book is neither a book 'of occasion,' nor (except to very small extent towards the end, where there are a few dialogues of the Dead, etc.) one of fiction, nor furnished with the faintest touches of that slightly illegitimate *haut goût* which sometimes spices his dishes. It is more like an 18th-century book than anything at all recent that we can think of; suggesting Vauvenargues with more style and humour if with considerably less orthodoxy, and (rather more closely though in French instead of English) the most good-humoured and least aggressively controversial essays of Hume. Politics, at least the petty politics of the moment, hardly appear at all, most of the book, if not all, having evidently and most fortunately anticipated the 'Affaire.' Almost the only place where M. France is ecclesiastically aggressive, even by sap and mine, is where, in a curious apology for nuns, he tells monks that he will have nothing to do with *them*. The book is in fact a series of short *quasi*-philosophical discourses on man, woman (about whom M. France is a little more positive than the wisest philosophers allow themselves to be), life, the universe, the other universes, and anything else that may or may not exist. It might be possible to cavil at the title, though it is a very attractive one. But we really know very little as to what was talked in the Garden. One of the great poets of the world, it is true, is one of our sources about Epicurus and Epicureans, but somehow, though more than one of M. France's characters is fond of Lucretius, there does not seem to be much likeness between the Latin poet and the French novelist themselves. Does M. France or M. Bergeret ever mention another of these main sources, Philodemus of Gadara? He would surely enjoy the complaint of one editor of the Gadarene fragments that in one place at least it is exceedingly difficult to know whether it is attack or defence. But this is really irrelevant. Suffice it to say that the book is a very agreeable one of tempered scepticism, marred only, to speak without any paradox, by sometimes not having

scepticism enough. *Nous savons* is a very frequent phrase in it. If it is hard to 'believe,' is it easy to 'know'?

'But it is now time to take leave,' though fervent Anatolians may think that much more ought to be said and that some things have been said wrong. We saw the other day M. France spoken of as a 'serious thinker,' who was afraid of an outburst of *Fascismo* in France. With the latter part of this we have nothing to do save to observe that one 'ism' is rather apt to provoke another. But is he exactly what one would call a serious thinker? And there again one is stopped by the imminence of the unmanageable previous question, 'What is a serious thinker?' So let this part of the subject be left to others to decide. Fortunately, it is not necessary that the world should be entirely occupied by serious thinkers, though it is as well to have a few of them, and perhaps we might have a few more without harm. Certainly M. France has thought enough, even if one sometimes wishes it took other directions, to prevent his other gifts from being spent on mere frivolities. And in themselves they are gifts really, perhaps quite, of the very first order in their several departments. There may be something 'academic' (one does not quite know why there should not be) both in the display and in the enjoyment as such of that style with which he was credited at the opening of this paper. But if so it produces and encourages other enjoyments in which any intelligent and even slightly educated persons can, and in which it is clear many such persons do, rejoice. There is an *insinuatingness* about him which one finds it difficult to parallel elsewhere. Sometimes the countenance of his work may be *nimum lubricus aspicere* in the Arnoldian rather than the original Horatian sense of the adjective. Sometimes he would seem to be not so much a serious thinker as a mischief-maker with the serious thoughts of others. But almost always he is a Master of the Laugh; and Heaven only knows what Earth would do without Laughter.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Art. 11.—TURKEY AND THE POWERS.

1. *The Western Question in Greece and Turkey*. By Arnold Toynbee. Constable, 1922.
 2. *La question turque*. By Maurice Pernot. Paris: Grasset, 1922.
 3. *Angora-Constantinople-Londres*. By Berthe Georges-Gaulis. Paris: Armand Colin, 1922.
 4. *Greece and the Allies*. By G. F. Abbott. Methuen, 1922.
 5. *L'Hellénisme de l'Asie Mineure*. By Léon Maccas. Paris: Berger-Levrault, 1919.
 6. *La Grèce devant le Congrès de la Paix*. Official publication of the Greek delegation. Paris, no date.
 7. *Les Juris et l'Europa*. By Gaston Gaillard. Paris: Chapelot, 1920.
 8. *Fünf Jahre Türkei*. By General Liman von Sanders. Berlin: August Scherl, 1919.
- And other works.

THE sweeping victory of the Turkish Nationalists over the Greeks in Anatolia has resulted in the re-establishment of Ottoman domination over territories wrested from Turkey after the armistice, but inhabited by an overwhelming majority of Turks. This is the first occasion in nearly 250 years in which Turkey has succeeded in regaining any of her lost provinces. Each successive withdrawal of the Turkish frontiers, since the siege of Vienna in 1685, has reduced the proportion of Moslems in the lost territories, but has increased it in what remained of the Empire. While there were ever fewer Turks in Serbia, Macedonia, Bulgaria, and Greece, Anatolia had become more and more the stronghold of the Turkish people. It was the attempt by the victorious Western Powers to deprive Turkey of a large part of Anatolia which led to the revival of the Turkish people, and made it what it never was before—a nation.

The World War, following on the Balkan wars, had utterly exhausted the Turkish people, who had proved unequal to the awful strain. Their heart had never been in the struggle, and Germany, who had dragged

them into it by means of her tools, Enver and Talaat, afterwards found in the latter the most serious hindrances to the efficient conduct of operations, while the people as a whole failed to respond to the proclamation of the 'Holy War,' because their German masters were just as much Giaours as the British, French, or Italians. When on Oct. 30, 1918, the armistice with the Entente was signed, the event was acclaimed with a sigh of relief throughout the country, and the Turks were ready to accept almost any conditions which might be imposed upon them. What the peace terms were to be was, of course, not known at the time; but the Turks were convinced that they would follow the lines indicated in the armistice. Raouff Bey, one of the signatories of the armistice and now Prime Minister of the Angora Government, assured the writer that during the negotiations at Mudros the Allied representative had given him to understand that such was the case. The bases of the armistice were the freedom of the Straits and respect for the principle of nationality; the former was provided for in Art. 1, and the latter in the limits of the Allied military occupation, which was not to extend beyond the outlying non-Turkish provinces into Anatolia or Thrace, unless the interests of the Allies in the latter were menaced (Art. 7), or disorders occurred in the Armenian vilayets (Art. 24). But hardly had the armistice come into force when the Allies proceeded to occupy various districts outside the Arab provinces—Constantinople itself, and several points in Anatolia and Thrace, although the circumstances mentioned in Art. 7 had not arisen. These occupations, however, regarded as purely temporary measures, did not arouse resentment on the part of the Turks, because they were too exhausted to protest, and the Allied authorities, at first, dealt gently with the people and did not interfere in their internal affairs. The Turks at once began to apply the other armistice clauses; demobilisation was carried out rapidly, nearly all the guns or their breech-blocks were handed over to the Allies, as well as considerable quantities of other arms and war material.

The long delay preceding the conclusion of peace preyed on the public spirit, which was still further alarmed by the rumours which began to circulate early

in 1919 that what remained of Turkey might be partitioned among the Great Powers and that large areas would be handed over to the Greeks and Armenians. These rumours were chiefly the result of the information which had transpired concerning the various inter-Allied conventions concluded during the war. The Allies had, in fact, agreed that Russia was to annex Constantinople and part of Eastern Anatolia, and by the St Jean de Maurienne convention of April 1917, Italy had been promised Smyrna as well as Adalia. Russia was not a party to that convention, as she was then in the throes of revolution; and her subsequent collapse left Constantinople and the Straits zone, the most important part of Turkey, unassigned. A belief was beginning to develop in all Allied countries that it might be best to leave Constantinople and most of Anatolia to Turkey, as the solution least likely to arouse jealousy among the Powers. Hence Mr Lloyd George's speech of Jan. 5, 1918, about leaving to the Turks 'the rich and renowned homelands of Asia Minor with their capital Constantinople.' The United States, after their intervention in the war, claimed that no agreement, past or future, should be regarded as valid without their consent, and Britain and France, needing the support of President Wilson for the realisation of certain war aims to which they attached particular importance, wished to go to the Peace Conference as free of entanglements as possible. The British Government, therefore, declared that the 1916 and 1917 agreements regarding Anatolia had lapsed, that of St Jean de Maurienne because Russia's consent had not been forthcoming (Russia having practically ceased to exist as a great Power). This left the field open for the realisation of Greek aspirations.

The exit of Russia from the ranks of the Entente had coincided with the entry of Greece, hitherto a non-benevolent neutral. Greek military assistance had proved useful during the Macedonian campaign, although its value was out of all proportion to the rewards now demanded. In his report to the Peace Conference M. Venizelos laid claim to the whole of Thrace, Constantinople, South Albania, the Dodecannese, and a large slice of Western Anatolia, including the great port of Smyrna. These territories all contained Greek minorities, and a

clever, unscrupulous Greek propaganda, conducted regardless of expense, tried to make out that the Greeks were everywhere in a majority; where faked statistics failed, recourse was had to ancient traditions, legends, and even inscriptions 2000 years old. There is reason to believe, however, that M. Venizelos himself had some intuition of the danger to which he was exposing his country by advancing these preposterous claims, but the insatiable appetites of the Greek chauvinists and the complacent generosity of Messrs Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Wilson overcame the dictates of prudence. Another factor which inclined Britain and France to a favourable consideration of Greek demands was the necessity, if they were to continue their policy of dominating and keeping order in the Near East, of utilising the Greek army. These vast schemes required large forces, but the Western peoples were tired of war, and no longer anxious to embark on further expensive military adventures. The Greek army, which had suffered trifling losses in the war, appeared a convenient instrument for policing the Near East, and might be utilised—at a price. M. Venizelos was not slow to take advantage of this situation, and while he waived his claim to Constantinople for the moment, he concentrated his attention on Smyrna and Thrace. Although the great majority of the population of the Smyrna area is undoubtedly Turkish, Greek propaganda succeeded in convincing most of the Allied statesmen, especially President Wilson, that it was Greek. At the same time certain forged documents were produced purporting to prove that the Turkish authorities and population were planning a general massacre of Christians,* and made a great impression on the Conference. As a matter of fact, Moslems and Christians have lived together more peacefully in Western Anatolia than in any other part of the Near East, and, according to the Inter-Allied Commission of Inquiry into the events in Smyrna, conditions in that area had been exceptionally peaceful in the period following the armistice. The officers and diplomats of the great Powers in Turkey were almost all opposed to the cession of any part of Turkey to Greece, especially those who

* These forgeries were exposed by the Inter-Allied Commission.

had had experience of Eastern countries and feared the inevitable and dangerous consequences of such a policy both among the Turks themselves and other Moslem peoples. But no attention was paid to their warnings by the American, British, and French statesmen in Paris, fascinated as they were by the personality of M. Venizelos. The Italian delegation was opposed to the Greek demands, and while it was in Paris they were not discussed. But when it left the Conference in April 1919, the other delegations decided to authorise a Greek military occupation of Smyrna. According to one version, it was President Wilson who took the initiative. He was then particularly incensed against Italy, and he knew that the handing over of Smyrna to the Greeks, which had been promised to her, would prove very distasteful to Italian public opinion. According to others, it was Mr Lloyd George who chiefly supported M. Venizelos. In any case both these statesmen and M. Clemenceau concurred heartily in the decision and are jointly responsible.

On May 15, Greek forces, under the protection of Allied warships, occupied Smyrna, and immediately afterwards spread out into the interior. From that moment all hope of a peaceful solution of the Turkish problem was at an end. All the subsequent troubles—the long-protracted war, the terrible massacres committed by both belligerents, the appalling destruction of property, the recent upheaval at Constantinople, with its ominous menace for the future, and the shaken prestige of the Western Powers, are directly attributable to that fatal decision. A great civilised State might conceivably have established a peaceful and successful domination over parts of Anatolia, although the task would have proved far from easy and taxed all the military resources and political skill of the dominant Power. The Greeks possessed none of these requisites, and were, moreover, handicapped rather than assisted by the fact that a substantial minority of the occupied territory was of Greek race, and consequently expected and obtained from the Greek authorities exceptional favours at the expense of the Turkish majority. The Turks might in time have adapted themselves, albeit unwillingly, to the rule of an absolutely alien Power; but nothing could

reconcile them to the idea of being governed and oppressed by the Greeks whom they despised and who for centuries had been their subjects. Every one who lived in Turkey knew this; but Messrs Lloyd George, Wilson, and Clemenceau preferred to accept the assertions of M. Venizelos and his able staff at their face value.

The events which followed the Greek occupation of Smyrna are now well known, in spite of the suppression by the Allied Governments of the report of the Commission of Inquiry which they had sent to Anatolia in the autumn of 1919. The Greeks proved totally incapable of coping with the serious problems of ruling a vast territory inhabited by an alien and hostile population; they committed many atrocities in the worst Near Eastern manner, laid waste the fertile Mæander valley, and forced scores of thousands of homeless Turks to take refuge beyond the Greek area. In spite of their war-weariness, the Turkish population found strength to form themselves into irregular bands which, although weak in numbers and ill-equipped, from the first caused the Greek forces considerable trouble and occasionally inflicted reverses on them. When successful they retaliated on the Greek population, whom they regarded, not without reason, as largely responsible for the misdeeds of the invaders. By the end of 1919 the Greek forces in Anatolia had to be raised to 80,000 men; while the Turkish bands were about half that number. The area which the Conference authorised the Greek troops to occupy consisted of the Sanjak of Smyrna and the kaza of Aivali; but the occupation was soon extended beyond these limits, with the pretext of strategic necessities and fears for the safety of the Greek minorities, and while it was to have been merely military and temporary until the ultimate fate of this territory was settled, the Greeks proceeded to set up their own institutions in it, appointed a civil High Commissioner at Smyrna, M. Sterghiades, and behaved as though they were permanently masters of the country.

The news of the Greek occupation of Smyrna spread consternation throughout Turkey, and its first consequence was the cessation of the handing-in of arms by the Turks. The Nationalist movement, which had until then been a vague intellectual opposition to a hypo-

thetical partition of Turkey, now became a powerful political force. It is popularly associated with the name of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, but this remarkable man was not its creator; he organised it and led it to victory, but its real creators were the Greeks in Smyrna and the statesmen who had sent them there. Until the armistice Mustafa Kemal had taken no part in politics,* his career having been a purely military one. During the war he had shown high qualities of leadership as a corps commander at the Dardanelles, and as army commander in Palestine. On the whole his sentiments were more or less pro-Ally, and as early as 1917 he had foreseen the victory of the Entente and advocated a separate peace. The occupation of Smyrna decided him to go over to Anatolia to organise Turkish resistance against Greek, and consequently Allied, aggression. In August he presided over a congress at Erzerum of representatives of the Eastern vilayets which voted a series of resolutions against the dismemberment of Anatolia and Thrace. In September he convoked another congress at Sivas, attended by delegates from all parts of Turkey, and resolutions similar to those of Erzerum were voted. When it broke up Mustafa Kemal remained at Sivas, assisted by a committee of delegates, to continue its work and organise the Nationalist movement for resistance. Rapidly all real authority throughout Anatolia came to be vested in him, and although the military and political authorities continued nominally to take orders from Constantinople, nothing could be done without his approval. His chief task was the organisation of the bands fighting against the Greeks on the 'Western front,' but for a time the remnants of the regular army took no part in these operations. The Grand Vizir, Damad Ferid Pasha, was perhaps the only responsible Turk who was sincerely opposed to the Nationalist movement, which he regarded merely as an encroachment on the Sultan's authority; and when Mustafa Kemal refused to obey the injunction to return to Constantinople, he had him declared a rebel and tried to raise a movement against him among certain Moslem communities in

* Except that, like almost all the officers in Macedonia, he had joined the revolutionary movement in 1908.

Anatolia who were discontented at the pecuniary exactions of the Nationalists. Mustafa Kemal regarded Damad Ferid as a traitor and a tool in the hands of the British, to whom, indeed, he was becoming more and more hostile, as he believed them to be contemplating a *mainmise* over the whole of Turkey. He was also hostile to the French, on account of their occupation of Cilicia, and his bands actually came into conflict with French troops (many of them Armenians in French uniforms) at Ain Tab and Merash. Even with the Italians, who from the first had been opposed to the policy of annihilating Turkey, he was annoyed because they continued to occupy South-Western Anatolia. The Turkish Nationalist view was that any military occupation of Anatolia or Thrace, even if it were purely temporary, was a breach of the armistice terms; while a permanent occupation would violate the principle of respect for nationality. This attitude was shared by the immense majority of the Turks;* but their feelings towards the Greeks must be distinguished from those towards the Western Powers. Against the former the whole people was solidly united, whereas not all were equally hostile to the latter, whom many of them feared and respected, and with whom all wished to avoid a conflict.

While desultory fighting went on along the Turco-Greek front, in spite of General Milne's attempt to establish a neutral zone between the two armies until the Peace Conference had taken a definite decision as to the fate of Smyrna, the political situation at Constantinople was rapidly heading towards chaos. In October 1919, the Damad Ferid Cabinet fell and was succeeded by that of Ali Riza Pasha, which was much more favourable to the Nationalists, and at the general elections in November an overwhelming Nationalist majority was returned. On Jan. 28, 1920, the Nationalist deputies signed the famous National Pact; this document confirmed the Sivas resolutions, demanded the absolute independence of Turkey, plebiscites for Western Thrace, Kars, Ardahan, Batum, and the Arab territories, recognised the freedom of the Straits, and promised the Christian

* So far as the Smyrna area was concerned also by the Inter-Allied Commission of Inquiry.

minorities rights similar to those provided for in the various minorities treaties concluded by the Entente Powers.

British, and to a lesser extent French, policy were becoming more definitely hostile to the Nationalists, and the presence in Constantinople of a Parliament with a Nationalist majority was regarded as dangerous. In March 1920, a number of leading Nationalists, including several members of the Ali Riza Cabinet, Raouff Bey, and other deputies and senators, were arrested and deported to Malta, and on the 16th the chief public buildings were occupied by British troops. Thenceforth the administration was to be carried on by the Turkish authorities under the control of Allied officers. The Chamber and Senate protested against these measures and adjourned *sine die*. On the resignation of Ali Riza, Damad Ferid returned to power on April 6, and on the 13th the Sheikh-ul-Islam was induced to issue a *fetva* proclaiming the Nationalists rebels and excommunicating them. In the meanwhile Mustafa Kemal, who had transferred his headquarters to Angora, summoned the Turkish Parliament to meet in that city, and as the British authorities had prevented the departure of the deputies, he issued writs for a new election. On April 29, the Nationalist Parliament met at Angora, styling itself the 'Grand National Assembly,' and appointed the members of the Provisional Government, with Mustafa Kemal as President, and comprising Bekir Samy Bey (Minister for Foreign Affairs), Djelalleddin Arif Bey, Djemalleddin Bey, the Chelebi of the Konia dervishes, etc. The new government took possession of all the machinery of administration in Anatolia, collected revenue, seized the branches of the Ottoman Bank and of the tobacco Régie, and proceeded to convert the irregular bands into a regular army, on which the whole power of Mustafa Kemal was henceforth to be based.

At San Remo, in April 1920, the Supreme Council, regardless of the strength of the Nationalist movement, on the initiation of Mr Lloyd George, drew up the treaty with Turkey, and in spite of the grave warnings of its military advisers, assigned the Sanjak of Smyrna and the kaza of Aivali to Greece, leaving only the most shadowy authority over those territories to the Sultan.

Constantinople was left to Turkey, but the Straits were to be neutralised, demilitarised, and placed under the jurisdiction of an international commission. Eastern Thrace was given to Greece, Eastern Anatolia to Armenia; while most of the rest of Anatolia was divided into zones wherein 'the particular interests' of France and Italy were to be recognised by each other and by Britain. The Arab territories were definitely detached from Turkey. These clauses, in spite of the protests of the Constantinople Government (that of Angora was not even considered), were embodied in the Treaty of Sèvres and the Tripartite Agreement, signed on Aug. 10, 1920. Some time before that date the San Remo terms had become public property, and as the Nationalists repudiated them *in toto*, the three great Powers—the United States had now withdrawn—authorised Greece, at the request of Venizelos, to launch an offensive against them to enforce the execution of the treaty. Operations began at the end of June; a Greek army advanced northwards from Balikesir and reached the Sea of Marmara, almost without resistance; in less than a fortnight, another force easily dispersed the Nationalists in Thrace under Jafar Tayar, capturing Adrianople on July 25; while a third, pushing east from Smyrna, occupied Ushak on Aug. 29. All seemed to point to a speedy collapse of Nationalist resistance, and Mr Lloyd George was even more convinced of the wisdom of M. Venizelos, who began to advance fresh territorial demands as a reward for the efforts of Greece.* The cause of these easy Greek successes was the fact that the Nationalist forces were then in process of conversion into a regular army, and that they were still hampered by the anti-Nationalist revolt in the Brussa area under the Circassian, Ahmed Anzevur. The material resources of the Greeks were also far superior to those of their enemies. The former still possessed the vast and largely unused supplies given them by France and Britain during the latter part of the Macedonia campaign, and further supplies had been provided after the armistice. In the matter of transport they

* According to a letter from M. Venizelos to the Greek Foreign Office after the Boulogne Conference (June 1920), and published by the Paris 'Matin' of Dec. 2, 1922, the Greek Premier had demanded a further dismemberment of Turkey, which would be reduced to the central plateau of Anatolia.

could dispose of the three railways branching out from Smyrna and were well supplied with motor lorries. The Turks had plenty of small arms, as large supplies had been left over after the armistice; but they were very short of artillery. They could only use the central sector of the Anatolian railway and the Angora branch, and their mechanical transport was practically non-existent. The creation and equipment of the Nationalist army, in a country without industries and almost cut off from the outer world, was a triumph of improvisation; although the Turks afterwards captured war material from the Greeks and Armenians and in a raid on the Dardanelles, and received a good deal from the French after the evacuation of Cilicia, from the Russians, and from complacent traders in various European countries, their organisation still remains a remarkable exploit.

Two new events now occurred which affected the situation. One was the establishment of relations between the Nationalists and Soviet Russia, the other was the fall of Venizelos. Ever since the collapse of Imperial Russia, the Turks had cast longing eyes on the districts of Kars, Ardahan, and Batum, which they had lost in 1878; they regained them at Brest-Litovsk, and later a Turkish force occupied Baku. After the armistice the Turks were obliged to evacuate Transcaucasia, but the anarchy into which that country was plunged after the withdrawal of the British troops in the summer of 1920 gave the Nationalists a new opportunity. In the autumn of that year they went to war with the Armenian (Erivan) republic, and wrested Kars and Ardahan from it (treaty of Alexandropol of Nov. 2). They would have advanced further yet, but they found themselves now faced by the Bolshevik power, which had occupied Azerbaijan and dominated Armenia; and as Russia was an enemy of these same Western Powers which were trying to partition Turkey, the Nationalists were driven into her arms and forced to come to terms with her. The more moderate elements, including Mustafa Kemal himself, Bekir Samy Bey, Kiazim Karabekir Pasha, Ismet Bey,* Refet Bey,† etc., who hoped to make peace with

* Now Ismet Pasha, commander-in-chief of the army which drove the Greeks out of Anatolia, and then Turkish delegate at Lausanne.

† Now Refet Pasha, Angora representative at Constantinople.

the Western Powers some day, were not too anxious for a Bolshevik alliance. It was among the extremists and former adherents of the Committee of Union and Progress that the Moscow Government found willing ears and perhaps itching palms. For reasons of political opportunism Mustafa Kemal deemed it necessary to conclude the agreement, but it represented a sacrifice of Turkish aspirations in the direction of a future union with the Turco-Tartar peoples of the Caucasus, the Crimea, and Central Asia. The treaty was signed at Moscow on March 21, 1921; its provisions, and above all its lacunæ, bear witness to the anxiety of the Turks not to entangle themselves too closely with their hereditary enemy. It simply fixes the Asiatic frontiers of Turkey, proclaims the abolition of the Capitulations, the freedom of the Straits to the mercantile marine of all countries, and the undertaking that citizens of the one contracting party residing on the territory of the other shall conform to the local laws, except as regards the right of inheritance and family status. Russian moral support and some small supplies of arms were gratefully accepted; but offers of military assistance were firmly rejected, and all attempts at Bolshevik propaganda in Turkey sternly repressed.

Closely allied with the Turco-Bolshevik understanding is the general movement of revolt, promoted or encouraged by the Angora Government, among the Moslem subjects of the Western Powers. The troubles of this nature in India, Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, Libya, etc., foretold by experts, all have a direct or remote connexion with the post-war Eastern policy of the Entente. But there is reason to believe that, while the Allied policy provoked spontaneous outbursts in those countries, Turkish activities in this direction, like those resulting in the Turco-Bolshevik alliance, represent tactical manoeuvres rather than a definite policy. The Turks are more and more drawn towards pan-Turanianism, i.e. union with all peoples of Turkish race, rather than towards pan-Islamism.* The more intelligent leaders realise that a united Islam, which never existed in the past, is an impossibility to-day. A Nationalist propagandist assured the writer that the Indian Moslem

* Raouff Bey and Bekir Samy Bey are both natives of the Caucasus.

agitation was being encouraged by the Turks only *pour embêter les Anglais*, and that if British policy became more friendly to the Turks, the latter would cease to take any interest in Indian affairs.

The fall of Venizelos and the triumphant return of King Constantine came as a surprise to foreign statesmen, who had no idea of the trend of public opinion in Greece, and resulted in a complete reversal of French policy towards that country. For some time the French had begun to realise that the Greek army was a broken reed, and that French interests in the East would be better served by an understanding with the Turkish Nationalists, who were the only effective power in Anatolia. They now withdrew all moral and financial support from Greece. The British Government strongly disapproved of Constantine; but still hesitated to reverse the Sèvres policy. Italy had been disillusioned in her attempt to come to an understanding with Greece, as embodied in the Tittoni-Venizelos agreement of July 1919, and public opinion continued to be in sympathy with the Turks. The Greek military position, moreover, was weakened by a series of changes in the higher command of the army as a result of political change. The Venizelist commander-in-chief, General Paraskevopoulos, who, at all events, had had several years of war experience, was replaced by the Royalist General Papoulas, who had held no command since 1917; many other generals and field officers were also changed for political motives.

It was becoming ever more obvious that the present condition of stalemate in Anatolia could not continue indefinitely. A conference was, therefore, summoned in London, in February 1921, in the hope of arriving at some settlement. Besides the three Western Powers and Japan, Greece and the two Turkish Governments (Constantinople and Angora) took part in it. The delegates of the four great Powers proposed an investigation by an Inter-Allied Commission into the relative strength of the Greek and Turkish populations in Anatolia and Thrace, and that the districts in question should be assigned to Greece or Turkey according to results of the inquiry, provided that both belligerents undertook to abide by the decision and that the rest of the Sèvres

Treaty remained unaltered. The Turkish delegates accepted the proposals, but the Greeks rejected them. On March 12, the Allies presented a new scheme, which contained many amendments of the treaty in favour of the Turks, including the provision that the Greek forces should withdraw from Anatolia except from the city of Smyrna, which would be ruled by a Christian governor appointed by the League of Nations. Apart from its merits, the proposal made both belligerents realise that there was a divergence of views among the Allies, and both delegations replied that they must consult their Governments before deciding. On this the conference broke up without result. During the negotiations in London the French and Italian delegates concluded political and commercial agreements with Bekir Samy Bey, the Foreign Minister of the Angora Government. But the Grand National Assembly refused to ratify these conventions, and Bekir Samy was forced to resign. It appears, however, that his resignation was also due to another cause. In a conversation with Mr Lloyd George, the latter took him to task for Turkey's pro-Russian policy; Bekir Samy explained the reasons which had driven Angora into the arms of Moscow, hinting that Turkey had no real love for the Russians, and would be ready to abandon them if the Entente dealt fairly with her. A few days later a record of this interview was in the hands of the Soviet Government, which complained bitterly to Mustafa Kemal and obliged him to ask for Bekir Samy's resignation.

Before either of the belligerents had had time to reply, the Greek army had launched a new offensive. At first the Greeks scored some successes, but they were defeated at İnönü, and forced to fall back on their old positions at Eski Shehr. By April 5 the offensive was at an end, with no tangible result save heavy losses. The repulse was due to the fact that the Greeks no longer had to deal with irregular bands only, but encountered a properly organised army. In the spring and summer the Greeks initiated a regular campaign of atrocities against the Moslems in parts of the occupied area, accusing them of assisting the Nationalists; while the latter took reprisals on the Greeks of the Pontus, whom they accused of organising a revolt to

co-operate with the Greek fleet in the Black Sea. There is little to choose between the horrors perpetrated on both sides, except that the Greeks were the first to begin.

On May 18, 1921, the Allied Governments proclaimed their neutrality in the Turco-Greek conflict, and on June 21 the British Government invited both parties to accept mediation. The Greeks refused, stating that the final decision now rested with the sword, and on July 10 they commenced a third offensive, with the avowed object of capturing Angora and definitely annihilating the Nationalist forces. As before, they began with some successes, and captured Kutahia, Eski Shehr, and Afium Kara Hissar, so that the Turks were deprived of the use of the railway parallel to the front; but the bulk of the Turkish forces were able to retire intact. After a few weeks' rest the Greeks advanced again, east of Eski Shehr, towards Angora, and on Aug. 24 attacked the enemy on the Sakaria. The fighting was very heavy and both sides behaved gallantly, but after crossing the river the Greeks were driven back by Turkish counter-attacks, and, on Sept. 16, a general retreat was ordered; by the 23rd they were once more on their original lines just east of Eski Shehr. The Nationalists had undoubtedly scored a success, but it was not a complete victory, for the Greek army was still in being. The situation again appeared to be one of stalemate, and, in fact, for nearly a year there were no further operations.

In the diplomatic field, however, events began to develop rapidly. France, undeterred by the non-ratification of the London agreement, sent M. Franklin Bouillon, an exuberant French politician of pronounced Turcophil sentiments, to Angora, where a new treaty was negotiated with Yussuf Kemal Bey, Bekir Samy's successor at the Foreign Ministry, signed on Oct. 20, ratified at Angora the next day, and in Paris on the 29th. The French undertook to evacuate Cilicia and also certain districts of Northern Syria, a special régime was provided for the port and district of Alexandretta, and France was to enjoy economic and other privileges in Anatolia. The treaty practically annulled the Tripartite agreement, so far as France was concerned, and was tantamount to an official recognition of the Angora

Government by one of the great Powers. Apart from its great moral value, it liberated the left flank of the Nationalists, who were now free to concentrate against the Greeks; the departing French troops also ceded large quantities of war material to the Turks. The chief advantage for France was that the agreement secured her the sympathies of the Turkish people; but it caused considerable dissatisfaction in Great Britain, and led to a somewhat acrimonious exchange of diplomatic correspondence and press polemics. Technically the French were in the wrong, but their action was nevertheless a recognition of existing facts, which Mr Lloyd George still refused to admit. The Greeks themselves were at last beginning to realise that their situation was impossible. The large armies which they had to maintain on a war footing in Anatolia and Thrace were draining the country's resources, and both the troops at the front and the people at home were suffering from war-weariness. The nation seemed now ready to accept a compromise over Smyrna, if it were assured of Thrace. On Feb. 4, 1922, Lord Curzon delivered a somewhat enigmatic speech about the neutrality of the great Powers and the reward which Greece deserved for her services to the Allies. On the 15th M. Gounaris, the Greek Premier, wrote to Lord Curzon describing the desperate conditions of the Greek army in Anatolia and the impossibility of keeping it there without further assistance. Lord Curzon appears to have encouraged M. Gounaris to hold out for the present; but, owing to various personal causes, his letter, although copies of it were circulated to the Cabinet, appears not to have received the adequate attention of ministers. Yet another conference on the Near East was held in Paris from March 22 to 26, and a proposal drafted by the Ministers for Foreign Affairs of the three great Powers was presented to the belligerents. The whole of the Smyrna area was to be handed back to Turkey unconditionally, the Thrace frontier advanced from Chatalja to a somewhat artificial line from Ganos on the Sea of Marmara to the Istrandja mountains, thus establishing territorial contiguity between Turkey and Bulgaria, Constantinople evacuated by the Allied troops as soon as peace was ratified, and the Turkish army raised from the 30,000

men of the Sèvres treaty to 40,000, and the abolition of conscription adjourned.

The Greek Government accepted this scheme; but the Angora Government, while agreeing to it in principle, insisted on the immediate evacuation of Anatolia by the Greeks as the basis of the armistice, and in this view the Constantinople Government likewise concurred. Had the Allies then made a determined effort peace might have been secured in a dignified manner, as the Greek army, such as it was, still existed; but they refused to agree to immediate evacuation, and allowed the negotiations to drag on aimlessly for several months. The Greeks now determined to reach a solution by force. On June 7, the Greek fleet bombarded Samsun in the Black Sea, thereby provoking the protests of the Soviet Government; and on July 17 the Greek High Commissioner in Smyrna was instructed to transform the occupied area into the autonomous protected State of 'Ionia.' Angora protested vigorously against this unilateral act violating the existing treaties. Finally, on the 29th, the Greek Government, which had been steadily concentrating troops in Thrace, informed the Allies that it intended to occupy Constantinople, as the only means for enforcing peace. This was too much even for Mr Lloyd George; the Allied garrisons in Turkey were strengthened and the Greeks were told that in no case would a Greek occupation of the city be permitted. But the British Premier was still under the influence of Venizelos, whose Imperialist policy was being pursued by his successors, and still believed in the necessity of supporting Christian against Moslem. On Aug. 4 he delivered a strongly pro-Greek speech in the House of Commons, stating that he no longer intended to abide by the decisions of March 26 as far as they were unfavourable to Greece. This pronouncement was acclaimed with great enthusiasm in that country; but it proved the immediate cause of the Greek catastrophe, as it convinced Mustafa Kemal that Britain had no intention of forcing the Greeks to evacuate Anatolia, and that the Turks must do so themselves.

The Greek army in Anatolia then comprised some 210,000 men with 400 guns, spread out along a front of 600 kilometres from the Sea of Marmara to the Mæander

valley, and the centre of the line was about the same distance from the base at Smyrna. There were no available reserves, and over half the troops were on the lines of communication. General Papoulas had been recently replaced as Commander-in-Chief by General Hadjanesti, an eccentric old man hitherto living in exile in Geneva. The latter afterwards stated in an interview that he had realised that the military position was untenable, and had proposed to withdraw the front to an inner line, but that the Athens Government, for political reasons, had refused or rather delayed its consent. However that may be, the Nationalist forces, about 120,000 strong with 200 guns, commanded by Ismet Pasha, after local diversions in the Brussa area (Aug. 18) and in the Mæander valley (Aug. 24), launched a powerful attack on the Greek centre at Afium Kara Hissar on the 26th. After a heavy engagement the Greek front was broken, and by the 29th the Turks had advanced 40 kilometres. Another battle took place at Tunlu Bunar on the 29th and 30th, and then the Greek army crumpled up. No second lines had been prepared, and the troops, demoralised by the long-protracted idleness in a state of war, and by the conviction that whatever happened they would have to evacuate Anatolia, rapidly became a mob of fugitives who burned every town and village on their line of flight, and committed innumerable atrocities on the Moslem population. General Hadjanesti was deprived of his command, and his successor, General Tricoupis, was taken prisoner on Sept. 2 before he had even heard of his promotion. By the 9th, the Turkish cavalry entered Smyrna without opposition. Some 50,000 prisoners had been captured together with vast quantities of war material which the Greeks had failed to destroy. Further north the Greek retreat was more orderly, and most of the troops were able to embark at Mudania and Panderma. On returning to Greece the defeated troops revolted against the Government, forced King Constantine to abdicate and go into exile, and set up another Government under his son with a cabinet of Venizelist tendencies. Five ex-Ministers and General Hadjanesti were afterwards court-martialled and shot. When the Turks first entered Smyrna their behaviour was exemplary; but a series of attempts on the lives of their

commanders by Armenian and Greek bomb-throwers led to reprisals. Fire broke out in various parts of the city, many quarters of which were destroyed, and during the consequent disorders massacres of Christians and Moslems occurred, though not on a very large scale. The bulk of the terrified Christian population fled to Greece and the islands, except a number of men of military age whom the Turks retained as hostages for the safety of the lives of the Turkish hostages whom the retreating Greeks had deported. It is not easy to assign the blame for the destruction of the city, but it appears more likely that the Greeks who were abandoning it started the fires, rather than the Turks who had just reconquered it; moreover, although the burnt quarters were inhabited mostly by Greeks, Armenians, and Europeans, the houses generally were Turkish property. The fact that the city was largely built of wood rendered the fire more destructive.

On Sept. 3 Greece asked for Allied mediation, and negotiations were at once commenced for an armistice; but events marched so rapidly that a new conference appeared necessary to conclude a definite peace treaty to take the place of the disastrous Sèvres treaty. The Angora Government reiterated the demands contained in the National Pact that Eastern Thrace should be given back to the Turks as well as Anatolia, and that Constantinople should be evacuated by the Allies. The French and Italian Governments had practically decided to accept these terms, but Britain still hesitated, and when the Nationalist forces, flushed with their victory over the Greeks, advanced towards the Straits zone, the British Government declared on Sept. 15 that it would defend the passage by force if necessary and called upon the Dominions and the Balkan States for assistance. The French and Italian Governments at once withdrew their contingents from the Dardanelles, while the British force at Chanak was strengthened. For a moment the situation appeared very dangerous, as a conflict might break out at any instant, with incalculable consequences. While the British note of Sept. 16 appeared unnecessarily provocative, the withdrawal of the French and Italian contingents produced the unfortunate impression that there was still a divergence of opinion among the Allies.

However unjust and impolitic the treatment meted out to Turkey since the armistice may have been, now that the Turks were victorious and that all their more reasonable claims were about to be conceded, it was important that the Western Powers should remain united in resisting their exaggerated demands. The intervention of the ultra-Turcophil Franklin Bouillon did not ease the situation. Fortunately, after a discussion in Paris between M. Poincaré, Lord Curzon, and Count Sforza, an agreement was arrived at, and on Sept. 23 a joint note was sent to the Angora Government inviting it to a peace conference to meet as soon as possible, to be attended by the belligerents, the Western Powers, and also by Japan, Yugoslavia, and Roumania. The note recognised the Turkish claims to Anatolia and Thrace as far as the Maritza, and declared that Constantinople would be evacuated as soon as peace was concluded, the freedom of the Straits and the protection of minorities discussed at the conference, the application of the decisions taken entrusted to the League of Nations, and a preliminary armistice conference of military delegates held at Mudania. The Angora Government accepted the proposal, but expressed surprise that Soviet Russia was not invited to the conference. The latter Power had indeed addressed a note to the Allies demanding admission and declaring that, as the Western Powers were solely responsible for the troubles in the Near East, the régime of the Straits should be settled by the States bordering on the Black Sea. The Mudania conference met, and Allied solidarity having been reconstituted, concluded its labours after laborious proceedings on Oct. 9, with an agreement concerning the details of the Greek evacuation of Thrace and providing that the peace conference should be held at Lausanne on Nov. 13 (the date was postponed to the 20th), and that no Turkish troops, except gendarmerie formations, should enter Constantinople, Thrace, or the Straits zone until peace was concluded.

The evacuation of Thrace was carried out under Allied control without incident, but the bulk of the Greek population, terrified by the stories of Turkish atrocities in Anatolia, fled the country with the troops. The Nationalists now tried to force the Allies to evacuate

Constantinople at once, so as to go to Lausanne with a *fait accompli*; they mobilised the local Turkish population and created such a state of unrest that the Allied authorities made one concession after another, much to the detriment of their own prestige. The old Constantinople Government gradually faded away, the Sultan was deposed, and fled to Malta, and the Sultanate itself was abolished, the Khalifate alone surviving the hand of the Angora innovators. To-day the Allies, in spite of the presence of their warships and considerable military forces, no longer exercise any authority save over their own nationals, and Refet Pasha, Mustafa Kemal's representative, is all-powerful. What the future will bring forth no one can tell, but there is no doubt that the Turkish people are going through a phase of acute chauvinism, strengthened by a revival of religious fanaticism, which is raising problems and rendering a real pacification of the Near East very difficult. There is a determination on the part of the Angora Government to clear at least Anatolia of Greeks and Armenians, and although it professes to welcome Europeans, even the latter are experiencing unpleasant forms of xenophobia. It is feared that even the native Christians of Constantinople may have to leave, and this will spell disaster for the city. The Turks are also decided to get rid of the Capitulations, and if the exemption from taxation which foreigners have hitherto enjoyed constitutes an unfair hardship on the natives which should be removed, it is doubtful whether the European Governments will agree to the suppression of consular jurisdiction for their nationals until the whole judicial system of Turkey is reformed. Possibly a solution may be found in the creation of some international judicial system under the League of Nations. Probably the very grave economic difficulties which the Turkish State will have to face will render its Government more amenable to reason and make them realise that they absolutely need the assistance which only the Western Powers and not bankrupt Russia can provide. But in dealing with the Turks three facts should be borne in mind. First, that the folly and iniquity of the Western Powers themselves in trying to wipe Turkey off the face of the map and to govern the Turks through such a hopeless instru-

ment as Greece is responsible for the present state of chaos in the Near East. Secondly, that we must not think of the Turks of to-day as Old Turks or as Young Turks, but as New Turks; for, as we have already said, they are now what they never were before—a nation. By regarding them as such, Europe will find the means of coming to a peaceful and friendly understanding with them. Finally, we must remember that their pan-Turanian ambitions are much more likely to bring them in conflict with Russia than with the West, if the West is only fair to them; and that they have far more to fear from the former than from the latter, for Russia's ambitions have always been and always will be of a territorial nature, aspiring to annex Constantinople and parts of Anatolia.

At the Lausanne Conference the desire of the Turks to come to a peaceful settlement with the Western Powers was as evident as their fear lest they should lose their prestige over the rest of the Moslem world, before which they had posed as the defenders of the Faith against Western and particularly British encroachments. But the attitude of the Russian delegation, who treated the Turks in a patronising manner, almost as vassals, irritated them profoundly. Hence the conciliatory spirit in which Ismet Pasha discussed the problem of the Straits, which now appears about to be settled by friendly agreement more or less along the lines suggested by the Allied delegations. If the Western Powers realise the points mentioned above it should not be impossible for them to come to a general agreement with the New Turkey.

Art. 12.—BOLSHEVISM AND THE TURKS.

THE grave events now occurring on the shores of the Bosphorus have brought the countries of the Entente, and, indeed, the whole of Europe, face to face with the very actual danger of the Bolshevik-Turkish alliance, an alliance both political and military. Public opinion in Europe appears to be surprised at these events, as if they had happened unexpectedly. In reality, they were easily foreseen—by any observer sufficiently attentive and able to follow the historical and logical development of the international situation. During the last three years I have made journeys through Turkey, the South of Russia, and the Baltic States adjacent to Soviet Russia; and in the course of these journeys have been able to collect much information and many documents relating to Bolshevik activity in the East. From the first I was convinced that the general situation in the East, the policy of the Entente in regard to Eastern problems, and the activity of the Bolsheviks, must logically and inevitably lead to serious and dangerous complications.

First, a few words on the general character of Bolshevik policy in the East. What line do the communistic Soviets pursue when dealing with Oriental peoples? We know that the Bolsheviks proclaim themselves partisans of the Socialism of Karl Marx, the essence of whose teaching was the desire to form a new society based upon the industrial proletariat, and exploiting with a revolutionary object the economic and political condition of the capitalistic world. In the majority of the countries of the East, however, capitalist industry, in the European sense, is not sufficiently developed for that, and the industrial proletariat scarcely exists. From the Marxian point of view, therefore, there is no possibility of a socialistic movement and a 'proletarian revolution' in Asia. This the Bolshevik theorists know well enough. One of them, M. N. Bucharine, in his work, '*L'Economie de la Periode Transitoire*,' says that the tendency of the present revolutionary movement in India, Persia, Egypt, and Turkey is devoid of any proletarian element, and is founded on nationalist and 'bourgeois' views. As those views happen to be particularly hostile to European capitalism they can be and

are bound to be exploited by the Soviet Government and the Third International.

This is the Bolshevik contention. Clearly Lenin and his companions are not interested in the nationalist movements of Eastern countries, as such; those are merely the powerful instrument necessary to their assault on the existing order of European society. Indeed, one may go so far as to say that fundamentally these nationalist movements are diametrically opposed to Bolshevism, which essentially is occupied in destroying national unity in the name of class-war; whilst national liberty can only be realised by the united effort of a whole people without distinction of class.

It should be noted that the Bolsheviks seem to place pure communism in direct opposition to the nationalist movement. Thus, for example, in the official organ of the Third International in the Far East, published at Irkutsk, we read,

‘In examining the social composition of the revolutionary masses who are taking part in the struggle for liberty in the East, we cannot ignore the fact that the proletariat is very feebly represented. Both as to numbers and organisation the proletariat of Oriental countries is still too weak. That is why the revolutionary movements there are so little proletarian in character. . . . The red International, in uniting its forces with those of the Eastern peoples, and in directing them, sets itself to influence and encourage them to pass beyond the bounds of nationalism, and to help them attain the power and idea of communism.’

As we shall see later, this principle resolves itself in practice into the simple exploitation of the nationalist movement in the East in the interests of a Bolshevik imperialism and the struggle of the Soviets against the bourgeois states of Europe.

In their Near-Eastern activities the Bolsheviks do not confine themselves to propaganda; but set themselves to carry out a full scheme of external policy. Briefly, the facts are these. At the beginning of September 1920, a congress of Oriental peoples was held at Baku by the Soviet Government. Amongst the official documents of that congress was a letter addressed to the delegates by Enver Pasha. The personality of Enver

is too striking, and his influence in the Mussulman world too great, for this first solemn and official expression of his political relations with the Soviets to be ignored.

‘Comrades, in my own name and in that of my associates I thank the Third International, which through its existence affords those of us who fight against Imperialism, (*sic*) for the opportunity of meeting at Baku. And adversaries as we are of Imperialism and Capitalism, which, not content with robbing us, try to destroy us, we are fortunate in finding ourselves to-day, despite European politicians who are too often liars—the faithful allies of the Third International, which, like ourselves, seeks only the truth. . . . When Turkey entered the war the world was divided into two camps. On the one side, was the old Imperial Russia and her allies; on the other, Germany, equally imperial, and her allies. Fighting against Tsarist Russia and the other powers which sought to strangle and annihilate us, we ranged ourselves with Germany, who had consented to let us live. The German Imperialists used us to obtain their own brigand ends; but our aim was solely to preserve our independence. The sentiments which drove us from the quiet of Berlin to the arid deserts of Tripoli and the poor tents of the Bedouins, and compelled us so to spend the hardest period of our lives, were not Imperial sentiments. We wanted to deliver Tripoli and its inhabitants from the yoke of the foreigner; and to-day, at the end of nine years of struggle, we are happy to declare that it has been possible to drive out the Italians therefrom. Our intentions were similar in regard to Azerbaijan which, we recognise, should belong to its own people.

‘Comrades, before the world war I occupied a very high position. I assure you that I regret that necessity compelled us to fight on the side of the Imperialists of Germany whom I hate and I curse, precisely as I do those of Britain. To my mind all who seek to enrich those who do not work should be destroyed. This is my opinion with regard to Imperialism. If Russia, on the declaration of war, had shown herself, as she is to-day, fighting for true aims, we should have hastened to assist her effort with all our might. To explain myself more clearly, I must tell you that we had already begun to act with Soviet Russia when Yudenitch’s army was close to Petrograd, when Koltchak was guarding the Ural, and when Denikin threatened Moscow from the South. The Entente, which then set all its forces to work, believing that the game was already in its hands, began to show its teeth and gloat with satisfaction. If the storms of

the Black Sea had not cast me aside, breaking the masts of my ship; if the prisons of Kovno and of Riga had not existed; if the aeroplanes on which I travelled had not been stopped on their journey, I should have been with you in your most critical hour, and should not have been obliged to tell you now these superfluous things merely for the sake of convincing some of our comrades.

'You know that in the first part of the Imperialist world war we were beaten. But in this war of spoliation I do not consider that we are vanquished, since Turkey, by closing the Straits, was one of the factors in the overthrow of Tsarist Russia; to which succeeded that ally of all the oppressed—the Russia of the Soviets. Thus Turkey contributed towards the opening of a new way to the world's liberation. And that is what I call a victory from the point of view of the oppressed. As I have already said, the army which is carrying on a struggle against Imperialism and draws all its strength from the rural class, is not vanquished. It has merely laid down its arms temporarily. And after five years of war, facing once more the same enemy, it has struggled for nearly two years, imposing upon itself the greatest privations. The present struggle cannot be compared with the preceding one. To-day the Oriental world, that is to say, all oppressed peoples, are participating as allies in the just claims of the Third International, and this army is inspired by the hope of definite victory. That victory began in the Boer War, and was continued in the World War from 1914 till 1917; but did not reach its end. Now we are entering on the decisive phase of the war, and it will surely end with our victory, the victory of the oppressed, a victory which, by forcing the Imperialists and capitalists to lay down their arms, will annihilate them.

'I declare,' he concludes, 'that the revolutionary organisations of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, Arabia, and Kurdistan, which have appointed me as their representative here, are completely in accord with me. They know well that by setting in motion every possible revolutionary force we shall succeed in breaking the power of the monsters against us, and in rendering them finally inoffensive. . . .'

A Russian newspaper, in reproducing this appeal from the head of the Turkish Nationalists, remarks that Enver Pasha has learned the language of the Bolsheviks to perfection. I must add that the Bolsheviks, in their turn, have learned equally well the language of Pan-Turkism and of Pan-Islamism, as is not astonishing, for,

since the beginning of the war of 1914, the Leninists and Enverists have carried on political conversations by the aid of—German interpreters!*

At the beginning of the Great War there was, at Constantinople, a Social-Democrat of Russo-German nationality known by the name of Parvus. His real name is Helphand. Born at Odessa, Helphand had long been active in the Russian Socialist movement, and in 1905 was elected member of the executive of the Petrograd Soviet. Banished to Siberia, he managed to escape to Germany, where he became a member of the Left Social-Democratic party, until the Prussian police forbade him to reside there, as he was considered a dangerous agitator. For a time he ran a publishing business, founded by Maxim Gorki, which, however, collapsed. Finally, after a series of comings and goings, of which little is known, he settled at Constantinople, and there played the rôle of non-official financial adviser to the Young Turks. At the same time he entered into relations with Krupps and the Imperialist Government of Germany. When the first Balkan war broke out, Parvus began to extend his activities, one of the first results being in the form of pecuniary subsidies to Trotsky for the publication at Vienna of an anti-Russian paper, written in the Russian language. Probably, also, it was Parvus who brought Trotsky into touch with the Austrian political police, who, before the war, took him under their wing.

After the outbreak of the war, Parvus, with many other leaders of the Young Turks, enriched himself by dealing in wheat, whilst receiving from his German friends large sums of money for carrying on his mission as a leading international agitator. He was employed by the German staff to exploit the revolutionary and the separatist movements in Russia, with a view to disorganising the Russian front. For this purpose he entered into relations with Lenin, Zinoviev, Rakovsky, Trotsky, Radek, Furstenburg (Ganetsky), and other leaders of the 'defeatist' movement, who soon became, in his hands, the instruments of German Imperialism.

* I was the first to call attention in the Allied countries to this association of Bolsheviks and Germans with the Oriental peoples. See my 'Russia and the Great War,' published in 1915.

Already, by the month of September 1917, several Socialist organisations in Russia had protested openly against the attempts of Parvus to lead them into enterprises really planned by the staff of the Kaiser. But although some refused to take part in these enterprises, others displayed the moral weakness which the German agents had counted on; and we find to-day amongst the Russian leaders many who achieved their position through the help of the Hohenzollerns.

These facts must not be forgotten, if one wishes to understand certain details of international politics at present attracting the attention of the diplomatists and military leaders of the Entente—and more particularly the events of the Near East.

An essential element in the programme of world-domination prepared by the Pan-Germans, was an alliance with the Young Turks and energetic political action in Asia Minor and the Balkans. The exploitation of the Pan-Islamist movement played a large part in the calculations of German Imperialists until their military defeat prevented the realisation of their plan. The broken threads have now been gathered up, reunited by Bolshevik diplomacy and militarism.

When, after the Russian coup d'état, Trotsky, the intimate friend of Parvus and the protégé of the former Government at Vienna, was appointed to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he left untouched the Asiatic department of the ministry, and retained the services of its director, M. Alexis Voznessensky, who had held a diplomatic post under the Tsar, and is an authority on Eastern questions. The Soviet Government charged M. Voznessensky with the organisation of a vast plan of action in Asia. Essentially this plan contained nothing new, being merely the resumption of the programme of the Rohrbachs and the Von der Goltzes which had been interrupted by the victory of the Allies: that was to exploit the interests of the Turks and Islamists unrest.

Where there is community of interests there often is also community of methods, means, and instruments. Thus we find amongst the Bolshevik agents of Pan-Islam many who had served as agents in the German-Turkish alliance. A League for the Liberation of Islam

was started at Moscow, on the lines of that already existing at Berlin during the war, and several influential members of the central committee of the Young Turks still carry on the work of these organisations, which are closely associated.

The year 1918 and the first half of 1919 were devoted by the Bolsheviks and their German-Turkish friends to active preparations. In addition to the League for the Liberation of Islam, Lenin established at Moscow a special Ministry of Mussulman Affairs, in order to train propagandists and agitators in their work. Other centres of propaganda were organised at Kazan and in Turkestan. Special plant was set up to print papers, tracts, and brochures in the various languages of Islam.

For purely demagogic purposes the Soviet Government proclaimed the principle of the self-determination and independence of the Mussulman populations inhabiting former Russian territory. A whole series of 'Soviet Republics' was created—that of Azerbaijan, of the Tartars of Kazan, of the Bashkirs, the Kirghiz, etc. In reality these 'republics' are merely a sham behind which the agents of the tyranny of Moscow are recruiting amongst the Mussulmans mercenaries for the Red Army, and especially for the 'special corps' of the Extraordinary Central Committee appointed to stifle popular discontent and any attempts at revolt against the Government.

In the latter half of 1919, a new influence of serious importance arose. Mustapha Kemal Pasha extended his power through Anatolia, and organised a great armed force, of which the advance-guard pushed forward on the one hand to the shores of the Bosphorus, on the other hand to the frontiers of Armenia. As the Greek army barred his road to Constantinople, Mustapha Kemal very naturally turned to the opposite side and entered into relations with the Bolsheviks. It is the leaders of the Young Turks and the authorised representatives of the former German-Turkish alliance, with Enver Pasha at their head, who serve Kemal as intermediaries in his association with the Bolsheviks.

In August 1919, a Moslem congress met at Kazan. The delegates were strongly in favour of the close association of the Islamist movement with Bolshevism.

As a result of the congress a message of a national and religious character (*fetva*) was addressed to the Mussulman world, inviting all Moslems to regard the Soviet Government as the friend and protector of Islam. At the end of the same year, a most important Mussulman congress was held at Berlin under the presidency of Talaat Pasha. Many delegates of the Moscow League for the Liberation of Islam attended. Hussein Rachid Bey, representing the Moscow League, read a report which stated that, thanks to the Soviet Government, far-reaching results had been obtained from their propaganda amongst the Mussulmans; and that recruiting for the Moslem forces was being actively carried on in all regions from Turkestan to Asia Minor. It is also stated that at this conference it was most satisfactory to observe the cordial relations existing between the Turkish Nationalist organisations, the Bolshevik-Mussulman groups, and the Pan-German Nationalists! The conference recognised the necessity of continuing and developing this most intimate co-operation; but it was recognised that there was an obstacle in Armenia, which separates the Kemalists from the Bolsheviks.

At the end of December 1919, the Turkish Nationalist Council, established to act in conjunction with Mustapha Kemal, made an appeal to the Nationalist population and army. In this appeal the Provisional Government for the first time proclaimed a community of interests between the Kemalists and the Soviets, the Government of which 'for two years had struggled against the whole world.' At the same time, Mustapha Kemal sent to Moscow an official mission under the direction of his aide-de-camp, Azimi Bey. The Bolshevik Government in turn dispatched Mussulman officers of the Red Army into the regions occupied by the Kemalists. The purpose of Azimi Bey's mission was to report to the Bolshevik Government on the situation in Anatolia, and to come to an understanding with the chiefs of the Red Army about taking common action against the Entente Powers.

The Bolsheviks, having occupied Baku and established themselves as masters of Azerbaijan, found that co-operation with the Kemalists had become easier. Only Armenia now, territorially and militarily, kept them apart. Since the spring of 1920, therefore, the Kemalists

have been preparing an offensive against the Armenian Republic, concentrating their troops on its frontiers and repairing the roads which lead to it. The Bolsheviks are doing the same on the Armenian-Azerbaijan frontier. Before beginning the attack the directors of the Bolshevik and Turkish Nationalist movements, however, decided to prepare a moral offensive. It was to this end that the congress of Asiatic peoples, already referred to, was convoked at Baku, and to it Enver Pasha went to seal with his German-Turkish seal the new alliance.*

The congress was opened on Sept. 1, 1920. According to the Bolshevik press, 1,823 delegates took part in it, representing Turkey, China, India, Turkestan, Khiva, Bokhara, Daghestan, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Georgia, Persia, Afghanistan, the Tartar Republic (of Kazan), the Kalmuck Republic, etc. The Bolshevik newspapers assert that two-thirds of the delegates were Communists. Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev, Staline. Radek, and representatives of England, France, Bulgaria, Holland, the United States, with Bela Kuhn of Hungary, Tara-Josifara of Japan, and Steinhardt of Austria, were appointed honorary presidents; while there were any number of active presidents representing nearly all the countries in Asia.

This is how the official organ of the Soviet Government, 'Izvestia,' † describes the first sitting of the congress. Comrade Narimanoff opened the proceedings with these words:

'The old East with its white hairs, the cradle of human culture, will mourn to-day its misery and humiliation. But the hour of retribution has come, the hour when the East shall be liberated from the yoke of Imperialism. The peoples of the East have awakened, and stretch out their hands to one another, and start the common struggle for liberty. This effort against the oppressors is being carried on with the brotherly aid of the Western proletariat.'

Zinoviev, who spoke next, proclaimed in the name of

* A very interesting account of the methods of Bolshevik intrigue in Central Asia is to be found in 'On Secret Patrol in High Asia,' by Capt. L. V. S. Blacker (Murray), 1922.

† No. 208, Sept. 19, 1922.

the Communist International and its executive committee, that

'the Communist International invites the peoples of the East and of all the colonies to crush their oppressors by force of arms. The Communist International holds out its hand to the peoples of the East and brings them the help of the revolutionary proletariat of the West. Formerly the ruling classes described their wars of brigandage as holy. The time has come to carry on the real holy war of the oppressed peoples of the West and East. We declare war first against England, and shall wage it until we have won the final victory.'

At these words—says the official newspaper—indescribable excitement took possession of the meeting. Fists and swords were raised aloft. Every one rose and took the oath not to cease the struggle until the enemy had been broken, while, again and again, a band played 'The International.'

On reading the account of the congress it is clear that the principal aim of the Bolsheviks in organising it was to provoke a vast outburst of hatred against the Entente.

'The enthusiasm of the congress is inspired with a sincere faith in communism and backed by a resolute will. Many of the delegates understand Russian; while even those ignorant of it share the boundless enthusiasm (*sic*) of those who do take literally the words of Zinoviev. When that comrade speaks of the Entente the delegates rise, and every time he pronounces the name of Lloyd George or Millerand there is an outburst of violent hatred. Every one seizes on those names, which, indeed, amply merit such outbursts. Oriental calm has disappeared and excitement is displayed in every face. When Zinoviev, at the end of his speech, called upon the workers of the East to wage a holy war against all Imperialist executioners, there is no attempt at self-suppression. On the platform, and below it, in the body of the congress, there suddenly gleam the curved swords of the Turks and the drawn knives of the mountaineers. Delegates are standing on the chairs. Four or five interpreters translate to us at one and the same time the hot Oriental oaths which fall from the mouths of those mountaineers and sons of the desert on to the heads of the English and French. The congress sings the International; but this does not calm the excitement. . . . A gigantic Afghan brandishes a revolver

and cries in a voice of thunder, "The Imperialists gave me this; it shall be used against them!"'

Zinoviev terminated his discourse by calling for the union of East and West in an International communism. 'The world salutes the new ideal, and beyond all else its living expression, the Red Army of Soviet Russia.'

It was in such atmosphere of hatred for the Entente Powers that the congress decided to create a committee of action for the East, the mission of which would be to organise and co-ordinate the revolutionary forces of Asia and start a simultaneous campaign.

We know the Bolshevik Government has on more than one occasion declared officially that it is carrying on no revolutionary propaganda in regions of Asia where such propaganda would interfere with the rights of the British Empire. As proof of how far these assurances are from the truth, I have only to quote a proclamation printed by the Bolsheviks in every Asiatic language, and distributed by millions in the East. It is signed by Apfelbaum-Zinoviev, who during the war was an agent of the German Government. Here is a translation of the proclamation, the Russian text of which I found in an official Bolshevik publication :

'The monstrous butchery of four years has ended in the victory of France and England. The German capitalists are crushed and with them the German people as a whole is ruined and threatened with starvation. Victorious France, whose adult population is almost decimated by the war and whose industrial regions have all been destroyed, has lost her very life-blood and remains powerless. Thus, as a result of colossal and barbarous slaughter, Imperial England remains the sole and omnipotent ruler of Europe and Asia. She alone has succeeded in retaining sufficient power, because she carried on the war by the sacrifice of the lives of others; of those downtrodden people the Hindus and Negroes.'

The Bolsheviks next appeal to the different Asiatic peoples, endeavouring to rouse their hatred against the English. To the inhabitants of the British Indies they say, England has changed thousands of Hindu peasants and workmen into beasts without rights and without

liberty of speech. 'The British officers who govern them are the arrogant sons of the English bourgeoisie who fatten upon Hindu corpses.' 'In the Turkish territories occupied by the British the inhabitants are treated like dogs, and by means of cunning and of cruelty they endeavour to reduce Turkey to the condition of a conquered country.'

'The English,' continued Zinoviev, 'have enslaved the people of Persia, and have made Mesopotamia and Arabia their colonies, with a view to compelling the Arabs, by starvation, to become their slaves. In Egypt their yoke is heavier than was that of the Pharaohs.' England, with Japan, 'has transformed China into one of her colonies, subduing its people with opium.' She 'has delivered Korea into the hands of the Japanese Imperialists,' and so on.

'Men of the East,' cry the authors of the proclamation, 'you possess lands, so vast and fertile, that they are capable of maintaining not only their own inhabitants but also the whole world; yet every year ten millions of peasants and workers—Turkish, Persian, and Hindu—unable to find bread at home, are obliged to go away in exile, simply because everything that should be theirs—land, money, banks, factories, and work-shops—is in the hands of British capitalists.'

This, according to Zinoviev, was the condition before the war; but 'now that Imperialist England has crushed and rendered powerless all her rivals, British capitalists will show the wolf's appetite and without mercy will fasten their cruel teeth in the wounded and bleeding bodies of the Eastern peoples.' But—declared the Bolsheviks—this shall not be done! Face to face with those capitalists, the directors of Imperial England, the organised powers of the East will rise, united under the Red Flag of Communism.

This specimen of Bolshevik literature shows to what absurd lengths of violence the Bolsheviks go in their propaganda amongst the poor ignorant people of the Near East. It must be noted that they do not confine themselves to simple verbal and written propaganda, but carry on an enormous political and military activity. They created a revolution in Bokhara, where they appro-

prised the reserves of gold belonging to the Amir. A second revolution was carried out at Khiva, and a third in Afghanistan, where the Bolsheviks operated with the help of a certain professor, Baratunella, who during the Great War was at Berlin working out projects of German penetration into Afghanistan and of struggle against British influence there. After the change of government in Afghanistan, the Bolsheviks installed themselves there to prepare action against the British in India. In Russian Turkestan they established a centre of propaganda and military organisation. In the spring of 1920 there came to Tashkent from Afghanistan two Hindu revolutionaries, the brothers Ali, who were received with honours by the Soviet authorities, and were given the necessary means of carrying out their plan of action against the British in India. And when, in the autumn of 1921, an insurrection broke out in several provinces of India, the brothers Ali were amongst the rebel leaders captured. In Moscow, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Ministry of War, and the Executive of the Third International, special offices exist to deal with Bolshevik activity in India. Amongst the leaders of these activities three persons are especially noticeable: Comrades Acharia, Nazir-Sadyka, and Roi. The last of these has published in the 'Pravda' and the 'Isvezia' of Moscow many articles in which he asserts that the people of India are ripe for armed revolt against the British, and that 'the British Indies present an interesting field for revolutionary experiment.'

Another 'field for revolutionary experiment' sought by the Bolsheviks is Persia, where their political and military penetration began in the spring of 1920. At the beginning of 1921, the Persian Government admitted to its capital an official representative of the Soviet Government, Citizen Rothstein, formerly an employé of the London Foreign Office.

When in 1920 and the beginning of 1921 the Bolsheviks successfully re-occupied the three 'independent republics'—of the Caucasus, Azerbaijan, and Armenia—this made them masters of the Caucasian petrol springs, and so gave them great and increased power for international intrigue, at the same time permitting them to join action helpfully with the Kemalists. The union of the Turkish

Nationalists and the Bolsheviks has since become a powerful influence in the politics of the Near East.

I am by no means opposed to the satisfaction of the *just* demands of the Turkish Nationalists. The fact, however, that the Turkey of Kemal is allied in politics and arms with Bolshevism must inspire doubts and fears. For nowhere in the world is there a government more unjust than that of the Soviets. Bolshevism has ruined Russia, has reduced her people to famine and absolute misery, and governs her through terrorism. Its foreign policy is of a brutally Imperialistic kind. Its dream is to bring about the downfall of modern civilisation, and to establish everywhere in Europe precisely the same reactionary régime as it has built up in Russia. At the commencement of their rule the Bolsheviks hoped to promote a Communist revolution throughout Europe, and with that aim they have organised Communist centres in every European country. European workmen, however, have shown themselves intelligent enough not to be led astray by the perilous appeals of the Red agitators, and not to venture on the path of disaster pointed out to them. In England the robust common-sense of the Labour democracy was sufficient. In Bavaria and Hungary the middle classes and the peasants have crushed anarchy and terrorism. In France the Communist party is in a state of utter decay. In Italy the Fascisti, under their remarkable leader Mussolini, have dislodged the Communists from all the positions they were enabled to reach through the weakness of the Government. All hope of a Bolshevik revolution in Europe, therefore, being lost, the rulers of Moscow seek in the East their opportunity of revenge. Regarding the British Empire as the chief pillar of the modern world, they wish to attack it in the rear by means of its Eastern possessions. Their plot against England is truly diabolical; it is to deprive her and the rest of Europe of all the economic resources derived from the East, the raw material and the food-stuffs which sustain her population. Supposing, for a single moment, that this plan were realised, we should see England cut off from intercourse with Asia, economically blockaded, commercially stifled. We may readily understand that this

would be a disaster without parallel, not only to England but also to the whole of Europe; for the waves of Asiatic revolt would not beat against England alone. They would break, by way of Northern Africa, upon Italy and France, and Spain. European civilisation would be imperilled.

These truths must not be forgotten in any discussion of Oriental problems in general, and of Turkey in particular. If the Kemalists confined themselves to their own national interests one could sympathise with them. But from the moment the Nationalists of Angora threw in their political and military lot with the Bolsheviki, they became their accomplices; and Europe is bound to defend herself against the effects of that alliance.

Again, it must not be forgotten, as I have shown, that the Bolsheviki in their Oriental policy follow the courses traced by German Imperialists, using the same methods as were employed by the generals of Wilhelm II—Liman von Sanders and others—when they were masters at Constantinople. There is no doubt that the Germans follow with eager attention the successes of the Bolshevik-Kemalist union, and await their victory over the Allies before preparing for their own revenge.

Most significant from this point of view is the action of the Bolsheviki in Bulgaria to-day. Remembering the part played by that country in the world war, they are trying to drive into their toils, by endeavouring to demoralise, the remains of Wrangel's anti-Bolshevist Army, which were transferred from Gallipoli into Bulgaria, and at the same time are organising Communist forces amongst the Bulgarians and the Russian refugees for use in the event of another Balkan war. If these projects are realised the Entente will have before them a formidable Bolshevik-Bulgarian-Kemalist army in the very heart of the Balkans.

All this represents a grave danger to Europe, against which she must be prepared to act powerfully, for civilisation cannot leave unprotected those millions of peaceable Christians who are menaced by the Bolshevist Terror and by Turkish Chauvinism.

GREGOR ALEXINSKY,
Ex-Member of the Duma.

Art. 13.—THE END OF THE COALITION.

It is generally agreed that Cassandra, who was perpetually prophesying disasters to her heedless countrymen, and always saw those disasters supervene, was the most unfortunate of women—and also the most unpopular. Can we reverse the situation, and claim that the prophet of triumph in the day of depression, ought to be not only the happiest of mortals but also the best esteemed, when the unexpected triumph has materialised? We doubt it: nothing is more irritating to mankind than the 'I told you so' of the seer, even when the forecast which time has verified is one of victory, and not of disaster. Wherefore, we will humble ourselves, blow no trumpets of rejoicing, and claim no more credit than the man in the street, when we have to point out that all that we said in the last number of this Review, concerning the political situation of October 1922, and the way out of it, has been amply justified by events.

A few days before the famous meeting at the Carlton Club we told our readers that the only honest policy for Conservatives was to break with the Coalition, whatever might be the consequences, and to formulate once more their old party creed as the sole salvation of the State. We said that no conscientious Conservative could endure to go on any longer in the ways of 1919-22; that it was equally loathsome to him to condone the surrender of all Law and Order in the realm, to smile on tea-parties to murderers of any nationality, to tolerate perpetual financial extravagance, or to facilitate the breaking up of the British Empire. And it has turned out that we were expressing the opinions of the large majority of the Conservative party, though few were aware of the fact on Oct. 15 last. Our leaders failed us; they told us that in Coalition lay the only possible escape from revolution; that we were too weak to stand by ourselves; that the very idea of party government and a party creed was out of date, reactionary, hateful to the nation. Some there are who will remember a certain meeting at which a most trusted leader told a much-protesting audience that the old Conservatism was dead, that no man under forty cared for its principles, or

felt their appeal; that the only course was to recognise the tendency of the times, and to unite in some sort of 'Central Party' which would be at least individualist and not socialist.

When the crisis came there were but two or three ministers in a very large cabinet, but three or four under-secretaries outside it, who dared to speak out against the creed of pessimism and opportunism and the sacrifice of principle to expediency. They came to the Carlton Club Meeting with every expectation of finding that they had committed political suicide. And an hour later they discovered that it was not they, but the majority of the ministers, who had been hopelessly in error as to the psychology of the Conservative party, and that the much-contemned and criticised 'Die Hards' of 1920-22 really represented public opinion. 'Second-rate Brains,' with an honest creed to inspire them, had carried the day against place and power and political experience, backing a policy that was insincere and—we do not hesitate to use the word—immoral.

We must not deny their meed of praise to the small body of some fifty or sixty Conservative members of the Commons who had seen the truth long ere it became obvious to the majority of their fellows. The name 'Die Hards' was originally applied to them in a scornful spirit by the pressmen of Governmental newspapers. It was intended to hint that they were a fanatical remnant fighting against the inevitable, and destined to extinction. But the jester who framed the title was evidently unaware that the original 'Die Hards' of 1811—the old 57th on the bloody field of Albuera—were victors and not vanquished. In the end of the day they carried their colours through and over the broken lines of Girard's and Gazan's routed divisions.

We have no wish to linger over the recent internal dissensions of the Conservative party, now that it has all rallied to the ancient faith, save a handful of 'leaders' who have no longer any one to lead, having paid the necessary forfeit for one of the worst political miscalculations ever made. But this much we must say—that Colonel Gretton's once-forlorn band of consistent protesters against Coalitionism come out of the strife with every credit, not only for honesty and determination,

but also for acute political foresight. The 'Second-rate Brains' were better psychologists than the talented denizens of the Front Bench. They believed that the last two years of Mr Lloyd George's rule, with its reckless extravagance, its frightful maladministration in Ireland and India, and its spasmodic and self-contradictory foreign policy, had proved so perilous to the Empire that a change was necessary at all costs. And they did not believe in the 'Bolshevik danger,' which their leaders assured them would certainly result from a repudiation of the unnatural alliance with Mr Lloyd George and his myrmidons.

We can quite understand this theory of the late ministers; they were disquieted by the figures of certain by-elections; they knew that Labour was bound to gain some seats when Parliament should be dissolved; they were aware of the discontent in their own following; and they did not realise that this discontent was the result of their own misdoings and not of any fundamental weakness in the party. The apparent apathy of many Conservatives was caused, not by any failing belief in their own creed, but by a profound dissatisfaction with the policy of their official leaders, which was gradually tending toward a repudiation of that creed. This feeling had been latent for the best part of two years. How things stood in 1921 was shown at the great meeting of Conservative Associations at Liverpool toward the end of that year, when of the mass of delegates present only some eighty or ninety voted in favour of a 'Die Hard' resolution, and five or six times as many against it; but a half, or nearly a half, of the assembly abstained from voting at all. Dissatisfaction had reached the point of a refusal to approve the Government policy, but had not yet reached the point of open repudiation of it. Only a minority had got so far as that. It was still possible for the responsible leaders of the party to read the signs of the times, and to win back the allegiance of the bulk of their followers. They did no such thing; they chose to interpret the vote of the Congress only as a repudiation of 'Die Hard' principles; and on the very night after that vote Mr Austen Chamberlain made an impassioned appeal for the ratification of a permanent Coalition, and the inauguration of a new 'Central Party' or 'Constitu-

tional Party,' which would *not* be the old Conservative party, nor cleave to the old Conservative creed.

Ten months more of Coalition rule sufficed to convert the rank and file, who had abstained from voting for the Government in December 1921, into resolute opponents of that Government in October 1922. Probably the most efficient cause among many was the tragedy of Ireland, and the indifferent and unfeeling fashion in which some of the most prominent members of the Cabinet persisted in speaking of the atrocities which were disfiguring the regions which had been handed over to the Free State. Mr Winston Churchill's remark on one occasion, when horrors were being rehearsed to him, that matters could not be very bad when race-meetings were going on with perfect regularity, provoked the fair retort that the theatres of Paris were crowded during Robespierre's Terror, but that this had not prevented the Terror from being a fact! The saying attributed to Mr Bonar Law, that if he had known what the consequences of the Free State Bill were going to be, he would not have voted for it, probably represented the opinion of four-fifths of the Conservative party.

The Coalition ministry, unconscious (as it would seem) of the gathering storm of wrath, went on its way unmoved, and allowed its dictator to lead it into many another tangle. To unreal commercial bargains with the emissaries of Bolshevism, there was added one futile congress after another, and finally the Near-Eastern imbroglio of the autumn. Mr Lloyd George's attempt to do something for the Christian minorities of Turkey was about the only part of his policy in which many Conservatives could sympathise with his aims. But even there his methods were deplorable; they brought the *Entente* dangerously near to breaking point, and led to a humiliating surrender in the end, when Eastern Thrace had to be made over to the Angora Government. It may be true that Great Britain cannot act as the policeman of Europe; but, nevertheless, the excuse 'Am I my brother's keeper?' is an undignified plea: its original maker was not an estimable character.

The session of 1922 passed off in the House of Commons without any open sign of the approaching disruption of the Coalition. The Government could

always command an immense majority—the group of ‘Die Hards’ who represented the Conservative protest against Lloyd-Georgian ends and means did not show any appreciable increase in numbers. But in the country feeling was entirely different; every one who was in touch with local Conservative Associations became aware that the bulk of the party was yearning to get free from Coalitionism and all its works. In many cases the sitting member was encouraged (or compelled) by his supporters to declare that at the next General Election he would stand as a Conservative *sans phrase*, and accept no ‘coupons’ or alliances.

It was apparently not until the summer recess had scattered the members of the House of Commons to their constituencies, and enabled them to appreciate the full strength of the revolt of the Conservative rank and file, that many of those who had given consistent Coalitionist votes at Westminster during the last six months, came to appreciate the situation. It involved a prompt, and in some cases not over-dignified, reconsideration of their position. Declarations of independence, and of a resolve to stand on a pure Conservative platform when the dissolution should come, became much more frequent than they had been in the spring.

But very few observers realised how far the movement had gone. Though the endless continuance of civil strife in Ireland—where peace had been promised with such vain assurance—and the outbreak of a new crisis in Asia Minor—for which the Prime Minister appeared to be in some degree personally responsible—combined to vex the faithful supporters of the Cabinet, they were by no means despondent. It was recognised, indeed, that discontent was growing in the constituencies, and that the annual meeting of the Conservative associations fixed for Nov. 15 might witness stormy scenes. But it was hoped to procure a vote of confidence from the members of the House of Commons, which should precede that meeting, and should demonstrate that the official representatives of the party were still loyal to the Cabinet—a fact which would have no small influence on their constituents.

Hence came the notable assembly at the Carlton Club on Oct. 19, to which were summoned only those

members of the House of Commons who were acknowledged as orthodox Conservatives. Peers were not invited—save such few of them as were holding Cabinet office—and a special ban of exclusion was formulated against the handful of Independent Conservatives who had won three or four by-elections against Government candidates during the last two years. This edict of exclusion was no vain thing—several peers and independents were actually refused admittance to the meeting, not without altercations in the vestibule. It was hoped that a body of supporters had been secured who would ratify by a crushing majority the proposal that was to be made to them, that the Coalitionary alliance should continue, and should operate for the impending General Election, even though no joint programme and no 'coupon' of the style of 1918 should be seen in 1922. We now know that there had been acrimonious debate among the ministers, concerning the formula which was to be presented to the Carlton Club meeting, and that two or three of them, and three or four under-secretaries, had refused their consent, and placed themselves in a posture which implied resignation of their offices. The body of members of the House of Commons who met on Oct. 19 had, however, no accurate knowledge of this—it only reached them in the form of rumour, just as did the other rumour that Mr Bonar Law, a personage more important than many cabinet ministers, had declared himself unable to support the ministerial proposition. The most diverse guesses were made as to how the voting would go—many thought that only the well-known 'Die Hards' would oppose the official proposition, which would be carried by three to one; others that it would be approved, but only by a weak majority; others that it would just fail to pass. Few or none foresaw the actual event. Business started with a not very convincing speech by Mr Austen Chamberlain, who urged that the Conservative party could not hope to win a majority in the next Parliament, and must perforce remain in partnership with Mr Lloyd George, in order to avert the imminent danger of a Labour triumph all along the line—not a very inspiring programme. The opposition came not from the 'Die Hards,' who kept silent all through the meeting, but first from Mr Baldwin,

one of the few dissentient ministers, and then from two representative Conservatives of the rank and file, who blocked Mr Chamberlain's motion with an amendment, couched in the most conciliatory terms, but traversing, nevertheless, the whole ministerial position. When Mr Bonar Law, in a cautious and balanced speech of studied moderation, finally came down on the side of repudiating Coalition, there was a general feeling that the Government proposal was going to be beaten; but no one expected the figures of the voting, a rejection of Mr Chamberlain's plea by a majority of more than two to one—187 to 87. A shout of triumph went up from the astonished victors—and Coalition had come to an end. That afternoon it was known that Mr Lloyd George and his colleagues had resigned, and that Mr Bonar Law had been asked by the King to form a new ministry. It was also certain that a General Election was to come with the shortest practicable notice.

It would not be too much to say that the decision of the Carlton Club meeting sent a wave of enthusiasm all round the Conservatives of England—the feeling of Scottish Unionists was another matter. But the relief at finding that the party was to fight the election on its own resources, and for its own creed, with no entangling alliances, was very great. The majority had come round to the conclusion that anything was better than another term of Lloyd-Georgian dictatorship, and that the danger from the Labour party had been exaggerated by those whose interest it was to keep the Coalition together. It need not be taken for granted that any inordinate number of seats was to be lost, or that there might not be compensation by the capture of seats which the enemy was holding by small majorities. The result of the election at Newport (Mon.), which had arrived in time to cheer the gathering at the Carlton Club on the 19th, had just shown that an 'Independent' Conservative, fighting a good battle, could capture even a Welsh seat against a very strong Labour candidate. It would be useless to deny that there was some trepidation among the weaker brethren; most Conservative members received letters from doubting friends, reproaching them for having opened the door to revolution by deserting the Coalition. But a much greater number of constituents wrote

cheerfully, eager for an honest fight, and hoping for a satisfactory election, though few or none guessed how satisfactory it was destined to be. The 'soldiers' battle' of the Conservative rank and file, whom their leaders had deserted, was to be a glorious victory.

There was less than a month between the fall of the Lloyd George ministry and Nov. 15, the day fixed for the polls; and in many constituencies the break-up of the Coalition had brought about such a change in the tactical situation that last-moment candidates had to be improvised. What happened in each borough or county division depended mainly on the local people; where there was a body of hopeful and energetic Conservatives the seats of Coalition Liberals were assailed no less than those of Labour. Many of the Lloyd-Georgian strongholds had already been earmarked for attack by Independent Conservatives backed by the 'Die Hards'; in others, where hitherto the influence of the Government had prevented the appearance of an assailant of the sitting member, local opinion now insisted that a Conservative should be brought forward, even at the eleventh hour. This was in some cases done in spite of appeals from the old leaders, who kept repeating as private persons the thesis that they had laid down as ministers, to the effect that Coalition Liberals must not be estranged, and that the seats held by their more prominent men should be left alone.

It must be confessed that the man in the street had only the vaguest idea of the probable result of the elections of Nov. 15. Optimists on all sides laid down estimates favourable to their own party: Labour was going to have over 200 members, the Asquithians at least 120, the Lloyd-Georgians as many. A few Conservatives worked out a calculation of 350 seats for their friends, and were reproved by persons of undoubted loyalty but pessimistic temperament, who maintained that 270 or 290 was a more likely figure. Calculation was, indeed, made most difficult by the fact that this General Election was the first in which three-cornered contests were the prevailing type, and not straightforward fights between two parties only. There was even an appreciable number of four-cornered competitions, where a Conservative, an Asquithian, a Lloyd-Georgian,

and a Labour man all ran, each believing that he had a fair chance of success. And sometimes they were not very far out. In Portsmouth Central (for example) the parties were found so evenly balanced that none of the four candidates counted less than 6000 or much more than 7000 supporters. The Conservative, in the end, beat the 'National Liberal'—to use the new term—by precisely seven votes, the other two being only a few hundreds behind.

In the normal single-member constituencies there were no less than 210 'three-cornered' fights—not to speak of some dozen 'four-cornered' contests. Every possible combination of combatants was to be seen—though the typical ones were the rivalry of Conservative-Asquithian and Labour, or Conservative-Lloyd-Georgian and Labour. But in many cases (especially in Scotland) there was no Conservative running, and in others Labour had to content itself with voting for either a 'Wee Free' or an ex-Coalitionary Liberal. In such instances as these last, forecasts were exceptionally difficult. No man can make any reasoned estimate on the relative strength of two human impulses—the dislike to refrain from using a vote when you have got it, and the dislike to voting for one detested opponent in order to keep out another, though the latter may be the more odious of the two. Hence came enormous possibilities of error in calculation. And there were larger problems, which could only be settled by an intimate knowledge of individual constituencies from within. What was the grip of Coalitionism on Scotland? How far was the old Liberalism of certain East Anglian and West-Country agricultural districts still a living force? And so forth.

Such problems could only be settled by the Election itself. When its results began to dribble out on Wednesday night, and continued to stream in all through Thursday morning, four facts became at once evident: the Conservatives, despite of certain notable local disasters, were doing better than any save their most optimistic supporters had expected. It was possible, but hardly certain as yet, that they would obtain a working majority in the new House of Commons. Labour had won many seats, but lost no inconsiderable number of others—mostly to Conservatives. The Asquithians were going to

increase their total, but on no very startling scale; in no corner of the kingdom was there any sign of a 'land-slide' in their favour. Lastly, the supporters of Mr Lloyd George were being smitten right and left; Conservatives, Labour men, and Asquithians were all winning seats from them, and they had hardly any countervailing victories to record. Where they were surviving, it was obviously in regions in which they were getting the benefit of the Conservative vote in a fight with Labour or with an Asquithian—such as Wales and rural Scotland.

The later returns only served to emphasise these first impressions. The most notable feature in them was that the English County Constituencies, not only south of Trent but in a broad region north of it, had returned an almost unbroken series of Conservatives. This settled the general result of the Election—there was going to be a safe majority of over 70 for Mr Bonar Law. The swing-back towards Liberalism in the East and the South-West on which Asquithians had been speculating, had failed to come to pass. From the Trent to the Land's End only eighteen county seats had fallen to the 'Wee Frees.' It was small comfort to them that in this region the followers of Mr Lloyd George had only secured eight seats, and Labour no more. For the Conservatives were in possession of some 120 rural constituencies, many of them in regions that in 1906 and 1910 had supplied an appreciable part of the old Liberal majority. For the present, at least, the 'Great Liberal Reaction' had vanished into the clouds, no less than the 'Centre Party' with which the late prime minister had been proposing to dominate the Empire.

It mattered little that rural Wales had returned seven supporters of Mr Lloyd George to four Asquithian Liberals, or rural Scotland nine, as against eight 'Wee Frees' and four Conservatives. For in Scotland (as in Wales) the considerable number of lost Coalitionist seats in the boroughs had gone to Labour—and this was the only phenomenon of real importance north of Tweed. It was indeed one of the few black spots in the whole situation from the Conservative point of view—no less than from the standpoint of both sorts of Liberals.

The Labour Party had more than doubled its force in

the old parliament, but it was almost entirely from gains in four or five limited industrial areas, and of these that which ramifies out from Glasgow in the Scottish Midlands was far the most important. To the large number of seats already held in this region Labour had added fifteen more, won mostly from Lloyd-Georgians, but partly from Conservatives. It had become the largest party in Scotland, so far as numbers went. And it was a notable fact that the winners were in most cases extremists: one labelled himself as a Communist—the first of that brand destined to appear in a British Parliament. It is true that investigation of the polling numbers went to show that these triumphs were largely due to the advantage which Labour got from fighting three separate sorts of enemies. Of the thirty members which it could now count north of Tweed ten had won 'three-cornered' contests, and had obtained less than half of the votes actually polled in the constituency, so that they were representatives of minorities. But this did not explain away the impression which this group of successes made on observers—particularly Scottish observers.

There were similar phenomena to be observed in the industrial areas between Tyne and Tees, the West Riding, East Lancashire, and South Wales, in which the remaining Labour gains were (almost without exception) to be found. Of the whole 140 members which now formed the party, some 56 were the lucky winners of 'three-cornered' fights, in which they had polled less than half the votes cast. Obviously in future contests their opponents will not be obliging enough to split their forces, so that more than a third of the Labour seats may be considered unsafe, probably untenable against any sort of combination of Liberals, to which the Conservatives should give support—even though it might be unwilling support. Some also would probably be reconquered to-day at a by-election, if a Conservative stood with the unofficial support of the 'National Liberals,' which he would get when they had no candidate of their own.

The Labour successes, therefore, though striking enough, were not so ominous for the future of the other parties as might appear at first sight. And the Labour

counter-claim that 84 Conservative seats are held by the winners of 'three-cornered' contests, who got less than half the total of votes given, has no great retaliatory force: firstly, because 84 is a much smaller fraction of the total of 345 Conservative members than 56 is of the total of 140 Labour members; and, secondly, because in all the cases where a Conservative beat a Labour candidate and a Liberal, who were fighting separate battles, it is pretty certain that on the elimination of the Liberal at the next election, many more of his votes would go to the Conservative than to the Labour side, when the Liberal voters were forced to make up their minds between the two. For the Liberals of socialistic tendencies have already 'moved on,' and only those of individualistic views stuck to their old flag in 1922.

The most disquieting symptom in the increase of seats won by the Labour party is not their number, but their regional distribution. They are, with a few exceptions, concentrated in the local blocks which we named above, and in these blocks they have an immense majority. Nothing is worse for a State than regional antagonism, from which Great Britain has hitherto been fairly free, except in so far as the 'Celtic Fringe' in old days was normally Liberal. But in England the map usually showed a pleasantly mottled appearance, and in every region both of the old parties had their share of seats. To-day, on the other hand, an electoral map shows an almost continuous sea of Conservative blue from the Tees to the Channel, with a few large black splashes dropped down upon it where, in the West Riding, in parts of East Lancashire, Nottinghamshire, the Black Country, and South Wales, there are densely packed urban or semi-urban industrial districts, in which Labour has prevailed. This is decidedly an unhappy development, exactly reproducing the estrangement between rural and industrial Scotland on which we remarked above. The phenomenon in England, however, is less ominous for future trouble than the situation around the Clyde, because the 110 English and Welsh Labour members are not a dominating factor among the total of 528 English and Welsh constituencies, as the 30 Scottish Labour members are among the 74 Scottish constituencies.

Nevertheless regionalism allied with social discontent makes a bad combination.

This is the only fact which exists to make the signal triumph of the old Conservative party in the recent elections less satisfactory than it appears at first sight. And there is one important advantage which neither maps nor arrays of statistical figures can display. The normal governmental majority on some four-fifths of the subjects which are likely to crop up for discussion is destined to be far greater than the mere 75 votes by which the Conservative party outnumbers the combined force of all the other sections. For if we put aside the range of problems connected with Protection and Free Trade, the Government can count on either a good deal of support from the Liberal Oppositions, or at least on their benevolent absention from going into the lobbies. For the Liberals, whatever their particular *nuance*, are still in the main individualists and not socialists, and will not vote alongside of Labour on the line of subjects in which Labour is specially interested. And this latent antagonism accounts for the detestation of Liberalism by the advanced wing of His Majesty's official Opposition in the new Parliament—of which such definite signs have been visible even during its first few days of session.

Much play has been made by certain Labour newspapers with the plea that Conservatism is over-represented in the Commons, in comparison with the total number of votes cast for it in the country. It is said that of 14,000,000 electors who polled on Nov. 15, only 5,400,000 gave their suffrages for Conservative candidates. This sounds plausible, but ignores two underlying facts of supreme importance. The first is that Conservatives were elected *without opposition* in 42 constituencies owning more than 1,200,000 voters. The second is that many hundreds of thousands more of Conservatives had to vote for 'National Liberals,' or even for 'Wee Free' Liberals in districts—such as Scotland, Wales, and parts of industrial England—where their own party ran no candidate and advised its supporters to vote for the less objectionable of the other competitors. There is no such discrepancy as has been alleged between the strength of the Government party in the House of Commons and in the country, if account is taken of this vast

body of Conservatives who had no opportunity of going to the poll on behalf of one of their own political creed.

Incidentally we may remark that some carping objections made by earnest advocates of Proportional Representation against the result of the election, throw a lurid light on what would be the difficulties of administering this kingdom if their much-praised system were at work. They assure us that by strict numerical proportion there ought to be 256 Conservatives in the new House, 167 Labour men, 106 'Wee Frees,' and 69 Lloyd-Georgians. With such a combination, as is obvious, no party would own a majority, or be able to form a government. A majority could only be obtained by the combination of the Conservatives with the party of the late premier—the precise conjunction which no one wishes to repeat—or by the less likely alliance of both Liberal sections with Labour. Either case would land us in a 'Coalition' worse than the last. The end and object of electoral systems is to give us a method for obtaining a strong working government: accurate representation of the exact balance of parties is, no doubt, a *desideratum* in itself; but it is much less important than the obtaining of a secure and stable government. In short, Proportional Representation is unsuited for a country in which there are four—or at least three—separate parties, though it might perhaps work unobjectionably where—as in England before 1914—there are only two. We may add that in many cases this system would deserve rather to be called a scheme for the over-representation of minorities. In all the existing two-member constituencies, and they are many, the majority would only secure its two present seats if it were more than double the strength of the minority. As any one who examines the system for himself can see, supposing a borough has 40,000 voters of one complexion and 20,002 of the other, the minority will be entitled to one of the two seats, and the majority to the second only. The weight of the constituency in the next parliament would be cancelled, since its two representations would always be voting against each other.

So much for the General Election itself. What of its consequences? We must not miss the point that although Coalition is gone, it has left a heritage of

mismanaged problems to its successors. Mr Bonar Law does not come into office with free hands. He had to start on his career by passing the last stages of the Irish Free State Act, which (as its strongest and most consistent opponents conceded) it was now too late to repudiate. It was impossible to put back the clock to 1920: not even those who last year voted regularly against every clause of that Act asked that it should now be abandoned. But what an abominable situation has been ratified! 'How little peace have you bought, with how much dishonour,' as Lord Hugh Cecil remarked last summer, to the minister who taunted him with the hopelessness of his opposition. That Southern Ireland is now in much the same condition as Mexico is, of course, the fault of the last Government, and in no wise of the one which has just taken office. But one cannot escape the problems of to-day by proving that one had no part in bringing them about. And it is obvious that there are dire possibilities in Ireland—civil war may become absolutely endemic: it is already many months old. There are still chances that the assassination policy of the Republicans may paralyse the Provisional Government. The renewal of raids into Ulster may begin at any moment. We can trust Mr Bonar Law to act with honesty and vigour; but it is disconcerting to think of the complexity of the difficulties in which he may ere long be involved by Irish anarchy; and it is small comfort to be able to say that every detail of that anarchy was foreseen and explained to Mr Lloyd George by the opponents of his policy, so that they are in no wise responsible for the crime and chaos which now confronts them.

If Ireland is the most disquieting problem left by the old ministry to the new, there are others only less appalling because they do not lie so close at our doors. The legacy of Mr Montagu's policy in India is quite as complicated as the legacy of Mr Winston Churchill's policy in Ireland. At the present moment it is attracting less attention merely because it has not yet led to so much murder and arson. Riots in the Panjab and risings in the back-country of the Madras Presidency do not draw so much notice as murders in the streets of Dublin, or sporadic insurrection in Munster. But there

is an obvious chance that India ere long may be giving as much trouble as Ireland—so effective has Mr Montagu been in disturbing that 'pathetic content' which he so much deprecated. When the Non-Cooperation party develop their attempt to get possession of the local Parliaments, which they have hitherto boycotted, any amount of disorder, constitutional and extra-constitutional, may crop up. We are waiting for a declaration of the new Government's policy in India, and we hope that it may be more satisfactory than the empty words of last summer. The present under-secretary is one of the few legacies from Mr Lloyd George's régime—a convert of the last moment to anti-Coalitionism. We should have felt happier if he had followed Mr Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead into retirement; for last summer he definitely refused to repudiate Montaguism. Perhaps he may do so in the spring.

We have to consider another of Mr Lloyd George's legacies in the present crisis at Constantinople. His Near-Eastern policy was one of the few points in which many Conservatives could feel some sympathy for him in a general way. There are those who think that the record of Turkey is too consistent, and too shocking, to permit of any honest belief in her professions for the future. But there was a vast difference between a complete disbelief in Turkish reforms and any toleration for King Constantine's hare-brained scheme for the conquest of Anatolia. One cannot but feel that a good deal more might have been done to emphasise British condemnation of the Greek offensive into the interior than was actually accomplished; but our knowledge of the diplomacy of the last two years on this side is still too obscure to permit of accurate criticism; we are not yet in a position to say how far French policy—which seems to have been perverse—affected British policy. Reserving judgment on the general question, we are still compelled to acknowledge that Mr Lloyd George has handed over a very difficult problem, partly of his own making, to his unlucky successor.

The affairs of Ireland, India, and the Near East would be enough to furnish occupation for any Cabinet. But the new Government has also to deal with all the internal problems of Great Britain—unemployment, housing,

education, the eternal antagonism between Free Trade and Protection, between localism and centralisation, and the financial difficulties caused by an overgrown bureaucracy. We have no space to set forth these difficulties even in outline. All we can do is to wish good luck to an administration which brings to face them much caution and prudence; much honest sympathy for the distress of the times; a dislike for wild adventure, and—what is most important of all—the support of a party rallied on its old lines and pledged to adhere to the tenets of the old Conservative creed, which is no mere creed of reaction or of class-prejudice as its adversaries would fain have the world believe. The insincere harangues of noisy Socialists, such as the first days of the December session have been hearing, are best answered by wise action and not by any exchange of verbal arguments.

The short session of last autumn has shown that the new Parliament contains individual exponents of views more extreme than have hitherto been represented at Westminster; men who have been accustomed to brow-beat ignorant audiences, to brook neither reasonable criticism nor free discussion, men who know nothing of the traditions of the House of Commons and of the courtesies of debate.

It has always been our boast that the Parliament of Great Britain has had an unequalled power of taming and training such wild men as these, if they have in them qualities of mind and heart capable of training, and being converted to some use in the service of their country. They may be assured that any useful recommendations they may have to make will receive full and unbiassed consideration; but that the majority in the House will never suffer itself to be coerced by a noisy minority.

It remains for the new House to show that it still retains and exercises its old power, and that by sound reasoning, by just enforcement of rules, and by imperturbable courtesy, it will be able to educate these wild men in knowledge of what a free representative assembly should be.

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4. *Fifty-one Years of Victorian Life*. By the Dowager Countess of Jersey. Murray, 1922.
5. *The Autobiography of Margot Asquith*. Butterworth, 1920.

ALL the records of the Victorian era which head these pages are written by women. It is an accidental but significant illustration of one of the greatest of recent changes in our national life. In their personalities the five writers are strikingly different. But collectively they stand for the elements of which Victorian Society was composed, as well as for the forces by which its barriers were broken down. In one is represented hereditary leadership, strengthened by family connexions; in another, the landed gentry of ancient lineage and political ambitions; in another, the growing power of finance, wielded by the great Jewish family which won for itself and its race something more than social recognition; in another, the new influence of wealth acquired in business and entrenched in the 'great houses' of an impoverished aristocracy. Thirty years ago, the 'old poor' were already growing jealous of the 'new rich.'

Lady Knightley records her impressions of Victorian
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life in the form of a Diary which she had herself prepared for publication. In Mrs Asquith's autobiography the times and their personages, except in the case of Gladstone and Jowett, form the background to a full-length, self-drawn portrait of the artist. Lady Georgiana Peel, Lady Jersey, and Lady Battersea offer their personal recollections in the shape of memoirs. But in none of them is the element of self-portraiture absent. Each begins with memories of childhood and youth, painted in fresh and vivid colours. It is the lure of writing this first chapter which tempts men or women of mature years to begin to put together their reminiscences. To write them is a labour of love, and readers share something of the pleasure that the writers have felt in recalling trivial incidents of early years or restoring some radiant figures of their homes. This common characteristic of autobiographies and of memoirs is a curious fact. Does it mean that the reality of happiness is found in youth alone, or its appearance only in distance?

None of the five ladies remember the accession of Queen Victoria, though Lady Georgiana Peel was born in the previous year. Lady Knightley was born in 1842, Lady Battersea in 1843, Lady Jersey in 1849, Mrs Asquith in 1864. It is, therefore, with the middle and end of the reign that they mainly deal. One curious instance of the span of memory is Lady Battersea's recollection of her great-grandmother, who was born about 1751, was the mother of the Rothschilds, and lived both her married and her widowed life, and died, in the house in the Judengasse at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

The year 1852, though the outgoing and incoming periods necessarily overlap, marks the end of the early Victorian era, and the active development of an industrial and democratic epoch. It is the year which followed the Great Exhibition. In it ships began to arrive with precious metal from the Australian gold-fields, and the broad-gauge line of railway was opened from London to Birmingham. In it, the House of Commons sat for the first time in their new Chamber, and, within the year, Disraeli and Gladstone successively held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. In it, finally, died the Duke of Wellington, the foremost representative of the period that was passing. Four years before, the Prime

Minister, Lord John Russell, had wished to allow the Chartists to present their Petition to Parliament in the ordinary form. He was overruled. The Duke himself superintended the military defence of London, and the approaches to the House were barred. In 1848, a year of revolutions, it may be difficult to say in which direction lay the surest path of safety.

For many years events were dated by their happening before or after the death of 'the Duke.' The four memoir-writers all refer to him. Lady Jersey, an unconscious infant, shook hands with him; Lady Battersea, six years older, saw him riding a white horse in the Park, and 'noticed his somewhat stern expression, his rather narrow face, his hooked nose, his white beaver top-hat,' his smileless salute. Lady Knightley, though her father was a Peninsular and Waterloo veteran, never saw him; but she recalls how, on June 18, 'We always drank in solemn silence to the memory of the Great Duke and the heroes of Waterloo.' Lady Georgiana Peel, who in 1852 was sixteen, tells us that 'the Great Duke' nearly always came to her father's parties in Chesham Street. After shaking hands with his hostess and 'whichever of us were standing near her,' he 'would proceed to saunter contentedly round all the rooms, speaking to not one person, and then get his hat and go away in absolute silence.'

After 1852 the policy of repression has been discredited, and all the main points in the People's Petition have passed peacefully into law. The five volumes illustrate the progress of legislative changes, the hopes and fears of political parties, their distrusts and suspicions, their anxieties as to the pace of democratic advance. And they are written by five women who were, with one exception, the wives or daughters of members of the various Governments of the day, were all keen politicians, and between them represent the different political sections of Liberals, High Tories, and Conservatives.

In one respect the results are disappointing. It is common knowledge that England in 1852-80 differed widely from what it is to-day. But none of the four books which cover that period give much help in reconstructing the past. Take, for instance, child life in

the nursery and schoolroom. It is probably difficult to recapture. Children find routine too featureless to be remembered; they only recollect the interruptions to monotony. Probably, also, the changes are less marked in wealthy and luxurious homes. Educationally, there is little room for progress. Lady Georgiana Peel's lessons were serious: she did not even escape the German master when she had been temporarily removed to a place of safety during the Chartist riots of 1849. Lady Knightley took with her from the schoolroom a sound knowledge of German; Lady Jersey, besides other things, a taste for Latin verses. The advantages enjoyed by Lady Battersea would even now be regarded as exceptional. It is tempting to describe a childhood passed in different circumstances—in a country parsonage, standing on the shores of a tidal river in the Isle of Wight, when the island was still a remote district of England, thinly populated, innocent of railways or charr-a-bancs, communicating with Southampton by an infrequent paddle-steamer called the 'Gem.' The inhabitants still spoke of the people of the mainland as 'overers,' still ploughed much of their land with oxen, still whispered of smuggling, still went wild over the wreck of some cargo-ship on a coast which was doubly dangerous from the inadequacy of lights and foghorns. In surroundings so primitive, every side of child life was, like the food, home-made—education, amusements, tastes, interests. Nurseries were truly, as well as metaphorically, lighted by tallow candles. Before the use of composite candles or paraffin, oil lamps and wax candles were reserved for elders. Many children well remember those tallow candles, not merely because of the occasional joy of using the snuffers, but because the ends were applied to noses sore with cold, where to-day some less offensive emollient would be forthcoming.

In the early 'fifties,' 'tallow-candle' nurseries were, I expect, the rule in country districts. But the lure of the autobiographical fragment must be resisted. Before it was finished, four of the ladies would have grown up, if not come out. The reminiscences of the five writers, when they pass out into society, deal more with persons than with social changes. But certain points of differences are noted or confirmed. At balls, for

instance, there was still in the late 'sixties' a prejudice against waltzes, which were danced alternately with square dances, and some girls were restricted by careful parents to quadrilles and lancers. Sitting out was not facilitated ; as soon as the dance was ended, girls returned to their chaperones. On the other hand, they had not, says Lady Battersea, to face the unfair competition of married women in the ball-room. For walks through the street the escort of a governess or, later, of a maid was indispensable. Breakfast-parties—really garden-parties—like those of Holland House, were still in fashion. Though Horace Walpole, a century before, had complained of the tyrannical fashion which compelled people to transport themselves out of London from Saturday to Monday, week-ends had not yet cut into social life. Lady Palmerston's political parties were always given on Saturdays. Few changes of dress are chronicled. In 1864, Lady Knightley, then Miss Bowater, bought herself a becoming white 'bonnet' for Ascot, for which she 'gave a whole pound.' In 1866, she notices that crinolines, which had ruled since the visit of the Empress Eugenie in 1855, were getting smaller. A little earlier, Lady Georgiana Russell had her dress allowance raised to 100*l.* a year. As the daughter of a Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, she had to meet members of the *corps diplomatique*, who were much more smartly dressed than most English women, the Austrians being particularly distinguished for beautiful clothes. In the Park, women riders wore tightly fitting habits with long skirts, top hats with veils, and white kid gloves. No women rode astride. Side-saddles were so universal that, as Lady Jersey relates, the complete riding kit, which the Khedive's brother-in-law provided for his wife, supplied only one boot. Men dressed for the Park no less carefully than women ; bowlers were never worn ; smoking was tabooed. On Sundays neither equestrians nor carriages were seen in the Park. Church Parade came in towards the end of the 'seventies.' As an outdoor game croquet was the rage. Roller-skating had a short fashion in 1874. Lawn-tennis is mentioned for the first time in Lady Knightley's Diary in 1880. It was then firmly established. Indoors, the evening amusements of the ordinary domestic circle were chess and whist,

reading aloud, writing verses, acting charades, or even, if the party was young, post and magical music.

Except in fashions of dress and hours, London Society seems to have undergone no radical change since the days of Horace Walpole. Many social conventionalities have wilted before the desire for ease and comfort. Other characteristics either are modified or have disappeared. Duelling is dead. Drinking is almost unheard of. Gambling has become more a business than a pastime. In the last decade of the reign of Queen Victoria the standard of living bounded upwards. Luxury became almost competitive. In matters of health science worked miracles. Even in the 'fifties' drains received a little attention. A bad smell was regarded as a timely warning of bad weather. In 1843, the cholera had gone up one side of Eaton Place without skipping a single house. 'In my young days,' says Lady Georgiana Peel, 'it was a constant menace.' Towards the close of her long life Lady Cork was asked what was the most striking change which she could remember. Her answer is reported to have been 'the fact that one-third of the passers-by are no longer marked with small-pox.' She had not lived to see the transformation in the public position of women. They were already prominent in social movements. Thus, Lady Knightley is identified with the Girls' Friendly Society, Lady Battersea with Temperance and the National Union of Women Workers, Lady Jersey with the Victoria League. Politically they had always, or so Disraeli averred, exercised a decisive influence in shaping the lives of politicians. Now they have come into the open. They speak on public platforms; they vote; they sit in Parliament. They are magistrates; they are jurors. And they smoke. They rarely did so openly before the end of the 'eighties.' Yet Lady Battersea's young eyes had 'watched with astonishment' her two cousins, Julia and Mathilda de Rothschild, smoking not even cigarettes, but cigars. But those were foreign customs. The first English woman whom I saw smoking, and she smoked a cigar, was Lady, then Mrs. Burton, about 1880. She was the only woman in a party of four, and had shared for years the adventurous life of her husband, Sir Richard, then Captain, Burton. Lady Knightley described him as

a 'most cut-throat-looking individual.' At any rate he was a most fascinating talker. His description of the cumulative effect of the Turkish punishment of bastinado, which, he said, had been inflicted on himself in thrilling circumstances, haunted me for days. Both these instances are exceptional. It was not till 1882 that Lady Knightley records 'for the first, and I hope the last, time I saw an English lady smoking.' Five years later, Jowett was 'shocked' to hear that Mrs Asquith, then Miss Tennant, smoked, 'because it is not the manner of ladies in England. . . . Give it up—it will get you a bad name.'

If in its main features London Society was little changed till the close of the Victorian era, provincial society was revolutionised by the decay of the landed influence. Rural life was still patriarchal and feudal. At Fawsley, for instance, as in scores of other country houses, Sir Charles Knightley had lived, surrounded by members of his family, including two nephews who were in Orders, held family livings in the neighbourhood, and lived with their uncle instead of residing in their parishes. For younger sons the choice of professions was limited to the Army or Navy, the Bar and the Church. They found no opening in the City, or on the Stock Exchange. A few made homes in the Overseas Dominions. But the majority did nothing, liked doing it, and, as a rule, did it agreeably. Manning the Bench, as well as owning the soil, the landed gentry were supreme. In 1882 they were 'up in arms' against the proposal to add farmers and shopkeepers to the list of magistrates. Church life was at a low ebb. At Fawsley only one service was held on Sundays, alternately Matins at 12 and Evensong at 12.15. Clergymen were active on the Bench and in field sports. My father was ordained to a curacy in the heart of the Beaufort country; his only stipend was the keep of two horses and a groom. He was a fine shot, and in Worcestershire an active magistrate. But in the 'fifties' ecclesiastical opinion was changing. During the last forty years of his life he never hunted or shot in the Isle of Wight, lest he should give offence to his neighbours. A love of horses and sport did not make men less useful as parsons. But the instance illustrates the old as well as the new spirit which was passing over the clergy.

Education had hardly touched rural districts. It was feared rather than encouraged. Anything beyond the simplest rudiments was opposed. What teaching there was was given in cottages, often insanitary, by Dames, generally illiterate. Sarah Lady Jersey, a benevolent despot, with a Bank at her back, built schools as well as cottages. So, as Lady Battersea records, did the Rothschild family. But, as the century advanced, many landowners found themselves in the position of Sir Rainald Knightley. No cottage building could be carried out, because 'the farms absorb so much money, and even now all the cottage rents are spent in repairs.' Many kindly charities were doubtless practised, and meat and clothing were distributed to the villagers. But the great landlords knew little of the details of the life of the labourer. The Christmas custom in a large country house which Lady Georgiana Peel describes, reads like a scene in France immediately before the Revolution. She was allowed to help in throwing 'mutton chops out of the dining-room window for whoever cared to pick them up. . . . Each guest was provided with a piece of paper in which to wrap up an eatable for people waiting outside.' To rural magnates the organisation of agricultural labourers came as a complete surprise. It began with the year 1872. On a wintry evening (Feb. 7), at Wellesbourne in Warwickshire, Joseph Arch, mounted on a pig-stool, looked down on a sea of upturned faces, over which flickered the uncertain light of lanterns swaying from bean-poles. In his mind, steeped in the imagery of the Bible, he likened his audience to the children of Israel 'with the darkness all about them . . . waiting for some one to lead them out of the land of Egypt.' When the strike spread to Northamptonshire, Lady Knightley's comment is: 'It is quite a new phenomenon in these parts, but *cela donne à penser*.' That effect, however, was rare. Her husband thought it 'most ungrateful of the men' to ask for '15s. a week with beer, or 16s. without, for a day of ten hours, excepting on Saturdays, when they are to leave at four o'clock.' Worse was to come. In 1880, partly in consequence of the disastrously wet summer of 1879, the serious decline in agriculture began to make itself felt. At Fawsley large reductions

of rent were demanded, and five or six of the principal tenants gave up their farms. The disaster was general. Within the next fifteen years, most landowners were severely crippled and many ruined. The old balance of Society was in a great measure overturned, not only in the country but also in London.

Writing of Paris under the Second Empire, Lady Battersea notices the 'immense cleavage' between Society and politicians or 'what they call the Bohemian World.' London Society was not much more tolerant of art and literature. The Rothschilds opened their doors to the artistic world, and Lady Battersea's cousin was prominent in the revival of which the Grosvenor Gallery was a sign. In Lord John Russell's house Tennyson and Thackeray, and Dickens, 'wearing a pink shirt-front embroidered with white,' were tame cats. But such hosts were exceptions. If invited, men of letters were asked as lions—without their wives. Lord Stanhope, Lord Houghton, Motley, and Lowell, from their rank or their official position, were free of the exclusive circle. Hayward and Kinglake were almost professional diners-out. Froude and Delane of the 'Times' were often to be seen. At a later date, Browning, during the summer season, was a frequent and often a disappointing guest. Sir Alfred Lyall had his select circle of devoted admirers. Lecky, after he had found a seat and folded up his long legs, was a charming talker; but, before he settled down, he would stand in the middle of the drawing-room, suggesting, with an air of engaging helplessness, the chairless victim of a game of Puss-in-the-Corner. It is not surprising that, in 1883, Lady Knightley should find a party at the house of Mrs Tennant, the mother of Lady Stanley and Mrs Myers, 'altogether a new world. Coquelin recited—his face is a comedy in itself—and Soria sang beautifully as he always does, and Oscar Wilde was amusing to contemplate with his curling locks, black stock, turned-back cuffs and bunch of seals.'

Men of Science hardly appear in these social records. Lady Knightley mentions Sir Roderick Murchison, and Lady Georgiana Peel speaks of Professor Owen and Sir Joseph Hooker, both of whom were neighbours of Lord John Russell at Pembroke Lodge. Yet Science, over

a large range of subjects, was already applying its solvent to many of the fixed ideas and cherished beliefs of Society. Mrs Asquith, who describes a meeting with Huxley at Jowett's, and remarks that he had about him little of the *juste milieu*, does not appear to have been favourably impressed. But Huxley was not always the gladiator. To me he was irresistibly attractive, partly perhaps, because I fancied that I had caught a glimpse of his true outlook on life. When I think of his destructive criticism, I see again the arabesque with which he had adorned the side of the first page of his article on 'Lux Mundi.' Up the margin ran a vine-clad trellis; on the top crowed the cock of theology, and towards him crept the fox of science. I remember also discussing with him one of his numerous controversies—I think the Gadarene swine. With the impertinence of comparative youth, I expressed surprise at the quantity of vinegar and mustard which he mixed with the discussion of questions that to many people were matters of life or death. 'My dear young man,' he answered, 'you are not old enough to remember when men like Lyell and Murchison were not considered fit to lick the dust off the boots of a curate. I should like to get my heel into their mouths and scr-r-unch it round.' Then his mood of half-comic, half-serious ferocity passed. A wistful smile lit up his plain rugged face, as he added: 'And they never seem to reflect what a miserable position mine is—standing on a point of Nothing in an abyss of Nothing.' The world saw much of the first mood, little of the latter.

Churchmen fare almost as badly as men of science. Yet ecclesiastical questions convulsed Society and perplexed politicians to a degree which to-day is almost inconceivable. It is the period of Tract No. 90, of 'Essays and Reviews,' of 'John Inglesant' and 'Robert Elsmere,' of the Gorham controversy, of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, of the Education Bill, of the Public Worship Regulation Bill. Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning flit across the pages of Lady Jersey and Lady Knightley. Dr Magee, the Bishop of Peterborough, for a moment caught the public eye by his speech on the Irish Church. But to us it seems impossible that, as he told Lady Knightley, Lord Selborne expected 'blood to

be shed in a religious war in this country.' A reputation for unorthodoxy was easily earned. Of Jowett Mrs Asquith gives an illuminating sketch, in which she brings out his sympathy, quizzical humour, and penetrating wisdom. His neat rebukes have gained him almost a legendary reputation. Space forbids me to add to the store another, of which, as an undergraduate of Balliol, I was myself the victim. Still more should I have liked to illustrate, from a year of his Vice-Chancellorship, during which I saw him nearly every day, the qualities of a dominating personality which his cherubic face belied—his rapidity of decision, his practical energy, his tenacity of purpose, his self-reliance, his courage in assuming responsibility.

Unlike Society in Paris, Society in London courted politicians. But the same hostesses rarely received both parties. Whenever political feeling ran high, social divisions corresponded with those of politics. In helping to prevent the sacrifice of personal friendships to differences of political opinion, the 'Souls,' of whom Mrs Asquith gives a valuable sketch, did admirable service, especially during the Home Rule crisis of the late 'eighties' and early 'nineties.' In one or other of the five volumes all the political leaders appear, sketched from different points of view. Lady Jersey, the least political and the most Imperial, hardly mentions Disraeli, and her only reference to Gladstone is as the author of a theory of immortality. She devotes herself to Chamberlain. Of his honesty she is convinced;—but she discusses the question. In the other volumes, the distrust and suspicion of the two statesmen, whose rivalries fill so large a space in the political history of the reign, are prominent. 'Wicked' Whiston, the prototype of Dr Primrose, suggested to Mr Secretary Craggs that in politics honesty might be the best policy. 'It might do for a fortnight,' said Craggs, 'but it would not do for a month.' 'Did you ever try it for a fortnight?' asked Whiston. Nearer our own time, Newman wrote, and wrote seriously, that the House of Commons was the great School of Evasion. Political motives are necessarily complex, and the reputation of statesmen is perhaps best left to official biographers. But, politics apart, Disraeli and Gladstone are fascinating and enigmatic characters.

As a dinner companion, Lady Georgiana Peel found Disraeli 'theatrical': she was less impressed by his conversation, though he 'talked incessantly,' than by his 'shirt-front, which was made of white book muslin over a very bright rose-coloured satin foundation.' Lady Knightley sat by him at dinner and found him 'very sententious and pedantic, affecting to be superior to hunger, which he called a savage passion.' Lady Battersea, who, though a political opponent, had known him from her girlhood as a family friend, is more appreciative in her recollections. My own opportunities of seeing Disraeli were few. But one occasion suggests an anecdote which may bear repetition. Dean Stanley used sometimes to summon me to walk with him on the terrace of the House of Commons after the Abbey Service on Sunday mornings. One Sunday, in the spring or early summer of 1879, the Dean, with his quick eager shuffle, and I were crossing the road at the east end of St. Margaret's, when we saw Lord Beaconsfield on the opposite pavement. He asked Stanley where he was going, and joined the party. The two great men walked up and down the terrace, talking first of Constantinople, then of the Russian Church. As Stanley and I returned alone to Westminster, he told me that, in the previous summer, Bishop Wordsworth of St Andrews had written a Latin poem welcoming the Prime Minister's return from the Berlin Congress, and sent it, with the Dean's translation into English verse, to Lord Beaconsfield. The poems were gratefully acknowledged, with the added remark: 'it is the happiest union since Beaumont and Fletcher.' The comparison, under the veil of compliment, of the two respectable dignitaries of the Church to two of the bawdiest of Stuart dramatists is a delicious illustration of Disraeli's ironic humour.

The accounts of Gladstone are fuller. To Lady Georgiana he was a botanist; to Lady Knightley a judge of tea. Lady Battersea records an amusing instance of his attitude towards facts which did not square with preconceived theories. Mrs Asquith's impressions, written with true literary skill, are both interesting and suggestive. I venture to select one personal experience which at least illustrates the mental vigour of a man who had already lived eighty full years of life.

In 1888 or 1889, a dinner was given by Sir James Knowles to introduce to the English public Edison's improved phonograph. The party included many eminent men—Gladstone, Lord Rowton, Sir Morell Mackenzie, then at the height of his notoriety, Sir John Fowler, fresh from his triumph of bridging the Forth, Lord Playfair, and others—and, as a representative of the unknown, myself. At dinner the conversation drifted on to epigrams. Several were quoted. One in particular amused Gladstone :

'Mrs Montagu said, and 'twas in her own house,
That for me she don't care three skips of a louse ;
I fully believe her—whatever she said—
For ladies must talk of what runs in their head.'

At his request the lines were repeated. They were hardly finished when Lord Playfair, who had been eagerly leaning forward, broke in with, 'But, Mr Gladstone, lice don't skip.' 'Evidently,' I said, 'epigrams do not thrive under the microscope,' a comment which at once suggested to Gladstone a subtle inquiry into the different minds of a man of science and an epigrammatist. After dinner, I found to my horror, that we were all to speak into the phonograph, and that the record was to 'tour' America. Gladstone led the way with an eloquent and lengthy speech, delivered with such fire that no one noticed that the cylinder was exhausted and the needle rotating in mid-air. The calamity was discovered before the evening was out, and, the next morning, Gladstone gave a totally different and even more eloquent record to Edison's enterprising representative, Colonel Gouraud.

Constituted as English Society is, the Royal Family, and Court life, naturally play a considerable part in the Memoirs. But the personages who are seen or met are, perhaps inevitably, left as mere names. The passages, therefore, are more interesting to the writers than to present-day readers. Take, for instance, that picturesque and tragic figure, the Emperor Frederick. His name frequently appears. In 1857, before his marriage with the Princess Royal, Lady Knightley saw him—'fair, very young-looking, and certainly handsome.' In 1871 he was 'the lion of the season in London.' Both Lady Knightley and Lady Jersey enjoyed his hospitality in the

ceremonious life at Berlin and in the domestic simplicity of Potsdam. At a later date, he struck Lady Jersey as 'a very gentle knight—not in the least like a Prussian.' At the Jubilee of 1887 his magnificent figure was one of the best remembered features of the procession. A year later, at an Osterley Garden Party, 'almost every one appeared in mourning' for his death. Of all profitless pursuits the study of 'might-have-beens' is the vainest. Yet it is difficult to resist wondering whether, if he had succeeded to the throne in sound health, and carried out his Liberal programme, the Great War might have been averted. From this point of view it would be interesting to know what manner of man the Emperor was. I cannot claim that my personal impression is founded on intimate knowledge; but it is fortified by numerous notes sent to me at various stages of the battles which raged over his grave, by one who knew him better than all the rest of the world put together.

My introduction to the Emperor Frederick arose, somewhat unpleasantly, out of a game of lawn-tennis. In the last half of the 'eighties,' for several weeks together, and two or three times a week, the Crown Princess, with me as a partner, used to play lawn-tennis against her daughter, Princess Victoria, and Count Seckendorf. The Crown Princess, apart from her own pleasure in playing, hoped to introduce the game into North Germany. She often deplored the position which women of the professional and middle classes occupied in that country. Husband and wife, she used to say, did not live together on a footing of domestic equality; the wife was not the husband's companion but his chattel, or, at the best, his valued housekeeper. The Princess hoped that a game which men and women could enjoy together might help, in some slight degree, to break down the barrier. Whether she mentioned this missionary view of lawn-tennis in Germany, or not, I do not know. But the exhibition of the game in the public park at Potsdam ended in a fiasco. One afternoon we were playing this customary four-game on the tennis court at my old home. The Crown Prince was sitting in a low wicker-chair, having his tea, and feeding his blue-gray Italian greyhound with tiny bits of bread-and-butter. There was a blazing sun, and I wore a straw hat on which was

the red, black, and yellow ribbon of the Zingari. Suddenly the Prince's equerry came up to me and said, 'The colours which you are wearing are those of the most advanced Socialist Club in Berlin. If they have any similar meaning in this country, His Imperial Highness will feel obliged to leave at once.' Shade of Spencer Ponsonby! I assured the equerry that the ribbon had no political significance, but belonged to a well-known cricket club. When I told the Crown Princess the message, she said, 'Why, he must have seen my brother wear it. When we cross over I shall present you.' At the end of the set, the Princess took me up to the Prince, saying, 'Here is your Anarchist!' He had already risen to his feet. He put out his hand with the simple words, 'I am sorry.' Then, turning to his wife, he said: '. . . der rechte Ring war nicht erweislich.*' By a happy accident I recognised the quotation. With a bow, and, I hope, a pardonable twist of the context, I said, 'Yes, Sir; but the test of the true ring is respect and reverence.' We resumed the game. But, as we walked to the court, the Empress said, 'You have made a friend. That is his favourite passage in his favourite book. He thinks "Nathan der Weise" equal to "Faust."' Another favourite book, it may be added, never absent from his bedside, and, during his last months of life, often in his hands, was the 'Nachtfolge Christi' of Thomas à Kempis.

A few days later, the Crown Prince talked to me on the traditions of Frederick Barbarossa—the legendary hero of the German people, who never died but waits in the Thuringian cavern till, in the fullness of time, when his beard has grown thrice round the stone table, he will return and give to Germany the foremost place in the world. No one who ever heard him talk on the subject could doubt that, in his own poetical and idealistic way, he had dreamed dreams and seen visions of Pan-Germanic ascendancy. What gives the point greater interest is the fact that, though the true founder of the German Empire must always be Bismarck, the idea of the assumption of the Imperial dignity and the choice of the moment originated with the Crown Prince. On this central point his mysteriously published Diary is

* 'Nathan der Weise,' act 3, sc. 7.

confirmed by Bismarck's 'Memorial,' Freytag's 'Reminiscences' and von Sybel's 'History.' For seventeen years he watched the Constitution develop on lines of which he disapproved. Many of those who observed his dignified forbearance from political activities, at once filial and patriotic, saw in it a proof of depths of reserved strength and latent force. They found confirmation of their opinion in the manner of his death. His end was not that of a weakling. The theory need not be discussed which, for obvious reasons, was urged by the German press after his death, that the Imperial aspirations of the Emperor Frederick were inspired by his love of Court ceremonial and millinery, or by his subservience to his brilliant wife.

Too long a time has been already spent out of England. The recognised head of English Society, Queen Victoria was never, at any time during her long reign, its leader. Neither by tastes nor temperament was she fitted to stimulate or impersonate any national movement of art or literature. In this connexion it may be of interest to give a list of her favourite authors, which was sent to me, by Her Majesty's orders, in 1896. Among English writers, her favourite dramatist and poets were Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Tennyson, and Adelaide Procter. The hymns of Bonar and of Faber were those to which she was specially attached. Her favourite novelists were all women—Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs Oliphant, Mrs Craik, George Eliot, and Edna Lyall. In German literature she was most familiar with Schiller, Goethe, and Heine. To the charm of French memoir-writers, and especially Sully and St Simon, she was keenly alive. Of the French poets, Racine, Corneille, and Lamartine were her favourites. The list is old-fashioned. Its range is restricted and even seems to have been arrested. A mass of modern literature is unrepresented. But it must be remembered that the Queen's daily task of public business was heavy and incessant, and that, in later days, books were often chosen for her to be read aloud as a relaxation to the fatigues of the day. After a certain time of life, unless the literary taste is very strong, we make new friends, among books as well as people, slowly and with difficulty. Moreover, the Queen's affection for particular books was

largely guided by association. The place where one was read, the person with whom it was shared, the scenery it described—all these were elements which helped to perpetuate her choice.

The power of Queen Victoria lay elsewhere than in the leadership of Society, art, or literature. Her influence on national life was wider and more pervasive. Kind-hearted people are not always sympathetic. In the Queen, kindness was associated with a genius for tender sympathy. Another precious gift, which she never lost in the trials and burdens of her life, was her keen perception and whole-hearted enjoyment of any ludicrous incident. Instances of both gifts will occur to every one who was brought, however occasionally, into contact with the Queen. The one are too sacred, the other too trivial for mention. It was by the simplest of womanly gifts that, in an industrial age of democratic progress, she endeared the monarchy to the people. As years passed, her influence gathered its increasing strength from an affection to her as a woman, which was warmer and more personal even than the nation's loyalty to her as a ruler. Millions felt it who never knew the value of her wide knowledge and long experience of affairs. It is well and simply expressed by a 'stalwart policeman,' who, in the hearing of Lady Jersey, described the Queen's arrival at Buckingham Palace in the words, 'Mother's come home.'

The Jubilees of 1887 and 1897 were the Triumphs of Queen Victoria. In spirit, even more than in externals, they were in vivid contrast with those of Imperial Rome. Throw the imagination back over eighteen centuries, and mark the procession sweep, through thronged and garlanded streets, down the Sacred Way, past the Forum, up the Capitoline Hill to the Temple of Jupiter to render thanks for a new conquest. After the magistrates and senate come the spoils of victory and the pictures of the conquered cities. The principal captives, loaded with fetters, and their guards, are preceded by the white golden-horned oxen for the sacrifices and the priests with their vessels and implements. Behind the captives come singers and dancers, proclaiming by voice and movement, Rome's exultation over her vanquished foes. Then follows the circular

car of the Emperor, drawn by four horses, white like those of the chariot of the Sun. Incense is burnt before him, for the honours paid are divine as well as human. Erect in the car, holding in one hand a laurel wreath and in the other an eagle-topped sceptre, gorgeous in the purple of his flowered tunic and embroidered robe, stands the Emperor, bearing on his massive features, as it is stamped on the coins, the look of hard pride, cold purpose, and pitiless resolve. As his car begins to mount the slope, the captives are taken to the prisons under the Capitoline Hill and strangled. *Væ Victis* is the all-pervading spirit.

In 1887, and again in 1897, a procession swept through the crowded decorated streets of London to give thanks in Westminster Abbey for fifty and for sixty years of peace and prosperity. The pomp of Empire was not absent. Battery after battery, troop after troop, file after file of sailors and of soldiers from every clime, generals and statesmen, English and foreign princes, passed in succession. Last of all came a little elderly woman, in dark and simple dress, not merely the symbol of unity, but the living bond which held together the English-speaking race in the freest and widest Empire that the world has ever seen—the impersonation not of conquest and victory, but of the love of peace, of devotion to duty, of simple domestic virtues, of the sanctity of home, of a woman's sympathy. Seventeen years later, the world had plunged back into barbarism.

ERNLE.

Art. 2.—HAIG AND FOCH.

Sir Douglas Haig's Command. By G. A. B. Dewar, assisted by Lieut-Col J. H. Boraston, C.B. Two vols. Constable, 1922.

THE public school tradition, which we can trace in the best regiments of the British Army, is to make little in public of the achievements of one's own nation, school, or regiment, while at the same time taking pride in them in private. Self-glorification can, however, be avoided without resort to Press campaigns, depreciating everything British. We had an unfortunate example, illustrating my point, in the attacks made upon Lord Jellicoe over his leadership in the Battle of Jutland, and at least one historian of repute has accepted as true the allegation that the skilful deployment of the Grand Fleet ahead of the High Seas Fleet, and across its course, was a deployment 'away from the enemy.'

It has since been the turn of Lord Haig to suffer this injustice, and the eternal * politician *versus* soldier controversy was recently revived through the publication by Mr George A. B. Dewar of his book, to set the character and leadership of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in France and Flanders before the world in their true perspective. I write 'British Army' for the sake of brevity, with the reservation that it represented the manhood, not of the United Kingdom alone, but of the whole British Commonwealth of nations. All played their part; but in accordance with the tradition to which I have referred little was heard, in England or elsewhere, about the war effort of the British themselves. I do not think that they would have had it otherwise, but before passing to the question of British leadership in the Great War, it may be worth while to note first the nationality or place of origin of those whom our generals led.

Between Aug. 4, 1914, and Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1918, 8,586,202 officers and men passed through the ranks

* See, for instance, the writings of the eminent Chinese military experts, Sun and Wu, in the fifth century B.C. ('The Book of War,' translated by the late Colonel E. F. Calthrop. Murray).

of the British Empire Armies that helped to win the war. This is how the total was made up :

British Isles *	5,704,416
India	1,440,437
Canada	628,964
Australia	412,953
South Africa	136,070
New Zealand	128,525
Colonies, etc.	134,837
British Empire	8,586,202

The figures, taken as a whole, are of some value to combat the false impression, still prevalent, about the British. It would be easy to give, from the casualty returns, figures showing them as supreme in sacrifice as in recruitment; but they were nearest to the scene of conflict. The marvel is not so much that Great Britain shows up so well in the Army statistics, as that the territories more remote from the main conflict should have done so splendidly.

The British Expeditionary Force in France and Flanders was commanded during the first eighteen months of the war by an Irishman, Sir John French, now Earl of Ypres; for the remainder of the war it was commanded by a lowland Scotsman, Sir Douglas Haig, now Earl Haig of Bemersyde. The leadership of both these commanders has been freely criticised in Press campaigns. If the British Commonwealth of nations should again be called upon for sacrifices so supreme, it may be that there would for that reason be some hesitation about entrusting their soldiers to British military leadership. This would be unfortunate; so, although the controversy that arose over Mr Dewar's book was perhaps ill-timed, its general result will be good, in so far as it helps to pass the subject through the stage intervening between propagandist journalism and historical truth.

In accordance with ideals, to which every British soldier subscribes, the supreme control of our Armies in peace and in war rests with the civil power, and

* The United Kingdom statistics of percentage of male population enlisted were: England 24·02, Scotland 23·71, Wales and Monmouth 21·52, and Ireland 6·14.

not with soldiers. We are now concerned with war. The object in land war is to defeat the enemy's army, but only as a means to an end, that end being the conclusion of a favourable peace. Such a peace can only be secured by ensuring the surrender by the enemy nation of the points in dispute. It is the business of the civilian statesman to handle and to inspire the nation. It is, or should be, the business of the military leader to handle to the best advantage, and to inspire, the army with which he has been entrusted. The civilian statesman dreads casualties. He fears their effect upon the national determination to hold out for victory. The soldier deplors them, but knows that they are unavoidable. To fear to face them, when confronting an enemy prepared for sacrifice of life, simply spells defeat.

However strongly we may disagree with German theories of frightfulness, as applied to non-combatants, as a means of gaining the ends in view in time of war, no one likely to be charged with handling armies can afford to ignore the theories of Clausewitz on the use of fighting troops, especially when he speaks of the 'bloody solution of the crisis.' Having examined the circumstances affecting the aim in the war he turns to the means:—

'There is only one single means, it is the *Fight*. . . . If when political objects are unimportant, motives weak, the excitement of forces small, a cautious commander tries in all kind of ways, without great crises and bloody solutions, to twist himself skilfully into a peace through the characteristic weaknesses of his enemy in the field and in the Cabinet, we have no right to find fault with him, if the premises on which he acts are well founded and justified by success; still we must require him to remember that he only travels on forbidden tracks, where the God of War may surprise him; that he ought always to keep his eye on the enemy, in order that he may not have to defend himself with a dress rapier if the enemy takes up a sharp sword.'

The Germans were not weak in the field, or in the Cabinet; but when Sir John French was sent to France, in August 1914, on his difficult mission, he carried with him the instructions of his Government to exercise 'the greatest care towards a minimum of losses and wastage.' The same conditions held good when Sir Douglas Haig

took over the command, in December 1915. Sir John French was also told distinctly to understand that his command was an independent one, and that he would in no case come in any sense under the orders of any Allied General. So was Sir Douglas Haig.

As affecting Sir John French's leadership in 1914, there appears to have been soreness in France over the rapidity and duration of his retreat in August, after his right flank at Mons had been left exposed by the retirement of the French Fifth Army, without his having been given any notice of the movement. This rapid retreat of the British exposed the outer flank of the French Fifth Army to attack by von Kluck when it stood to fight the battle of Guise (Aug. 30, 1914), and Kluck was afterwards enabled to push south-east, unopposed, across the track of Sir John French's army. It was further alleged that, if the British had arrested their retreat on the night of Sept. 4, they would have been better placed to prevent Kluck from extricating his corps, which were facing south, in order to face west and stem the advance of Maunoury's (Sixth) Army. Sir John French has published his explanation of the course of action which he adopted. After the heavy fighting of Aug. 23 to 26 inclusive, his army sorely needed replenishment of equipment, and replacement of casualties. He was quite ready to arrest his retreat, as soon as the French armies on his right halted and took the offensive. His forward movement across the Marne, on Sept. 9, has since been proved, from German official sources, to have been the determining factor in causing the precipitate retirement of the German armies.

Joffre and French drew up a plan for a combined attack in 1915, the year when the Germans were engaged elsewhere in their great offensive against Russia. The plan was approved by the British Cabinet in January, but was cancelled on account of the diversion of troops and material to the Dardanelles, a cause beyond Sir John French's control. The shortage of munitions, which affected so seriously all his operations, was largely attributable to the same strategical diversion.*

* We can note, in passing, that the army commanded by Sir John French was small in comparison with the later figures, after the new

Let us look at the conditions to be faced. First and foremost, let us bear in mind the statement in the War Office publication,* from which the official statistics are taken, that 'Pride of place, so far as (military) manpower is concerned, belongs to France, though the actual figures of the strength of her armies are not available for comparison.' French statistics of casualties are also not available,† as we shall see. We must also bear in mind that, for many decades, France had been a strong military power; but not so Britain. French staff work was very brilliant, as was proved by the elasticity of their huge army. This saved France from disaster in 1914, after the failure of their intelligence department had led them to begin the war with an initial plan, which played directly into the hands of the Germans. Since the French were fighting on their own soil, and were, for several years of the war, the strongest on the Western Front, it was clearly the business of the British to conform, as far as possible, to their plans. There was for some time no question of a generalissimo. If there had been one, he must obviously have been a Frenchman. For this, and for other reasons, let us acknowledge at once that it would be a great mistake to put Sir Douglas Haig on an equal pinnacle with Marshal Foch, or to read into recent writings any intention to detract from the work of Foch in 1918, in order to do justice to the part taken in the final victory by the British. Personally I have failed to find any such intention in Mr Dewar's book. The admiration felt for Foch in the British Army was maintained throughout the war, and covered the period when that admiration was obviously not shared by the Government which he served. Marshal Foch, on his part, has done full justice, both in speech and writing, to the work of the British Army, and to the British leadership under which that work was done. Sir Douglas Haig's rôle was not that

British Army had been trained and equipped. Its ration strength, which stood at 269,711 on Dec. 19, 1914, had, however, risen to 986,189 by Dec. 1, 1915, a few days before he handed over his command.

* 'Statistics of British Military Effort' (H.M. Stationery Office, 10s. 6d.).

† Writing in the 'Sunday Times' of Dec. 24, 1922, M. Clemenceau gave the *total* figures as 1,400,000 dead, 800,000 'maimed,' and 3,000,000 wounded (missing and prisoners not given).

ultimately undertaken by Foch, the organiser, in the closing stage of the great battle, of the ultimate combined effort of the allied Armies. His task only covered the command of his own front: it called for loyal co-operation with the French, so far as he could go without endangering the existence of his own army.

With these preliminaries settled, we can pass to the main question of Sir Douglas Haig's leadership. We need not revive the controversies about how the war might have been won. We can confine ourselves to the method by which it actually was won, by defeating the main German army in the field; but there is no harm in noticing incidentally that this is the method by which military historians tell us that land wars must always be won.* No one is likely to deny that the problem which confronted the Allied Armies on the Western Front in 1916-18 was difficult. It was so difficult that it came to be looked upon as impossible by the political leaders whom Sir Douglas Haig served. There is now sufficient evidence to prove that Mr Lloyd George, for instance, hoped, by diverting an army to Turkey, to 'twist himself skilfully into peace,' while avoiding the main issue and its attendant 'bloody solution of the crisis.'

The main military lesson of the war was the greatly enhanced value of the modern defensive, aided by machine-guns and by barbed wire. The terrible costliness in casualties inflicted upon attacking armies which failed to force a decision had been demonstrated from the outset, by the French experience in their offensive south-east of Metz. When Sir Douglas Haig took over his command, in December 1915, the German Army facing the Allies in the West was strongly entrenched on a line extending from the Belgian coast to the frontier of Switzerland. Both its flanks were secure. The northern flank had rested upon the sea since October 1914. It may be that, in the early days, this flank might have been turned by a coast landing if

* The question whether the defeat of the German Army in 1918 brought about the collapse of the nation, or *vice versa*, has been settled once for all by Lieut-Colonel Niemann, who was the General Staff representative on the Kaiser's suite ('Kaiser und Revolution,' Scherl, Berlin).

troops had been available ; but the whole shore-line from the Dutch frontier to Nieuport had since been heavily fortified. A movement round the southern flank through Switzerland, even if it had been morally conceivable, would have been ineffective in forcing a decision. There remained only the costly method of frontal attack. In this connexion much has been made of the relative *total* strength of the German and the Allied (Franco-British-Belgian) Armies distributed along this front. Such comparisons, as affecting British leadership, are misleading, because the Allied Armies could not be used to the best effect, until, like the Germans, they were under one command. British leadership only covered operations on the front allotted to the British Army, and the effect of those operations upon such combined plans as could be agreed upon between the Allied commanders, and sanctioned by their respective Governments—an important proviso. The civilian statesmen had the power of diverting to other theatres both man-power and munitions, which might have turned the scale in the main theatre. For example, a combined plan for attacking the Germans in 1915, drawn up by Joffre and French, was cancelled because the Dardanelles and Salonika operations were conceived by British and French civilian statesmen respectively.

Another point to be noticed is the comparative length of the defensive line held by the British and French Armies. In the early days, of open warfare, the original British Expeditionary Force held only about 25 miles of front. The total frontage held by the Allies in the days of trench warfare measured on an average about 400 miles. On Sept. 25, 1915, the opening day of the Battle of Loos, the British Army was holding from Boesinghe to Grenay (40 miles), and from just south of Arras to Vermandovillers (30 miles), total 70 miles of front. On Feb. 22, 1916, when the Germans opened their attacks on Verdun, the British were holding from Boesinghe to just south of Loos (42 miles) and from Wailly to the Somme (25 miles), total 67 miles. On June 30, 1916, the day before the Battle of the Somme began, the line held was continuous from Boesinghe to Maricourt, about 90 miles. By Feb. 25, 1917, the length of the British line had

increased to about 110 miles (Boesinghe-Amiens-Roye Road); on Dec. 9 of that year it measured about 95 miles. On Feb. 4, 1918, it had been extended to 123 miles (south-west corner of Houthulst Forest-Barisis-S. Gobain railway), and so it remained until the German attack on March 21.

These figures are of interest in so far as they affect British leadership. As a measure of comparative British and French military effort, they are worthless. The 'bloody solution of the crisis' is not determined by length of line, but by the forces engaged thereon. For instance, on Oct. 25, 1917, there were less than 50 German rifles per 100 yards of the 130 miles of French front in Alsace-Lorraine, compared with between 500 and 600 German rifles per 100 yards of front in some parts of Flanders. It was not a question of length of front, but of activity of effort. This must be borne in mind throughout. The 25 miles of frontage at Mons, in August 1914, looks very petty, unless we bear in mind that it bestrode the line of advance of a whole German army, General von Kluck's, to which had been entrusted the achievement of the main feature of the German plan to turn the left flank of the French Army.

Sir Douglas Haig took over the command of the British Front from Sir John French on Dec. 19, 1915. He held the command for the remainder of the war, a longer period than any Allied Commander, excepting the King of the Belgians. Joffre, with whom he worked at first, was deprived of his command on Dec. 13, 1916, being succeeded by Nivelle, who in his turn was superseded by Pétain, on May 16, 1917. Sir Douglas Haig will be judged by historians, not as the leader of an isolated army with a free hand in policy; but as a commander working, according to instructions from his Government, 'to support and co-operate with the French and Belgian Armies,' and 'to assist the French and Belgian Governments in driving the German Armies from French and Belgian territory.' In no case was he to come under the orders of an Allied general further than the co-operation with our Allies necessitated. These instructions were modified temporarily in 1917. Haig in February of that year was subordinated to Nivelle, for the period of Nivelle's offensive, under arrangements made at a con-

ference between British and French civilian statesmen at Calais.

Excepting during the course of Nivelle's offensive, Haig was therefore co-operating with, and not subject to, the commander of the French Army. Marshal Foch, we must remember, never held that command. After the Marshal had been placed over the Allied Armies—excluding the Belgians—Haig was instructed, in June 1918, to 'carry out loyally any instructions issued by the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces.' At the same time, if any order given by Foch appeared to imperil the British Army, it was agreed between the Allied Governments that Haig should be at liberty to appeal to the British Government before executing such an order.

Since the supreme controlling authority was civilian, not military, it is as well here to note that Sir Douglas Haig was serving under Mr Asquith's Government until December 1916, when Mr Lloyd George, the next Prime Minister, introduced the 'War Cabinet' system of control over war strategy, which lasted until the conclusion of the war. The French generals with whom Haig co-operated were less independent. French civilian control over military operations on the Western Front was more active, and more constantly exercised. Changes in the French Government introduced additional complications, occurring, as they sometimes did, after Haig and the leader of the French Army had agreed upon future plans.

There remains another important point, the strength of the Army which Haig commanded. Here are the figures as given in the official War Office statistics :

1916.—Jan. 1	993,369
„ July 1	(Figures not available)
1917.—Jan. 1	1,591,745
„ July 1	1,966,835
1918.—Jan. 1	1,828,616
„ July 1	1,891,328

The British Army was at its maximum strength in August 1917, when it stood at 2,046,091.* In March 1918, when facing the maximum number of Germans,

* Including 782,241 non-combatants.

it stood at 1,886,073. These figures represent total ration strength, excluding labour corps, which first appear in the returns for November 1916.

Having disposed of these preliminaries, we are now in a better position to consider British leadership under Haig on the Western Front, as affected, firstly by the enemy forces with which he was called upon to deal, secondly by his co-operation with French generals, and thirdly by the influence of political authorities upon his and their plans of operations.

To elucidate the first, and most important, point, the necessary research work has not yet been completed by competent historians. We know that, at times during the years 1916-18, the German Army behind their strongly fortified line in the West was inferior in total strength to the Allied Armies which were charged with the task of driving it out of the territory which it had invaded. What bears upon Haig's leadership is not the total strength of the German Army, but the numbers with which the British were called upon to contend upon their own front. Whatever may have been the total strength of the German Army, Haig, on his own front, was seldom, if ever, confronted with a force weaker than his own in fighting troops. At one time he was called upon to stem the greatest German massed attack of the war. This point requires further research and elucidation.

In battle casualties (killed, wounded, and missing, including prisoners), the relative British and German losses on the British fronts during the year of Haig's command, according to War Office statistics, were :

	British.	German.*
1916	600,617	297,351 casualties
1917	759,615	447,625 „
1918 (excluding November)	805,844	825,130 „
Total	2,166,076	1,570,106 „

The Franco-German figures are not available for comparison. Activity, rather than length of line held, must be the measure of relative British effort. The

* For criticism of these figures, see below.

principal British battles on the Western Front during these years were :

1916.—Somme I (July 1–Nov. 17).

1917.—Arras (April 9–May 16), Messines (June 7–14), Ypres III (July 31–Nov. 6), Cambrai I (Nov. 20–Dec. 7).

1918.—Somme II (March 21–April 5), Lys (April 9–26), Aisne III (May 27–June 2), Marne II (July 15–Aug. 4), Amiens (Aug. 8–12), Bapaume (Aug. 21–31), Scarpe (Aug. 26–Sept. 3), Epehy (Sept. 12–18), Cambrai II (Sept. 27–Oct. 5), Flanders (Sept. 28), Selle (Oct. 17–25), Sambre (Nov. 1–11).

It has been said, with some truth, that in 1916 the newly raised British Army was learning its business. It is interesting, in this connexion, to compare its losses and achievements during the first 24 days of the battle of the Somme in 1916, with those during the corresponding period of the battle of Arras in 1917. In the first 24 days of the Somme battle, the British Army suffered 136,217 casualties, advanced $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles on a front of 6 miles, and captured 11,119 prisoners and 56 guns. During the corresponding period in the Arras battle, the British Army suffered 83,970 casualties, advanced to a depth varying from 2 to 5 miles on a front of 20 miles, and captured 18,128 prisoners and 230 guns. There were 2090 British guns in action on the Somme, and about 3500 at Arras, better provided with ammunition. The British battles of 1916 and 1917 must be considered as features in combined Franco-British plans of operations. That point cannot be too strongly emphasised.

In his final despatch, Sir Douglas Haig referred to the excessive burden thrown upon the gallant Army of France throughout the early stages of the war, which caused French losses of which the effect was felt to the end. He also referred to the military situation having compelled us to make great efforts before we had developed our full strength in the field, or had properly equipped or trained our armies. 'The only alternative,' he added, 'was to do nothing and see our French allies overwhelmed by the enemy's superior numbers. During the second half of the war, and that part embracing the critical and costly period of the wearing-out battle, the losses previously suffered by our allies laid upon the

British Armies in France an increasing share in the burden of attack.' He explained that it was in the great battles of 1916 and 1917 that we should seek for the secret of our victory in 1918.

In 1916, the year of the British Somme offensive, we are told that Haig, on his own initiative, asked Joffre to propose the strategy, a request which his colleague gratefully acknowledged. The British Army was still short in 1916 of the ammunition required for a successful offensive. I have quoted Haig's reasons for making great efforts before our army was properly equipped in this respect. Joffre's original scheme provided for a great combined Franco-British offensive, in which the French, on the British right, would use 39 divisions on the front of 30 miles. He envisaged, not a rapid breakthrough, but a long and severe fight (Directive of June 21). The Germans, by their attacks on Verdun, made the first move and upset the plan. The French, instead of using 39 divisions on a front of 30 miles, could only use 5 divisions on a front of 6 miles in co-operation with the British Somme offensive of July 1, 1916. The general idea was apparently to get the British troops into such a position that, by pressing north, they would threaten the communications of the German troops in the Douai plain. This might have developed ultimately into what has been called a 'break-through'; but the continuous heavy fighting, and the bad weather in October and November, prevented our troops from getting into position to carry out the larger operation until they were exhausted by their efforts of the previous months, and the weather made further activity impossible. The British attacks on the Somme were launched in July, the earliest date possible. We now know from the Crown Prince's Memoirs* and from other sources, that these attacks had the immediate effect of taking the pressure off the French at Verdun. The Crown Prince's further attacks there, for which careful preparations had been made, were definitely abandoned by July 11, in order to send reinforcements to the Somme front. We also know, from Ludendorff's 'War Memories,' the extent to which

* 'Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany' (Butterworth), 1922.

German *moral* was shaken in 1916 by the British battles on the Somme, and their effect, in combination with the magnificent work of the French at Verdun, and Brussiloff's offensive on the Russian Front, in exhausting the Germans, who had been brought to the verge of collapse when the autumn rains came to their rescue.

There remains the question whether the British operations on the Western Front in 1916 were too costly in casualties to justify the ends in view, and the results obtained. The War Office figures, as we have seen, give 297,351 German casualties on the British Front, compared with 600,617 British, for the whole year. The German figures, it is stated, were obtained from the Federal archives at Potsdam. They do not include those who died of wounds, or of disease.* The War Office figures from Jan. 1, 1916, to the end of October 1918, give 1,570,106 German casualties effected at an expenditure of 2,166,076 British casualties. Haig's figures from July 1, 1916, to Nov. 11, 1918, estimate the number of German casualties at over 2,500,000, at an expenditure of 2,140,000 British casualties. He adds that the German figures must be accepted with reserve; the number of prisoners is definitely known to be considerably understated.

We are driven to the conclusion that comprehensive and accurate statistics of relative casualties, drawn up on the same lines for both forces, are not available, and that results, rather than relative casualties, must be taken as a measure of victory and a test of leadership. Haig attributes our heavy casualties during the earlier period to our having been obliged, for the reasons stated, to make great efforts before we had developed our full strength in the field or properly equipped and trained our armies; in the later period, of the wearing-out battle, to the losses previously suffered by the French having laid upon the British Armies in France an increasing burden of attack, rendered more costly by the aid given by modern weapons and obstacles to armies attacked. He also calls attention to the point that more than half our total casualties in 1918 were incurred during the five months, March-July, when our armies were on the defensive.

* They do not tally with their own contemporary printed lists.

The expression 'wearing-out battles' needs further reference. It cannot be lightly dismissed. It was this, called by Foch *la période d'usure*, that caused the main difference of opinion between politicians and soldiers. We do not know for certain at what period the soldiers abandoned the hope that, without overwhelming preponderance of force on the whole front, victory could be obtained most expeditiously by a 'break-through,' followed by a wheel outwards against one or both of the enemy's flanks. This, if the enemy still had reserves in hand, proved to be a purpose impossible of attainment. Ludendorff was still hoping for its accomplishment in the spring of 1918. When did the Allied military leaders first realise the situation, and decide that attacks with limited objectives and a slow process of attrition, with its costliness in casualties, was the only road to victory? Mangin ('Comment finit la guerre') considers that this idea was in Joffre's mind in 1916, in drawing up the Directive for the Somme attack.

The French politicians of the day did not see eye to eye with Joffre, after the French nation had had to face the casualties of 1914, 1915, and 1916. He was removed from his command in December 1916, in favour of Nivelle, who advocated a rapid break-through to settle matters quickly. It seems clear that Haig, by 1917, was no believer in the rapid 'break-through' theory; but the British politicians agreed with the French, and placed him definitely under Nivelle's command for the period of the operation. Nivelle's great attack, combined with the subsidiary British operations on Cambrai, constituted a definite attempt to establish such a break-through, which was stopped when the first great offensive was a tactical failure.

In 1917 ammunition was plentiful, but there was some anxiety over the supply of enough guns. The British operations for the remainder of the year covered up the comparative inactivity of the French Army, which was in a very dissatisfied state after Nivelle's failure. France herself was in a very shaky condition. No break-through seems to have been contemplated in the British operations on Cambrai, or at Messines; but the costly Passchendaele (Ypres III) operation of the autumn of 1917, as originally designed, did contemplate

the seizure of the high ground of the Staden Ridge, the object, it was understood, being to burst through into the Belgian plain, thereby clearing the Belgian coast of U-boat bases.* Here, as in 1916, the weather, the lateness of the season, and the exhaustion of the troops, turned the original design into a series of operations with limited objectives. The point which has been established beyond controversy is that the British offensives, after Nivelle's failure to settle the business out of hand in 1917, did take the pressure off the French Army at a critical time. Haig's plans for achieving this purpose were approved by the Allied Governments.

The main features, from the British point of view, of the closing weeks of 1917 were the accumulation by Germany of reserves, coming from the Russian front, in readiness to strike a blow in the West, and the fact that it had been necessary to send five divisions to the help of Italy. The general situation was critical. The British Army, as we have seen, had passed its maximum strength in August 1917, and was becoming weaker every month through wastage. There was no question, for the time, of continuing Franco-British offensives against the reinforced German Army. The process of attrition by that method must be deferred until the balance of military man-power was adjusted by the arrival in the first line of trained American troops in large numbers. They, like the French in the early days and the new British Army of 1916, would require training and experience. The date when Allied offensives could be resumed was uncertain. It was a question of holding on for the time being on the defensive; and, even for this purpose, it was important that the wastage in British numbers should be arrested. For reasons not affecting Sir Douglas Haig's leadership, reinforcements on a sufficiently large scale to keep up the fighting strength of the British Army were not forthcoming.

We have seen that the French politicians, in December 1916, were unwilling to face a war of attrition involving further heavy French casualties, spread over an indefinite period. They replaced Joffre by Nivelle, who had drawn

* Not, apparently, a final decision by a break-through like Nivelle's offensive. The result achieved was to draw 78 German divisions into the process of attrition.

up a plan for ending the war more speedily by a great break-through offensive. That operation failed, having been attempted under conditions differing from those which had been assumed; Pétain, an advocate of the wearing-down process of limited offensives, then replaced Nivelle. Similarly, the British politicians in power at the close of the year 1917, influenced by the heavy casualties of the previous year and a half, did not favour the idea of attrition, but wished to seek a decision in some more remote theatre, while keeping Sir Douglas Haig's Army at the bare minimum that, in their opinion, would suffice to hold the front allotted to the British in France and Flanders. They further decided, although the reduction in its strength by wastage was allowed to continue, that Haig's Army should hold a longer front (see details given above of British frontage).

Sir Douglas Haig's leadership in 1918 must, therefore, be considered in the light of these circumstances, especially during the defensive period from March until early in July. The initiative during that period having passed definitely to the Germans, he must be judged by his success or failure in using effectively the resources at his disposal to defeat the German plan. Their March attacks (Somme II) were originally launched with the intention of forcing a decision by a break-through to the Channel ports. As events developed, they contemplated a movement to the southward against the left flank of the French Army. Although a break-through was nearly effected towards Amiens, the intention came to an end with the German failure, on March 28, opposite Arras. Leadership of a group of armies on the defensive, apart from the determination of character and power of inspiring confidence required of all leaders, demands art in the distribution and use of reserves. Holding the fronts allotted to army commanders is the business of those leaders.

It has been maintained by some critics that, if Haig had massed his reserves behind Gough's (Fifth) Army, the German advance would have been held up sooner. Other critics have maintained that Haig would have done better to allow his reserves to pass out of his own control, and to be placed under a military committee presided over by Foch at Versailles.

On the first point, Haig's Army, being confronted by a hostile mass of manoeuvre, concentrated for a great attack, the main requirement in his line of defence was elasticity. The part of the line facing the brunt of the attack would probably have to give ground to avoid penetration, which would be inevitable if an attempt were made to hold the whole line rigidly against an enemy concentrated in greatly superior force at the point of attack. The British right, being farthest from the coast, could give ground without disaster. The left could not. We know now that it was for that reason that Haig did not denude his left and centre of reserves, in order to mass them behind his right. On the second point, it seems obvious, if we concede that Haig had at his disposal the bare minimum of troops to hold his front, that he could use his reserves most promptly and most effectively if they remained under his control.

In view of the controversy raised over the question whether Haig showed sound judgment in his refusal to provide a British quota to the proposed Allied reserve under the Supreme Council at Versailles, it may be well here to note the fact that both Mr Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau, at a meeting of that Council held in London on March 14-15, 1918, supported Haig in his decision. This was disclosed, I believe for the first time, in an article by General Tasker H. Bliss, published in 'Foreign Affairs' (New York) on Dec. 15, 1922. Mr Lloyd George on that occasion said that, although a warm advocate of the scheme of a General Reserve, he had 'come to the conclusion, in view of the exceptional concentration against us, that it would be very difficult for Field-Marshal Haig to spare the necessary reserves.' M. Clemenceau expressed virtually the same opinion.

During the first part of the defensive period Haig was operating independently, in co-operation with Pétain and the King of the Belgians. Whether Foch's being placed over both Pétain and himself, to co-ordinate the Franco-British effort, was due to Haig's own initiative is immaterial. The result was to accelerate the appearance of French troops on the British Front, Pétain having hesitated to send them because his intelligence department did not for a long time believe that the main

German attack was being launched against the British line. These French troops helped to ease the critical situation on the Lys (April 9-29), when the Germans again attempted a break-through.

Judging Sir Douglas Haig's leadership in March and April 1918, we find that, although the mutual support for the army confronted with the main attack (as arranged with Pétain) had been seriously delayed, the Germans failed, both in their attempted break-through towards Amiens, and also in their attempts to reach the Channel ports.

So far, except for the short period of the Nivelle offensive, the quality called for in British leadership was co-operation with a colleague, rather than loyal support of a higher commander. The responsibility for co-ordination of Allied efforts was henceforth to rest upon Foch, and the first test of loyal support accorded to a higher command was afforded by demands made upon Haig to spare troops from his depleted line in order to send reinforcements to the French Front (Aisne III, May 27-June 2, and Marne II, July 15-Aug. 4). These demands were complied with, apparently, as we now gather, in face of warnings from the British War Cabinet that Haig himself must bear the responsibility and must suffer personally if disaster to the British Army should result.

Up to July 17, the Allied Armies were still on the defensive, but the result of Foch's counterstroke of July 18 on the western face of the Château-Thierry salient, in which the American Army first began to appear in offensive operations, showed that the process of attrition was beginning to tell upon the Germans, and that the time was coming to reap the fruits of heavy sacrifices in the past.

The great epic of the final triumphant advance of the Allied Armies, which began with the battle of Amiens on Aug. 8 and ended on Nov. 11 with the acceptance by the Germans of the terms of Armistice dictated to them by Marshal Foch, has been told by several historians. These operations developed gradually, from the idea of stopping the Germans to the intention of gaining successes with limited objects in the various sections of the front, with a view to establishing the Allied Armies in suitable

positions to resume the campaign in 1919 with the aid of a strong American army. The idea of a final breakthrough to finish the campaign before Christmas, developed slowly as the success of Haig's operations became more and more apparent. According to German accounts, the main features of the Allied offensive which caused the German collapse were (1) the battle of Amiens which began on Aug. 8, and (2) the battle of Cambrai of Sept. 27-Oct. 5, both planned by Haig.* When the Hindenburg line had been broken, this idea of a final breakthrough became definite and concrete. We are told that, during these operations, differences of opinion occurred between Foch and Haig about the tactical plans of the British, in concert with the Allies. Much has been made of these incidents, but they are always to be expected. Doubtless they occurred between Haig and his own Army commanders when plans for future operations were being discussed and prepared. Success in the leadership of colossal modern armies lies in gauging the capacity of subordinates and in deciding which can be trusted to carry out the tasks allotted to them in their own way; in making clear to them what their forces must do to fit in with a general plan, rather than in telling them how to do it. This is the true measure of greatness, and Foch showed his pre-eminence in the possession of this quality by recognising that he could depute to Haig the responsibility for carrying out, in his own way, the task allotted to him. While battle casualties as a whole—killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing—are not a satisfactory measure of victory, since they depend upon too many factors which cannot be accurately ascertained or weighed, it is generally acknowledged by military historians that the number of prisoners and guns captured form the best measure of military achievement.† The comparative figures, for prisoners and guns captured between July 18 and Nov. 11,

* We now know, from Lieut-Colonel Niemann, that the defeat, on Sept. 25, of the German XVII Army, involved the retirement of the two armies to the southward of it from the strongly defended Wotan line. This was the *coup-de-grâce*.

† 'Artillery and prisoners are at all times regarded as the true trophies of victory, as well as its measure, because through these things its extent is declared without a doubt.' Clausewitz 'On War,' Bk IV, ch. iv.

1918, by the British and Allied Armies, are here given for purposes of comparison :

	Prisoners.	Guns.
British Armies . . .	200,000	2540
French Armies . . .	185,720	1880
American Armies . . .	43,300	1421
Belgian Armies . . .	14,500	474

It seems probable that, when the days of Press controversy have passed away and the small gaps in accurate data bearing upon the British battles of 1916-18 on the Western Front have been filled up, future historians will arrive at the conclusion that the victory of November 1918 would have been postponed until the following year, if it had not been for the recuperative and staying power of the British Empire Army under British leadership. Its *moral* was maintained by its leaders throughout the dark days of March and April, which were followed by the tremendous and successful effort, with constantly dwindling numbers, to force the beaten enemy out of his strongly fortified positions.

We find, then, that there was no call for brilliance of imagination in British leadership during the years 1916-18, but rather for steadfastness of purpose, and for loyal co-operation with allies in achieving that purpose—the gradual disintegration of a strongly entrenched army, of which neither flank could be turned.

The alternative methods were either a sudden and theatrical ‘break-through’ (in which Haig apparently never believed) or a persistent and continuous succession of attacks with limited objectives, which might ultimately open the way for a final break-through, when attrition had achieved its purpose. In order to draw as many German divisions as possible into each fight, every blow had to be struck in a direction likely to lead to great strategic success if not parried. The British operations, taken as a whole, made up one vast battle which called for tactical leadership in subordinate commanders, rather than for brilliant handling of strategic masses of man-œuvre by a Commander-in-Chief. That could not be the business of the leader of one of the Allied armies, it was the business of a generalissimo who was never appointed, though his functions were ultimately fulfilled by Foch.

The attributes of a Marlborough, as leader of Allied Armies on continental soil, were not demanded of Sir Douglas Haig. Had they been, we do not know whether or not they would have been forthcoming. The qualities required of the British leader in 1916-18, in the circumstances that we have studied, were steadfast persistency in purpose both in adversity and in success, combined with loyalty to the Allies. These qualities were displayed by the leader who held the implicit confidence of the British Empire Army, which he led during the last three years of the colossal conflict on the Western Front.

This article would be incomplete without some further reference to the establishment of the so-called unified command by the appointment of Marshal Foch to co-ordinate the Allied efforts in the closing stage of the great four-years' battle.

The subject has been so obscured by controversy that historians will probably find great difficulty in arriving at the truth. The credit for the idea has been claimed on behalf of several soldiers, and of two or three statesmen, including Mr Lloyd George. In what does successful unity of command exist? Certainly not in giving to the commander of one army, already fully occupied with his own command, and probably obsessed by his immediate surroundings, the control over the commander of an allied army similarly occupied and obsessed. A good example of the failure resulting from such procedure was afforded on the German side when Bülow, commanding the Second German Army, was promoted above Kluck and Hausen, commanding the First and Third Armies on his outer and inner flanks respectively. It was to this group of three armies that the main feature of the initial German plan—to crush in and turn the French left flank—was entrusted. The plan failed, largely through the want of a higher authority to co-ordinate effort. The same mistake was made in 1917 when Haig was placed under Nivelle, who was already charged with the command of an army engaged in critical operations, and sorely handicapped by political interference.

The best account, supported by official documents,

that has hitherto appeared of the history of the unification of the command of the Allied Armies in 1918 comes from the pen of General Bliss,* who was Chief of Staff of the American Army, and American representative on the Supreme War Council in France 1917 and 1918. General Bliss rightly remarks that the abortive attempt to secure unity of command by placing Haig, commanding one army, under Nivelle, already commanding another, 'discredited it among the very men who would have to accept it cordially, if it were to be successful'; but he does not point the moral given above.

The initiative, in establishing the nearest approach that was made towards unity of command, has been credited to various authorities, French and British, military and political. As a matter of fact, it was taken by the military member of the American mission to Europe, who wrote to President Wilson, on Dec. 17, 1917:—

'In making the great military effort now demanded of us we should demand as a prior condition that our Allies also profit by the experience of three and a half years of war in the matter of absolute unity of military control. National jealousies and suspicions and susceptibilities of national temperament must be put aside in favour of this unified control: *even going if necessary* (as I believe it is) *to the limit of unified command*. Otherwise, our dead and theirs may have died in vain.'

He urged his Government to represent the matter officially. Note the expression *military control*.

Commanders of the field armies of democratic countries being always, as we have seen, subject to the control of the civil government, the first step towards unifying the military control of Allied Armies must obviously be to unify the civilian control. This, to such extent as it was ultimately established, needed a disaster—the Italian defeat at Caporetto—to bring it about. The Supreme War Council came into being as the result of the Rapallo Conference, Nov. 17, 1917. It was a political body, charged with 'the better co-ordination of military action.' Even this step towards unified command led to the fall of the French Government—fortunately it

* See 'Foreign Affairs,' New York, Dec. 15, 1922.

brought M. Clemenceau into power. On Nov. 20, 1917, before the Supreme War Council had time to get to work, the American mission was informed by Mr Lloyd George how serious the situation on the Western Front would become early in 1918. He asked for as many men as America could spare, as early in the year as possible, 'to enable us to withstand any possible German attack, apart altogether from the possibility of inflicting any defeat upon them.' The failure to reinforce Haig, in the light of this disclosure, becomes inexplicable.

Mr Lloyd George was at the Rapallo Conference, and the credit for the establishment of the Supreme War Council, the first actual step towards making unity of military command possible, has generally, and I believe correctly, been attributed to him. The first step taken by the Supreme War Council to establish a military authority, under its control, to co-ordinate the efforts of the Allied Armies was the abortive attempt, already noticed, to establish an Allied general reserve, for which it was quite impossible for Haig, holding an extended front with a reduced army, to spare a quota.

As with the co-ordinating *political* authority, the Supreme War Council, so with the co-ordinating *military* authority. This also was forced upon the Allies by a grave emergency, the colossal German attack of March 21. Mr Dewar maintains that the initiative towards establishing Foch in the position for which he was fortunately selected was taken by Haig on March 24, Pétain having proposed to break away his left flank from the British, in order to cover Paris. General Bliss, on the other hand, accepts Lord Milner's statement that by March 24, Gough's Army was 'shattered and a breach effected in the Allied line between the right flank of the Third (British) Army and the French.'* It is necessary here to interpose a note that Lord Milner arrived at this

* General Bliss omits the context, which runs: 'This does not mean, of course, that there was no more resistance in that quarter. The retreating troops, who had now been driven from the line of the Somme below Peronne, were apparently still fighting at a number of points and sometimes even counter-attacking. . . .' Lord Milner added: 'A telegram from G.H.Q. dated 11.30 p.m., stated that from the latest reports the general situation was somewhat improved.' His official report was published in the 'New Statesman' for April 23, 1921.

conclusion by hearsay, and without the evidence of General Gough. The conclusion was subsequently proved by events to have been incorrect. Presumably it was in consequence of this report that the British War Cabinet, overriding Sir Douglas Haig, recalled Gough, who had handled his army with great skill.*

General Bliss makes the interesting disclosure that Lord Milner on March 25, seeing the urgent need of co-ordination of effort in those fateful days, favoured a proposal by Sir Henry Wilson that M. Clemenceau should undertake the task, with Foch to advise him. This idea was knocked on the head by Foch, when Wilson went to see him about it during the night.

March 26 was the day of the Doullens Conference, of which the history is fairly well known. Instead of asking M. Clemenceau himself to take charge of the armies, Lord Milner asked him privately whether Foch 'could not be placed by both Governments in a position of general control.' The resulting resolution of the Doullens Conference, at which America was not represented, ran :

'General Foch is charged by the British and French Governments with co-ordinating the action of the Allied Armies on the Western Front. For this purpose he will come to an understanding with the Generals-in-Chief, who are invited to furnish him with all necessary information.'

Disclosure of the text kills the prevalent illusion that Foch was given powers enabling him to take rapid action to retrieve the highly critical situation. He had no such powers. He had to waste time travelling between Pétain and Haig, persuading them to do what he had no power to order.

Things were going from bad to worse when a further conference was held at Beauvais on April 3. Foch then represented the situation to Mr Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau, in the presence of Generals Haig and Wilson, Pétain, Pershing, and Bliss. The result was a new arrangement, which read :

* Historians will do well to consult 'The Fifth Army in March 1918,' by W. Shaw Sparrow, on the fallacies, still prevalent, about Gough's Army.

‘General Foch is charged by the British, French, and American Governments with the duty of co-ordinating the action of the Allied Armies on the Western Front; and with this object in view there is conferred upon him all the powers necessary for its effective accomplishment. For this purpose the British, French, and American Governments entrust to General Foch the strategic direction of military operations. The Commanders-in-Chief of the British, French, and American Armies shall exercise in full the tactical conduct of their armies. Each Commander-in-Chief shall have the right to appeal to his Government if, in his opinion, his army finds itself placed in danger by any instructions received from General Foch.’

Foch, we see then, was never Generalissimo, though he exercised such powers, and that is the conclusion of the history, so far known, of the development of unified control. The credit for taking the responsibility for establishing it rests with Mr Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and Generals Pershing and Bliss, as representing their respective Governments. It is impossible to close without including a short appreciation, from the pen of General Bliss, of the character and personality of Foch, the leader of Allied Armies, whose military genius and previous hard study, followed by great opportunity, brought him to the front as the great soldier in the greatest of wars :

‘Nothing less than the good sense, kindly tact, personal magnetism, and supreme professional qualifications of General Foch could have secured the degree of co-operation necessary for success and made him in fact, if not in name, the Inter-allied Commander-in-Chief on the Western Front.’

GEORGE ASTON.

Art. 3.—THE REDISCOVERY OF THE PRIMITIVES.

THE scientific study of Art History is of comparatively recent growth, though by now it can point to a fairly considerable literature and an ever-increasing number of votaries. As for the conditions which govern a satisfactory inquiry into the history of art, they are undoubtedly many and complex; but two may be singled out as being of prime necessity—an entire freedom from æsthetic prejudice and *parti-pris*; and a grasp of the idea of historic evolution and the inter-relation of facts. In order to illustrate the difficulties with which art history has had to contend so as to comply with these conditions, no more instructive episode could perhaps be quoted than that which covers the gradual discovery of the interest and significance of Primitive Art—and by Primitive Art I am here mainly referring to Italian Art, and principally Italian Painting, of the period preceding that of Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael.

Of the way in which people were in the habit of reacting to the Primitives before their importance had begun to dawn upon the human mind, we can form a clear idea from the books of travel in Italy, which, during the 17th and 18th centuries, came to form a series of imposing proportions. Let us turn, for instance, to the letters, written from Italy in the years 1739 and 1740 by Charles de Brosses, a highly-educated Frenchman, who brought a keen interest to bear on all matters artistic, visiting churches and collections of pictures, with an enviable indefatigableness. Yet, in his notes on the works of art at Florence, de Brosses has not so much as a word to say about the frescoes by Masaccio in the church of the Carmine. Speaking of S. Maria Novella, he has, it is true, a page of quaint comments on the painters of the 'bad time' (*méchant temps*), who, from their presence in such large numbers there, inevitably forced themselves upon the attention of one who noted, among the works of what he called the 'good time,' pictures by such masters as Vasari and Santi di Tito. That de Brosses should have no comments to offer on the great cycles of frescoes by Giotto and Giotto's school in the church of S. Croce is less surprising, seeing that a great part of them not long before had been covered

with whitewash—in itself an indication of the current view of their artistic merits.

Then, speaking of Giotto in his letter from Padua, de Broses commits himself to the memorable remark, 'This great master, so vaunted in all the histories, would not now be admitted to paint a tennis-court,' though he has the generosity to add that 'nevertheless, across his daubing, one discerns genius and talent.' On his visit to the church of the Eremitani, containing, in the frescoes by Mantegna, the chief work of quattrocento painting in Northern Italy, he writes, 'I have been to the Eremitani to see an admirable St. John by Guido,' mentioning only in the second place the chapel painted by Mantegna, which he admits is excellently painted and yet 'cannot be called a good work because of the bad taste (*méchant goût*) of the century which reigns in it.' And yet this was a man of more than average knowledge and intellect, who could in no wise be compared with tourists of the type of those visitors to the Vatican, seen by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who were spending six hours in writing down whatever the antiquary dictated to them, and scarcely looking at the paintings for themselves—a race of sight-seers which, one fancies, did not become extinct in Sir Joshua's time.

In scanning the ranks of those who have written on Italian art, in order to detect the earliest symptoms of the Primitives being looked at without the blinkers of prejudice, one of the first names I have come across is that of an English traveller in Italy during the years 1720, 1721, and 1722—Edward Wright. I know nothing about him, except that he went to Italy as travelling tutor to George, Lord Parker, and that one of J. Jackson's chiaroscuro woodcuts after pictures of the Venetian school is dedicated to him, which, in itself, points him out as a person taking more than the usual interest in art, as is, indeed, abundantly evident from his book. Especially considering the pleasure which countless English visitors to Venice have derived from Carpaccio's 'Legend of St Ursula,' since Carpaccio found his ardent champion in John Ruskin, it is pleasant to find an early eulogist of that charming quattrocento master in Edward Wright, who describes the subjects of these pictures at length, and whose verdict on their style is, 'Tis of a dry

manner, according to that age; but an excellent close pursuit of nature'—a remarkable appreciation, considering its date.

Those conversant with the polemics of art critics in recent times will recollect what a stir was caused when, some forty years ago, Giovanni Morelli advanced the theory that the small picture of the 'Reading Magdalene' in the Dresden Gallery, till then universally admired as a masterpiece by Correggio, was not by that artist at all, but was a later imitation—well, the whole of this theory was anticipated by Edward Wright, 'if one may object anything to so celebrated a piece,' as he modestly says.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom I already had occasion to refer, spent three years of study in Italy, between 1749 and 1752; and to a man of his mentality and vision it is natural that the significance of Pre-Cinquecento art should not have remained hidden. Of this we have abundant evidence, but I will limit myself to quoting the studies from Mantegna's Eremitani frescoes in his Italian sketch-book, now in the British Museum, and his appreciative notes on Masaccio's frescoes in the Carmine among the memoranda of his Italian journey. A person whom Sir Joshua met in Florence was Ignace Hugford, and in him we recognise one of the most important figures in the history of the early appreciation of the Primitives. Born of English parents at Florence in 1703—he died in 1778—Hugford is perhaps the first representative of that type of English connoisseur and collector, settled in Florence, which we can trace through subsequent ages, and of which the late lamented Mr Herbert Horne—taken from us long before he had completed his message—may be described as having represented the perfection. Hugford was a practising artist of some renown in contemporary Florence, and if you search the Florentine churches you may still find altar pieces by him. Not long ago in a London sale-room I came across a little drawing by him—a very commonplace 'Apotheosis of a Saint'—which I look upon as a treasured possession, more from a sentimental point of view than from its artistic merit. There is, indeed, little in Hugford's work, as I know it, to suggest the fact that he was the first to collect systematically the works of the early Italian masters—and in doing so

he did not stop at the Quattrocento, but went right back to the Trecento and the period of Giotto, and even to the Duecento, the 13th century. One or two of the Primitives possessed by him are reproduced in a publication issued in Florence after his death, of which I shall have more to say presently. In this publication Hugford is referred to as 'one of the ablest connoisseurs that ever existed.' The Print Room at the British Museum possesses, as evidence of his interest in a form of art which was not fashionable in his time, that remarkable series of thirty-two portrait drawings of persons of the French Court between c. 1520 and c. 1570, the work of a number of French artists, at the head of whom stands Jean Clouet, the famous Valois Court painter. Hugford, to whom this series once belonged, thought they were by Holbein, and their family resemblance to the work of that master is, indeed, such as easily to account for the attribution, considering the times.

Another English artist to be remembered in this connexion, who belonged to Sir Joshua's coterie in Rome and in 1755 settled in Florence, was Thomas Patch, engraver and painter. To him belongs the credit of having opened the series of publications illustrating the work of the Primitive Italian masters. Three sets of engravings were issued by Patch between 1770 and 1772; the first, comprising heads and a few compositions reproduced from Masaccio's frescoes in the Carmine at Florence—or, at least, such frescoes as were then thought to be by Masaccio; the second were after a series of works by Fra Bartolomeo; and the third after some frescoes, also in the Carmine at Florence, ascribed to Giotto and destroyed by a fire the year before. One shudders to think how narrowly the Masaccio frescoes escaped a similar fate! In the letterpress to these plates after Giotto, Patch expresses the belief that they 'may give some pleasure to those who are willing to reflect on the different stages of painting'—so here we have the evolutionary interest of art history clearly formulated; but that Patch was still far removed from broadmindedness in æsthetic matters is evident from the passage in the text preceding the Masaccio publication, in which Masaccio's style is praised for being 'so different from the disagreeable stiffness in the horrid

spectres of the school of Giotto and of the modern Gretian Mosaicks.' These Masaccio reproductions especially attracted attention, and an amusing incident occurred when they first reached England. Horace Walpole grew very excited at seeing them—'not remembering' that he had seen the originals when he visited Florence, as he put it, very charitably to himself—and wrote to a friend, expressing his hopes that a study of these engravings might be profitable to Sir Joshua. 'They may give him such lights as may raise him prodigiously.' Little did he know that Sir Joshua had, years before, made a careful study of the originals on the spot, and, unlike himself, had 'remembered' them very well.

Patch's publications gave a stimulus to similar enterprises in Tuscany, and, as they contain a very important set of reproductions, I may here quote the two volumes issued in 1791, under the title of '*L'Etruria Pittrice*,' and containing 120 engravings after paintings by Tuscan artists from the tenth century onwards. Among later Tuscan volumes of engravings I may also mention those of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, issued by Carlo Lasinio as late as 1810, a publication which has acquired some importance for the history of English arts, as it was when poring over these engravings of early Italian paintings at John Millais' rooms, one day in 1848, that he and his young friends, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Holman Hunt, fired with enthusiasm by what they saw, decided upon the name of the 'Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood' for that association of artists which was to cause so much stir in the English art world during the next few years.

By this time, however, the man had appeared who, by preference to anybody else, deserves to be called the rediscoverer and first systematic surveyor of the art which intervened between that of the Romans and that of the Renaissance—namely, the Frenchman Seroux d'Agincourt.

Born at Beauvais in 1730, Seroux d'Agincourt, from being an officer in the army, had passed to a sinecure in the French administration. His set in Paris included all the leading French intellectuals, and it is on record that he visited Voltaire in his country retreat at Ferney. Among the people with whom he

was more closely connected was Count Caylus, the great French explorer of classical archæology; and, in accounting for the direction towards the Middle Ages which Seroux d'Agincourt's investigations subsequently took, one has also to bear in mind the impetus given to the study of mediæval history by the work of those indefatigable explorers of texts and records, the members of the famous congregation of French Benedictines, known as the Congregation of St Maur. These Benedictines also helped to foster that interest in Mediæval French and Italian literature which obtained a wide diffusion during the 18th century. Seroux d'Agincourt's journeys of exploration began in 1776, when he visited the South of France with its wealth of classical and mediæval monuments. In the next year he extended his travels to England, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. Finally, in 1778, he started for Italy, where the remainder of his life was spent.

In Italy, Seroux d'Agincourt journeyed from city to city, studying churches and collections, and forming ties of friendship with local archæologists and historians. He settled eventually at Rome, where the air was full of the theories and views of Winckelmann, the famous German archæologist, whose 'History of Ancient Art' had been issued in 1764. It was there that Seroux d'Agincourt conceived the idea of doing for the 'centuries of barbarism,' as they would be called, the same as Winckelmann had done for the Golden Age of classical art. He is quoted as having said, 'Yes, I have bidden adieu to the beauties of Venus of Medici in order to devote myself completely to the simplicity of the Madonnas by Cimabue, by Giotto, and by the old Greek masters.'

A complex organisation was used by Seroux d'Agincourt in the undertaking upon which he had engaged. A small army of draughtsmen were busy copying specimens for him. In France, Germany, England, even in Russia and Sweden, people were working for him; but the bulk of the work, nevertheless, was done in Italy; and among the artists employed by him there was an Englishman, William Young Ottley, of whom more must be said later. Seroux d'Agincourt's interests were not confined to painting; but extended as well to architecture and sculpture. These collections of graphic documents,

accumulated in Seroux d'Agincourt's study, soon acquired celebrity, and attracted visits from people making a longer or shorter stay in Rome. Goethe, for example, was taken to see them by his and Seroux d'Agincourt's friend, Angelica Kauffman, in the summer of 1787, and was greatly struck with their interest; while to a number of his younger fellow-countrymen, Seroux d'Agincourt was a stimulating guide among the sights and artistic riches of Rome, in addition to allowing them the free use of his library and collections. Amongst these disciples three deserve special mention—Castellan, Artaud de Montor, and Paillot de Montabert.

In 1789, on the eve of the French Revolution, the work of Seroux d'Agincourt had reached the point when it was ready to be printed; but the outbreak of the storm brought everything to a standstill. And worse was in store for him, as the Revolution brought also his financial ruin. At length, however, he was able to find a publisher for his work, which was issued in parts, the first in 1810; but Seroux d'Agincourt himself witnessed the publication of only three of the parts, for he died at Rome in 1814, being to the last the centre of a group of friends and admirers. It was not until 1823 that the publication of his great work, '*Histoire de l'art d'après les monuments depuis sa décadence au IV^e siècle jusqu'à son renouvellement au XVI^e siècle*,' was complete, of which an English reprint, much cut down as regards the text, appeared as late as 1847.

The feature of permanent value in Seroux d'Agincourt's work, and the one which to this day makes it useful for reference, are the engraved reproductions, over three thousand in number, which, although of varying degrees of accuracy, have in certain cases the added value of being reproduced from works of art which since have been destroyed. As to the letterpress, it shows, for a pioneer on so vast a field, an extraordinary breadth of perspective and grasp of the factors which operated in the evolution of European art; while, in his appreciation of single examples, one is often struck by the subtlety and penetration of his remarks. Nothing can displace Seroux d'Agincourt from his proud position of having given the Primitives, as it were, their charter of historic and æsthetic interest.

Among the young French artists and amateurs inspired by him, are some who deserve more than passing mention. It is pleasant, for instance, to watch the enthusiasm of A. L. Castellan in giving his impression of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, reserving the full measure of his praise for Benozzo Gozzoli, whom he finds insufficiently appreciated, though he was the forerunner of Raphael, who, indeed, without him, could hardly have reached perfection. 'So it is to Gozzoli,' says Castellan, 'to this man, so surprising a product of his century, that one must attach the renaissance of art.' Circumstances had truly changed since the days in the 18th century when the French painter Cochin, author of an interesting handbook to the works of art in Italy, found space to mention every conceivable painting in the Palazzo Riccardi at Florence—except the frescoes by Benozzo in the chapel.

A figure of greater consequence than Castellan in the history of the early appreciation of the Primitives is Arnaud de Montor. His chief title to fame is the collection of 150 pictures by Primitive Italian masters, which he had formed by 1808, and of which a set of reproductions was published in 1840, introduced by an essay entitled, 'Considerations on the State of Painting during the three centuries preceding Raphael,' of which earlier editions had been published in 1808 and 1811. The theory in which Arnaud de Montor's argument culminates is that for 'four centuries before Raphael, people had already known how to design compositions gracefully; that in many places there were those who knew how to draw with correctness and purity'; that before Raphael, Orcagna, Starnina, Dello, Fra Filippo, and Pesellino in painting 'enormous pictures on panel, known as Cassones,' had anticipated Raphael's style of arabesque ornamentation, and had distinguished their work by freshness of colour, certainty of touch, science of drapery, and other features of merit. Raphael's 'noble talent is the sum total of the talents which had preceded him: it is well, therefore, that these talents should also be known.'

As regards the composition of his collection, Arnaud de Montor gives the interesting information that some pieces in it at one time had belonged to an Englishman,

who, some sixty years before, had attempted to form a similar collection at Florence, and had caused some research to be made as regards the twenty-five examples he had collected. This, I take it, can hardly refer to anybody but Ignace Hugford. The Arnaud de Montor collection has long since been dispersed; only a few of the pictures belonging to it can now be traced—rather a curious fact, considering how eagerly the pictures of this type are sought after. The engravings in the 1840 edition of the catalogue enable one, however, to form a fairly clear notion of the character of these pictures, and several of the Cassone panels, which Arnaud de Montor singles out for special mention, are of sufficient interest to have been reproduced, from these very plates, in the monumental volume on Italian Cassone panels which Dr Schubring has lately brought out. The earliest examples in the collection were alleged to date from the twelfth century—I say advisedly *alleged*, because if anything occurs to one on looking through these engravings and their attributions, it is the fantastic notions of this enthusiast for the Primitives of the distinctive manners of the various masters. One would have imagined that so much study to this period of art would have given him a few glimmers of connoisseurship. Nevertheless, the pictures must have formed a charming collection and been full of interest.

The praise given to the Primitives by the writers I have so far quoted is repeated in even stronger accents by the third of the disciples of Seroux d'Agincourt, Paillot de Montabert. In his 'Dissertation on the Paintings of the Middle Ages' (1812), he goes so far as to attack Raphael, who yet at one time was faithful to the methods of the earlier masters, for having allowed 'the dreadful love of novelty' to lead him astray from his naïve taste. He has words of severe criticism, also, for Raphael's last work, the 'Transfiguration of Christ' in the Vatican Gallery. Paillot de Montabert was, in fact, a purist who thought equally highly of Ancient Greek art and of the paintings of the mediæval artists, which he called 'receptacles of the precious doctrines of art,' and in the 'noble, simple, and unified disposition' of which he traces the evidence of the study of classical bas-reliefs, cameos, and gems. The Bolognese School of the

Carracci—Raphael, to the point we saw, Raphael's and Michelangelo's following—all come under his condemnation. The only praiseworthy exceptions which he allows in the history of the French school are Nicolas Poussin, Claude Lorraine, and Eustache Le Sueur; but the reform of French painting was begun by Vien, and carried to its completion by David. In truth, Paillot de Montabert, with his æsthetic theory, manages to hold in hand a queer team of horses.

To mention David is at the same time to name Paillot de Montabert's teacher in the practice of art. He became his pupil in 1796, the same year as the atelier of David was joined by Ingres, who must on no account be passed over in treating of these primitive tendencies in France. Ingres was in close sympathy with that group of students in David's atelier, nicknamed 'Les Penseurs' or 'Les Primitifs,' because they praised Egyptian, Greek, and Mediæval Art. Having gone to Italy and seen the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, Ingres writes to a friend that 'it is on one's knees that one ought to copy these men'; and having come to Florence, he is full of the wonders of the church of the Carmine, 'where there is a chapel which you might call the ante-room of paradise: it is painted by Masaccio, an old painter of the Renaissance.' To contemporary critics, such an early work by Ingres as his *Œdipus* and the *Sphinx* in the Louvre, painted while his artistic sympathies were as I have indicated, seemed to be archaic and primitive in the extreme. We know that this initial asperity of Ingres' style was later considerably softened; but throughout his life he remained an ardent student and admirer of Giotto, making his students do tracings from the compositions of that master. Indeed, the very last drawing Ingres did, a day or two before his death in 1867, was a tracing of Giotto's fresco of the Deposition of Christ in the Cappella dell'Arena at Padua, so persistent with him was the bias which owed its origin to the associations of his early youth and was inspired by the initiative and teaching of Seroux d'Agincourt.

So far for the more remarkable among his fellow-countrymen who carried on the tradition of Seroux d'Agincourt. A few words must now be devoted to the

Englishman who, as we saw, was among the draughtsmen employed by him in copying works of art for his publication—William Young Ottley. Born in 1771, and first studying art in England, Ottley went to Italy in 1791—at a time when Seroux d'Agincourt's investigations were well advanced and the printing of his work was to have been begun.* Ottley spent nine years in Italy, a period of great significance in that country's history, witnessing, as it did, the break-up of the old order of things and the setting free of many treasures of art which, until then, had been owned by churches and convents. Financial stress also compelled a great number of private owners of works of art to part with their possessions. Ottley thus came to acquire a fine collection of Italian pictures and drawings by the old masters. Some of these treasures were sold by him at auction at Christie's in 1801, immediately after his return from Italy; whilst others were dispersed in 1837, a year after his death. It almost goes without saying that Ottley's collection included examples by the Primitives; among the most important of the works of that class being a number of panels originally forming part of the great composite altar-piece by Ugolino, an early Sienese master, of about 1300, which for centuries adorned the church of S. Croce at Florence. Some of its panels, once in Ottley's possession, now hang in the National Gallery. Ottley was also the author of a number of valuable works on the history of art, of which two are especially interesting in this connexion—one, 'The Italian School of Design,' published for a succession of years between 1805 and 1823, and reproducing a number of Old Master drawings in Ottley's possession, including some alleged Giotto's and Cimabue's; the other, 'A Series of Plates after the Early Florentines,' reproducing drawings made in various cities of Tuscany and Umbria between 1792 and 1798, but not issued until 1826. The comments in these volumes on the early Italian masters are remarkably just and perspicacious, and show Ottley as the true

* I have the statement that Ottley worked for Seroux d'Agincourt from Mlle Lamy, in her admirable essay on the latter's work and influence ('Revue de l'art,' March 1921, p. 175). Ottley merely speaks of his having been acquainted with him during his stay at Rome ('The Italian School of Design,' p. 1).

pupil of Seroux d'Agincourt. Listen to him, for instance, on Giotto, in 'The Italian School of Design':

'He watched the various expressions of the passions in the human countenance and gesture, attempted their delineation with no small success, and was the first who attained any degree of excellence in portrait. Although ignorant of the principles and rules of perspective, the correctness of his eye frequently supplied the deficiency: moreover, his works had a certain degree of breadth of effect and mellowness of colouring which could not fail to captivate the eyes of those hitherto accustomed to the very harsh and inharmonious mode of painting practised by his predecessors. Above all his powers of invention and composition were such that it would be difficult to point out his equal, in these respects, amongst the numerous succession of artists who, during the two following centuries, prepared the way for the great luminaries of painting destined to appear under the happy auspices of Julius the Second and Leo the Tenth.'

In the volume on the Early Florentine School, he again refers to the work of Giotto, especially as abounding 'in examples in which by the employment and ingenious distribution of the figures, the intended subject is developed with a degree of perspicuity seldom equalled, *and perhaps never surpassed*, by painters of later times.' It is a far cry from the opinions here expressed, to that of Giotto as not being worthy to paint a tennis-court: and yet in point of time little more than fifty years divided the two opinions.

Contemporary English collectors were not slow to follow the example set by Ottley. Some, no doubt, had been working independently along similar lines—a very interesting chapter this which the space at my disposal does not allow me to develop. I must, however, briefly refer—amongst early English collections of Primitives, which, unlike Ottley's collection, have survived almost intact—to that formed by William Roscoe, the historian of Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo X, which now belongs to the City Gallery of Liverpool, a collection in existence by 1816, and formed—this is noteworthy—entirely in England, Roscoe having never visited Italy. About the middle of the 'twenties, also, we find a young secretary to the British Legation at the Court of Tuscany, the Hon. W. T. H. Fox-Strangways, going Primitive hunting

in Florence with Walter Savage Landor. A long series of the spoils of their chase hangs now in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford. These and other collectors contributed to the accumulation of that rich material of early Italian pictures in this country, which, less than thirty years after Ottley's death, we find surveyed and sifted with remarkable acumen in the joint work of an Italian and an Englishman—Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'History of Painting in Italy'—the most important contribution made in the course of the 19th century to the study and criticism of the early Italian Schools.

One remark of a general character is suggested by the study of the chapter in the history of taste which I have briefly sketched. We are apt to be astonished or to smile when we think of the amateurs of the 18th century walking past the work of the Primitives, and devoting a whole-hearted attention to the artists of the 17th century; and forget that every age has its own æsthetic blinkers. For a long time *we* have been in the habit of dismissing the 17th century artists with a glance and going straight to the Primitives—although this very analogy ought to have put us on guard. As a matter of fact, the interest in the art of the 17th century—so magnificent and absorbing in many respects—shows marked signs of reviving; and the great loan exhibition recently held in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence is a tangible expression of that fact. When this period of art comes to be closely studied, the private collections of England will yield as important material as they have done for the study of the earlier periods.

It is well to remember the tragic figure of the would-be inventor in Ibsen's 'Wild Duck,' who was at a loss what to invent, seeing that every invention had already been made. We must beware in studying art history of harbouring similar illusions of finality, and Modern Art—divided by no mysterious border line from Ancient Art—is always with us to serve as a reminder of that elasticity of mind and freedom from *parti-pris*, without which there can be no fruitful consideration of any branch of art, ancient or modern.

Art. 4.—FRENCH FOREIGN POLICY SINCE 1789.

1. *Histoire de France Contemporaine depuis la Révolution jusqu'à la Paix de 1919*. Edited by Ernest Lavisse. Nine vols. Paris: Hachette, 1920-22.
2. *Die Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette, 1871-1914*. Vols. I—VI (1871-1890). Edited by Johannes Lepsius, Albrecht Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Friedrich Thimine, by order of the Foreign Office. Berlin: Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft für Politik und Geschichte, 1922.
3. *The Belgian Congo and the Berlin Act*. By Arthur Berriedale Keith. Clarendon Press, 1919.
4. *Les Origines de la Guerre*. By Raymond Poincaré. Paris: Plon, 1921.

It is a good omen that the sane and dispassionate history of Modern France, which M. Ernest Lavisse has edited, should conclude with a profession of republican faith and a prophecy of better days to come. The epilogue to the ninth volume was probably the last literary work of the editor, whose death, in his eightieth year, was announced last August, not long after the volume had appeared. The optimism of such veterans is convincing and puts to shame the faint-heartedness of younger men. M. Lavisse might well have been pardoned if he had chosen to strike a personal note in this valedictory address. He might appropriately have reminded us that this is the third great work of historical synthesis for which he has been editorially responsible; he might even have referred to the enduring popularity and the acknowledged usefulness of the twelve volumes of the 'Histoire Générale' and the seventeen of the 'Histoire de la France Jusqu'à La Révolution.' On such occasions a little egoism is only natural, and is readily condoned. M. Lavisse was, however, not an egoist; he was a patriot of the best kind. He had never allowed his patriotism to pervert his historical judgments; but he believed that his historical studies might be, and should be, of service to his country. Therefore, on this occasion he chose, instead of reviewing his own laborious and honourable career, to dwell upon the history of France; to show how often her disasters had been stepping-stones

over which she advanced to a higher form of social organisation and to more glorious achievements in every field of human effort. It is a striking panorama of the past, and all the more impressive because the writer emphasises the indispensable conditions of a national renaissance; because he reminds his readers of the need for patience and self-abnegation, for toil and thrift, for exorcising national illusions and dropping the shibboleths of party faction. France, he holds, will be saved by her republican institutions and her colonial empire. There must be no harking back to Bonapartism in home or foreign policy; but the Republic must justify itself by a tolerant and generous liberalism; and the end of the colonial policy must be the creation of a Greater France, extending far into North Africa.

To a certain extent the convictions of their editor are shared by the very competent scholars who have written these nine volumes. They are all republicans; and two of them, M. Charl  ty and M. Seignobos, have traced the evolution of Republican democracy from 1815 to 1914 with a wealth of detail which only a confirmed republican can be expected to appreciate. Through all the columns we can trace the conviction that the old, the 'classical,' system of French foreign policy was unfortunate and founded on miscalculation. M. Charl  ty and M. Seignobos do not appear, however, to share the enthusiasm which M. Lavis   evinces for the ideal of a Greater France. M. Seignobos, of course, admires—who could fail to admire?—the audacity and endurance of the colonial pioneers. But of the completed edifice of the colonial empire he writes with a certain dry reserve, as though he doubts its value. We suspect him of believing that the true empire of France lies in the realms of the intellect and the creative imagination, and that a colonial empire is a convenient prop to that material prosperity without which the sciences and the arts and idealism will languish and fade away. He does not seem to have asked himself the question whether a great nation would be wise in neglecting to provide careers and fields of enterprise for those of its sons whose *forte* is not in contemplation but in action, whose instinct is to spend themselves in wrestling with their mother-earth, in establishing, as Bacon has it, the *Regnum hominis*

in natura? Can we defend, on the same lines, the adventurous spirit which has been so characteristic of France's foreign policy under the Bourbons and the House of Orleans, under the Second Empire and the Third Republic? M. Seignobos appears to think that this spirit is an evil legacy from the old régime and the Napoleonic era. He is inclined, we notice, to speak of French diplomatists as though they were a race apart, nurtured in a bad tradition, out of sympathy with democratic principles and aspirations. No doubt, there is a grain of truth in his contention. Diplomacy has afforded a career to many Frenchmen who could not reconcile themselves to the drudgery, or adapt themselves to the moral code, of parliamentary politics. They have not, however, been on that account less effective as representatives of France. To a foreigner it would appear that the errors of French foreign ministers, and of their professional agents and advisers, have generally sprung from an excessive anxiety to humour the electorate. This was the view both of Lord Palmerston and of Prince Bismarck—two critics who had unusual opportunities of studying French diplomacy in its less amiable aspects. Often as the French elector has been called upon to pay a heavy price for the failure of a spirited policy, he has never been long content with a policy which is tame and safe. A policy which skirts the *maëlstrom* without actually rushing into it; a policy which is perpetually and visibly scoring little points at the expense of a timid or slow-witted neighbour; which is not satisfied with a plain straightforward bargain, but always obtains for France a little more than France had a right to expect—that seems to be the policy which French opinion applauds, until the responsible agents go one step too far, and a humiliating *impasse* is created. All this is very irritating to the foreign powers with whom France has to deal, but it is the national tradition that a policy of this kind raises the nation in the eyes of Europe, creates an impression of strength and alertness, and secures for France a respectful hearing on any topic of international importance. Perhaps, in this case, the instinct of France is not entirely at fault.

Before the Revolution of 1789 the French diplomatist was not embarrassed to the same extent by a popular

demand for immediate and obvious results. In the long run an undistinguished policy would be fatal to a minister of the old régime; but, in the performance of his daily task, the minister had only to satisfy his sovereign who, though he might not be of more than average intelligence, was well informed about the facts of the diplomatic situation, and had been trained in the broad principles of diplomatic strategy. He would, for example, be aware that it is foolish to imperil your main object for the sake of those trifling and ephemeral advantages which are so grateful to the impatient elector or to the hard-pressed parliamentary statesman. Consequently it was safe for a minister of the old régime to frame a far-reaching design and to pursue it deliberately with a single mind. Talleyrand had been trained in this school, and by virtue of its training secured some remarkable successes at the Congress of Vienna, acting upon instructions which he himself had drafted, and reporting on questions of real moment only to Louis XVIII. In 1830 and 1831, when he represented France at the Congress of London, and helped to decide the destinies of Belgium, he was working under very different conditions. Louis Philippe, who trusted Talleyrand implicitly, could only correspond with him by stealth; for Louis Philippe was a constitutional king, bound to be guided by his constitutional advisers, of whom Talleyrand was not one. He could not always protect Talleyrand against a foreign minister who was itching to annex odds and ends of Belgian territory, who hoped to make the new Belgian State dependent upon France. Talleyrand, whose one object was to detach Belgium from Holland, and so to effect a breach in the Vienna settlement, chafed and fumed at the interference of his foreign office; but he could not always refuse to obey its instructions; and when he did obey, his annoyance was more than justified by the effect which its inopportune claims produced upon his colleagues. 'It really disgusts one,' wrote Palmerston, 'to see the government of a great country, in a great crisis of affairs, when such great interests are at stake, scrambling and intriguing for such pitiful objects as the ruined castle of Bouillon and its circumjacent territories.'

Talleyrand possessed the technical skill of the old

school. He also inherited the strictly continental aims which were fashionable under Louis XVI. In those days the old schemes of conquest and settlement in Asia and America had been condemned as radically unsound. What was the advantage of founding new factories in the East or new colonies in the West, which England would infallibly appropriate when it was worth her while? France would do better to cultivate a garden nearer home. Natural frontiers and a just equilibrium of Europe—with the balance inclining ever so slightly to the side of France—were more reasonable objects. In this theory Talleyrand remained unshaken through the Napoleonic era. Writing of that era in retrospect, he says that the Emperor failed through not knowing where to halt. He could have made a lasting settlement with the Allies either in 1803 or in 1807. At either date he might have kept all the new territory that had been incorporated with France since the outbreak of the Revolution—the Austrian Netherlands, Piedmont and Savoy, and the Left Bank from the Dutch frontier up to Bâle. That, Talleyrand thought, would have been a reasonable settlement; and the Allies would have been thankful for it. In 1807, if the settlement had been delayed till that year, some supplementary adjustments would have been desirable. A real kingdom of Poland and a real kingdom of Italy should have been created; and Germany should have been partitioned between Austria and Prussia. Here we have the classical system expounded, in the form of a criticism on the past, for the benefit of the French statesmen of the future. Under the restored House of Bourbon a more modest programme was inevitable; and after 1815 the advice of Talleyrand to Louis XVIII and also to Louis Philippe, was that France must begin by recovering her 'liberty of action.' One way of furthering this aim was to sow dissensions in the camp of the Allies, to combine with England and Austria against Russia and Prussia, or with England alone against the other three. Other methods were to resist the expansion of Austria's influence in Italy, to cultivate the friendship of Sardinia, to secure for Belgium a status of independence and perpetual neutrality.

Talleyrand was out of office from 1815 to 1830, and even during his London mission (1830-34) his influence on

French policy was intermittent. Long before his death a younger generation of French diplomatists was working on new lines to obtain the 'liberty of action' which he desired. In 1823 Villèle and Chateaubriand opened the era of those theatrical excursions which Palmerston called *anconades*. First came the invasion of Spain to restore the Bourbon monarchy and suppress the Liberal revolution. Next an expeditionary force was sent to police the Greek peninsula. Then followed the attack upon Algiers, which gradually became a war of conquest. Finally, Casimir Perier astonished Europe by sending troops to Ancona, and claiming an equal voice with Austria in the pacification of the Pope's rebellious territories. The first two of these expeditions were sanctioned by some at least of the Powers, as conducing to the peace of Europe. The last two were intended to assert the right of 'liberty of action' in the most absolute sense, and served no interests but those of France. All four had this feature in common, that they helped to make France more influential in the Mediterranean. Here, at least, it seemed, France could display her military strength, and exercise her inexperienced troops, without provoking simultaneously all the Powers of the Quadruple Alliance. A Mediterranean policy might sometimes exasperate Great Britain, and sometimes Russia; but these two rivals were not likely to draw together very often, or to remain together very long. More often than not it would be possible to play off one of them against the other.

This programme was not easy to reconcile with the Anglo-French entente which Talleyrand had negotiated and which Louis Philippe was anxious to maintain; but it was a popular programme, and in 1839 Thiers extended it to cover Syria and Egypt. He came to an understanding with Mehemet Ali behind the backs of all the other Powers. French good offices were to save the Pasha from the humiliation of evacuating Syria. In the event of opposition from England, the navies of France and Egypt were to co-operate in the Levant. France was to receive economic privileges in the Pasha's dominions. Palmerston, however, learned of the intrigue in time, and parried it by his Four-Power Treaty of London which settled the Egyptian question without regard to

the views of France. Thiers found himself on the brink of war, and would perhaps have gone to war if the final decision had lain in his own hands. As it lay with Louis Philippe the peace was preserved, and Thiers retired from office; but his discomfiture did not restore cordial relations between England and France. In future our statesmen watched with acute uneasiness the smallest move of France in Mediterranean affairs. Until 1851 we refused to recognise French sovereignty in Algeria. We suspected the existence of French designs against Tunis and Morocco. We treated the Spanish marriages, in 1845, as affairs of far-reaching moment; we assumed that a Prince-consort of French blood could ruin all our interests in the Iberian peninsula. We incurred some odium and much ridicule by sending our fleet to redress the wrongs of Don Pacifico (1850), simply because we believed him to be the victim of French intrigues at the court of Athens.

These apprehensions survived into the period of the Second Empire. Napoleon III made common cause with England in the Crimean War, only to desert her at the Conference of Paris, in which he sometimes behaved as though his only interest was to propitiate the Tsar. Moreover, one at least of the apologies which he offered to the world for his share in the war was that France could not tolerate the creation of a Russian navy with bases in the Eastern Mediterranean. That was a prospect which we too disliked; but we were bound to ask ourselves whether Russia was the only power that France desired to elbow out of the Ægean. Napoleon III spoke quite frankly to Bismarck on this subject in 1857. 'Je ne dis pas que je veux faire de la Méditerranée un lac français, mais pourtant à peu près la même chose.*' He did not talk in this vein to Lord Cowley, our ambassador in Paris; but he alarmed both Cowley and Palmerston by submitting to them a scheme for the partition of North Africa—England to take Egypt, Victor Emanuel to take Tunis, Morocco to be the portion reserved for France. As Palmerston pointed out, the proposal was not only an outrage on political morality; it was also an insult to our common sense:

* 'Grosse Politik,' vi, 103.

'We want to trade with Egypt and to travel through Egypt, but we do not want the burthen of governing Egypt, and its possession would not be considered in this country as a set-off against the possession of Morocco by France.'

The Emperor had only himself to thank for the sinister construction which all the other Mediterranean Powers put upon the Syrian expedition of 1861, ostensibly intended to succour the Maronite Christians of the Lebanon. He was obliged to promise that his troops would not remain in Syria longer than six months. They stayed for nine, and the news of their evacuation caused as much surprise as relief. 'I am heartily glad,' wrote Palmerston, 'we have got the French out of Syria, and a hard job it was to do so.'

The event showed that Napoleon III had abandoned his Mediterranean schemes; but it was some time before we ceased to expect that they would re-emerge. Perhaps this would have happened if the vigilance of the Powers interested in resisting them had been relaxed. That was Palmerston's opinion. 'The Emperor's mind seems as full of schemes as a warren is full of rabbits, and like rabbits his schemes go to ground for the moment to avoid notice or antagonism.' It is more probable that the Emperor despaired of exciting popular enthusiasm for Algeria or Morocco or Tunis or the Levant, and that he returned to pursue the mirage of natural frontiers in the hope that some lucky bargain, like that by which Nice and Savoy had been gained, might give him Belgium or Luxemburg or the Saar Valley or the Palatinate, as the price of an alliance with Austria or of an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards Russia. He had minor schemes in reserve during the 'sixties—schemes which might one day fascinate the French nation and which, in the mean time, were useful as baits to the clericals, or to the financiers or to the colonial party. Syria, Tonkin, Mexico, the Arab Empire of Algeria, the *rêve latin* of a French protectorate over Spain and Italy, all offered possibilities for the future. But the eastern frontier was his main preoccupation.

M. Seignobos, who has traced the history of these schemes with admirable precision, is impressed by the futility of most of them. He reminds us also that the most solid achievements of France in the 'sixties—

the foundation of Indo-China and the organisation of Senegal—were the work of ‘a few obscure officers,’ who received little encouragement or reward from the Emperor. That is true enough; but these particular successes do at least afford some justification for the Emperor’s method, or want of method, in his foreign enterprise. It was his habit to leave no path unexplored; to countenance, up to a certain point, every new enterprise which was backed by powerful interests or which was consonant with national traditions. By pursuing this line he sometimes squandered valuable resources on an unprofitable enterprise; but he presumed that one or two successes would compensate France for many failures. And, if he had confined himself to colonial enterprises, the method might have succeeded in his hands, as it succeeded in the hands of English statesmen. His blunder was to play for the highest stakes in the more dangerous game of continental politics. Yet his subjects must share the blame with him, unless indeed we assume him to have erred in believing that France expected him to imitate the policy of Henri II and Richelieu—that is, to exploit the dissensions of the German-speaking peoples. It is possible he was mistaken on this point; but Bismarck thought that he was right. The French, between 1860 and 1870, were marvellously self-confident and marvellously irritable, impatient of every set-back, hungry for some resounding success. They felt they had surrendered the Second Republic for a mess of pottage. What was the use of material prosperity, if France was to carry less weight in the affairs of Europe than the parvenu state of Prussia?

With the fall of the Second Empire we enter on a new period of French policy, for which our sources of information are less adequate. But a great deal of documentary material has been published, officially and otherwise, since 1914. M. Seignobos appears to have consulted, in writing the eighth volume of this history, most of the documents which had been published by the end of 1919. In particular he utilised the first volume of Pribram’s edition of the Austrian secret treaties; but he had not the advantage of consulting the six volumes of confidential papers which have lately been edited for the German Foreign Office. These illustrate the foreign

policy of Bismarck in the years 1871-90. They appear to have been edited with scrupulous care; and, although they do not give the whole story, they show what were the general instructions under which Bismarck's subordinates were acting in some critical phases of this period. It is not to be supposed that Bismarck showed his whole hand to those ambassadors with whom he maintained a direct correspondence, or even to the Foreign Office; and it may be assumed that the private archives of the Chancellor would throw light upon many problems (for instance, those connected with the crisis of 1875) which these departmental papers do not elucidate. But the broad lines of the policy which was pursued through the ordinary official channels are here quite clearly revealed; and to that extent these papers are of solid value.

Most instructive of all the papers relating to France are those which deal with the period of rapprochement (1875-85), when Bismarck showed his willingness to support the Mediterranean policy of the Third Republic. The tacit conditions were that France should accept the treaty of Frankfort as an irrevocable settlement, and should not come to an understanding with the Tsar or any Russian party. The idea of this Franco-German entente appears in a dispatch of 1875 from Bismarck to Hohenlohe, then German Ambassador in Paris, only a year after Bismarck had warned the French Government that Germany would not permit a French protectorate in Tunis; but this dispatch was written for Hohenlohe's private information. A period of strained relations followed, and no communications were made to France on the subject of the Mediterranean until 1879. Then Bismarck let it be known that Germany would not oppose the sending of a French expedition to Tunis, and simultaneously instructed his own Foreign Office that, in order to oblige France further, Germany must recognise the Dual Control in Egypt and must persuade Austria to do the same. In April 1880 he sent to Hohenlohe an ostensible dispatch which apparently confirms and explains a recent bargain with the French Government:

'The sphere of our understanding with France extends from Guinea up to Belgium, and covers all the Romance

countries. France has only to keep her hands off German acquisitions to remain on friendly terms with us. Not only her African policy, as recently illustrated by the Sahara railway scheme, . . . but also her struggle for more influence over the other Romance countries, injure no German interest.*

This friendly message has a general interest, apart from the special circumstances of the moment. Evidently Bismarck, like Napoleon III, was convinced that France would never consent to remain inert in European politics. New colonies alone would not satisfy her ambition. She must be permitted to form a circle of client states, and to treat the European shores of the Western Mediterranean as part of her legitimate sphere of interest.

Once given, the German promise of a benevolent attitude was soon translated into action. In 1880 France received the support of Germany at a Morocco Conference in Madrid. Next year, when a French protectorate had been proclaimed in Tunis, Bismarck sent assurances that, if England raised objections, France could count on the friendship of Germany and Russia; he also warned the Porte to expect no help from Germany in any enterprise directed against France. In 1884 the Italian Government, relying on the Triple Alliance, complained to Berlin that France was violating the terms of the Morocco convention. Bismarck's answer was a stinging rebuke to the 'selfishness' of Italy:—

'That we should take up the cudgels against France and confront Europe with the prospect of a war on the largest scale, because of vague anxieties about non-existent and future and expectative Italian interests in Morocco, or in the Red Sea, or in Egypt, or in any other quarter of the globe—that is a demand which can hardly be received with equanimity. It shows an insufficient appreciation of our interests, and of all other interests but those of Italy. . . . I beg you to speak to Herr Mancini in this sense, but naturally in milder language.' †

A little later Bismarck justified himself in a second confidential dispatch addressed (like the first) to Keudell, the German Ambassador at Rome :

* 'Grosse Politik,' III, 395-6.

† Ibid., 410.

'The least interference of Germany in the Morocco question would excite violent irritation in France. I go still further. If France perceives that Germany not only means to keep Metz and Strassburg, but also grudges her the chance of finding compensation for the Rhine frontier in overseas achievements, if everywhere France finds Germany across her path—this would strengthen the party of *revanche* . . . and precipitate the outbreak of a new war with France; and in that case I do not know of any prize that we could expect to win.' *

Simultaneously with this episode we find the Congo question bringing France and Germany together. Both powers resented the Anglo-Portuguese treaty (Feb. 26, 1884), in which Great Britain had recognised the sovereignty of Portugal over the mouth of the Congo, and the coast-line on both sides of it, and had agreed that the navigation of the lower Congo should be regulated by an Anglo-Portuguese convention. France had vested interests in the Congo region; Bismarck was expecting, in this summer, to hear that Dr Nachtigal had staked out claims for Germany in or near the Cameroons. It was natural that common action should be taken. On Aug. 10, Bismarck wrote to his own foreign office that England's ambition of establishing a colonial monopoly might compel the other commercial nations to unite in resisting her designs; on Aug. 11, Herbert Bismarck suggested to the French Ambassador that a Franco-German entente about West African trade might be advisable; and a few days later Bismarck himself broached the idea that France might find it worth her while to bring together the minor maritime Powers in a league against England.† In September, Bismarck admitted the right of France to an option over the territories of the Congo Association, if they ever came into the market; and in October, France joined Germany in issuing formal invitations to the Berlin Conference.

It is, however, evident from the new German documents that this entente rested on precarious foundations. Bismarck was, for the moment, principally interested in West Africa. France, though her West African interests

* 'Grosse Politik,' III, 412.

† Ibid., 413-9.

were more substantial than those of Germany, was thinking mainly about Egypt, and assisted Bismarck's plan of a Congo conference, simply in the hope that Bismarck would, in return, support the demand for an international control of Egypt. Bismarck had, however, no intention of meddling in the Egyptian question if Great Britain would give him what he wanted in West Africa; as he said himself, it would be foolish to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for France, and to create a lasting estrangement between Germany and England, without any security for a lasting friendship between Germany and France. It was impossible that partners whose interests were so divergent should long remain united. Bismarck accused France of truckling to England in the Congo negotiations. France suspected Bismarck of having come to a secret agreement with Lord Granville, and was even nervous about working with Germany in Egyptian matters for fear of being used as a mere tool of Germany against England.* Finally, in May 1885, Bismarck told the German Ambassador in Paris that the understanding with France was bound to be temporary and precarious. It was not altogether to be despised while it continued. 'But we can build no political edifices on that foundation.' He did not doubt the good faith of the French ministry; but at any moment any ministry in France might be swept away by the party of *revanche*.

These views were translated into action. Bismarck advised the French and the English Governments to arrange between themselves an Egyptian settlement which the Powers of the Triple Alliance could accept; in confidence he told Lord Rosebery that if England meant to stay in Egypt, she ought to say so and offer France a definite compensation. In 1886 he offered the influence of Germany to arrange such a settlement. There was in these conversations no hint of a breach between Germany and France; but it was clearly intimated that England's star was in the ascendant at Berlin. This was the natural consequence of the ministerial changes of 1885 and 1886 in France. Jules Ferry fell from power because colonial and Mediterranean schemes had lost their charm

* Poincaré, p. 20.

for the French electorate. Boulanger obtained the Ministry of War because he was the favourite general of the *revanchiste* party. In November 1886, Bismarck still affected to make light of Boulanger and his friends; he sent word to Lord Randolph Churchill that 'in spite of all flummery about *revanche*, the peace with Germany is of considerable value to the French Republic. That no doubt was the view of Jules Grévy, the French President; but Grévy was not entirely master in his own house. Soon Bismarck became aware of unofficial but still ominous professions of fraternity between Déroulède's Patriotic League and Russian Panslavists of exalted rank. Grévy was no party to these proceedings and had no faith in Russian promises; Alexander III abhorred the idea of an alliance with any republic; but a rapprochement between France and Russia was so obviously to the advantage of both powers that Bismarck and Moltke thought fit to repeat the tactics of 1875. They carried, in 1887, a new Army Law increasing the peace-strength of the army for the next septennate; and, in addressing the Reichstag on this subject, Bismarck announced that he was in fear of an unprovoked attack from France, though he could not say whether this would be launched in the next ten days or in the next ten years.

The new documents suggest very strongly that in 1887, as in 1875, the enemy whom Bismarck really dreaded was not France but Russia. Privately he regarded Boulanger as a military charlatan, and he had received assurances from the German General Staff that the French army could not enter on a serious war until the infantry had been completely re-equipped and the frontier fortresses brought up to date. But he had some reason to suppose that war between Austria and Russia was impending. On Oct. 16, 1886, Herbert Bismarck was the recipient of remarkable confidences from the Russian Ambassador in Berlin. They were made after dinner, and Count Paul Schouvalof had obviously dined too well. But they caused so much embarrassment to the Counsellor of the Russian Embassy, who was the only other person present, that Herbert Bismarck at once reported them to his father. Schouvalof said:

'La seule alliance saine et solide est celle entre nous deux, moi je deteste l'Autriche, je n'ai jamais pu me conformer à l'idée de l'alliance à trois; il faut absolument que nous fassions disparaître l'Autriche de la carte de l'Europe. Vous prendrez ses provinces allemandes et rien ne pourra plus nous séparer politiquement, donc laissez nous chier sur l'Autriche.'*

A few days later Schouvalof was warned by the Chancellor that Germany could under no circumstances allow Austria to be erased from the list of great Powers. But Bismarck did not stop there. On Dec. 18, he informed Vienna, in guarded language, that war with France and Russia was quite probable, and that every effort must be made to conciliate Russia. About the same time he was sounding Lord Randolph Churchill, to discover if Austria could count on the support of Great Britain in a war with Russia. In March 1887 he gave his blessing to a Mediterranean Agreement between Great Britain, Austria, and Italy, in which all three Powers expressed their determination to uphold English interests in Egypt and the existing conditions in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, the Ægean, and the Black Sea.† In the same month he concluded with Italy another remarkable agreement providing for the occurrence of French encroachments in Tripoli or Morocco. In such a case Germany would consider that the *casus fœderis* of the Triple Alliance had arisen, and would support any military operations which the Italian Government might undertake on French soil or in North Africa.‡

War seemed very near at hand in the early months of 1887. Bismarck was warning the French Ambassador that, if Boulanger became President of the Republic or Prime Minister, there would be war at once. The court of St. Petersburg was warning the German Ambassador that Russia could not stand aside while France was being reduced to the rank of a second-class Power. Twice Boulanger urged his fellow-ministers to send Germany an ultimatum, and on the second occasion secured the vote of Goblet, the Prime Minister. Then

* 'Grosse Politik,' v, 66. † Ibid., 315-31, and 'Pribram,' i, 49-7.

‡ 'Pribram,' i, 110.

the horizon cleared as suddenly as it had overclouded. Peace was assured, on the side of France, when the Goblet ministry fell in May and was succeeded by the Rouvier ministry, in which General Boulanger was not included; but it was a better guarantee for the peace of Europe that, earlier in the month, the Tsar had approved the draft of a new Reinsurance Treaty between Germany and Russia.

Peace was now assured; but it was in vain that Grévy and his ministers endeavoured to re-establish intimate relations with Berlin, as they did on more than one occasion. Herbert Bismarck summarised the situation with his usual bluntness when the French Ambassador asked him whether Germany would join in objecting to the Drummond-Wolff convention, by which Great Britain, during the last days of the crisis, had obtained the Sultan's permission to remain in Egypt for three years. The French Ambassador was told that German relations with Great Britain were of the friendliest character, whereas every effort on the part of Germany to cultivate the good will of France had obtained at the best a very transient success. Germany had nothing to hope from France so long as it was possible for the weakest of French cabinets to secure a new lease of life by beating the big drum of *revanche*. The Drummond-Wolff convention fell to the ground because it was vetoed by Russia and by France. But in August 1887 Prince Wilhelm (the future Kaiser Wilhelm II) conveyed to Lord Salisbury the obliging suggestion that, convention or no convention, Great Britain could easily hold her own in Egypt.

Reading between the lines we infer that one of the morals which the accomplished editors of 'Die Grosse Politik' desire to be deduced from their materials, is that France committed an enormous blunder and missed a brilliant future by her conduct in 1886 and 1887. How much better it would have been to take Morocco, by the grace of Bismarck, at this early date, and to agree to forget the loss of Alsace-Lorraine! Perhaps some readers will be led to the same conclusion when they observe the enthusiasm of M. Lavissee for that Greater France in North Africa which is one day to repair the fortunes of his nation.

The natural criticism on such conclusions; the criticism voiced as early as 1885 by clear-sighted Frenchmen, was that any gains which might be made and maintained, in Africa or elsewhere, through German help, would be too dearly bought.

‘Assoupir nos souvenirs; détourner nos regards du passé vers un avenir indéterminé, afin de mieux nous habituer aux conditions rigoureuses du présent; nous entraîner ainsi d’une façon presque insensible à l’acceptation définitive des faits accomplis en 1815 et 1871, de manière que la France, résignée à ses démembrements successifs et prenant une bonne fois son parti de l’hégémonie militaire et géographique de la Prusse, gravite désormais dans l’orbite de l’empire allemand, tel est le programme que le prince de Bismarck suit à notre égard.’ *

Even for the sake of Morocco it was not worth while to become the satellite of Germany, to endure patiently the caprices of Bismarck, and perpetually to run the risk of being deserted, or of being ordered to halt, in some cherished project, whenever it was Bismarck’s cue to humour England or another Mediterranean Power at the expense of France. What France lacked in 1887 and obtained in 1893 was an alliance with a great Power whose interests were unlikely to clash with her own or to coincide with those of Germany.

But, the Russian alliance having been secured, Morocco became the main object of French policy. No doubt, there was the hope that ultimately, with the help of Russia, the losses of 1871, and even those of 1814-5, might be repaired. But the alliance of 1893, as we now know from the authentic text,† was of a purely defensive character; and, by virtue of that character, it debarred France from any immediate return to the policy of natural frontiers. Morocco was a second-best alternative. Still the economic advantages expected from Morocco were very great, and M. Poincaré indicates, in his brief narrative, that France fought hard to maintain her ‘special interests’ intact. The Conference of Algeiras (1906) was not the end, but rather the beginning of her

* M. de Courcel in Poincaré, 21-2.

† Poincaré, 60-2.

difficulties. The final act of the conference was full of ambiguities, of which the German Government and German concessionaires, not unnaturally, took full advantage. In spite of the Conference, in spite of the Protectorate, Germany desired that the main principles of the Congo Act—free trade and national treatment for the traders of all nations—should be respected in Morocco. France thought otherwise. Hence we hear of German intrigues against the Protectorate at Rome, at Constantinople, and at Fez; of spies employed and rebels financed by the German consul at Casablanca; of German financial houses furtively encouraging the head of the Shereefian Empire to vindicate his independence for their benefit. In fact, says M. Poincaré, there was a permanent conspiracy; and, if the Serajevo murder had not been available as a *casus belli* in 1914, then or not much later there would have been another Imperial visit to Tangier, or another German warship sent to Agadir. France, in fact, had set her face against further compromises in the Morocco question. Secure in the support of Russia and Great Britain she was determined to claim the last farthing of her legal privilege as the protecting Power. Perhaps she took this line rather as a means of proclaiming her newly found 'liberty of action' than from more material and sordid motives. But, whatever may have been her motives, she obviously regarded Morocco as a prize worth fighting for. Already she envisaged the possibility of creating another Algeria in Morocco.

This, of course, is what M. Lavissee means by the policy, which he so strongly advocates, of a Greater France in Africa. By following this policy, he argues, France will avoid the error of Great Britain, who, in recognising the rights of her Dominions to self-government, has allowed her empire to be broken up. We regret that a critic so eminent and so fair-minded should have fallen into an error which is contradicted by the whole history of Greater Britain's effort in the war. The British Dominions rendered assistance in every theatre of operations, on a scale, and with a degree of efficiency, that could not have been bettered if they had been legally a part of the United Kingdom. Economically, no doubt, France has obtained in Algeria and will obtain

in Morocco, a privileged position which no scheme of imperial preference is ever likely to give Great Britain in Dominion markets. But the events of 1906-14 show quite clearly that such privileged positions have their risks as well as their advantages. France is not the only democracy which has decided that the advantages outweigh the risks, but is it certain that a policy which can be safely applied by the United States, in the Pacific Ocean or the Caribbean Sea, is equally safe when applied by a European power to North Africa? There is a tendency, in the reveries and forecasts of M. Lavissee, to assume that the policy of a Greater France is eminently reasonable and pacific. Every policy of expansion has its dangers; but the peculiar policy of France seems to involve some dangers which are avoided in the British system. We have not heard the last, in international politics, of the principles of free trade and of national treatment for the foreign trader.

H. W. C. DAVIS.

Art. 5.—THE ANGER OF GOD.

1. *Vom Zorne Gottes*. By Max Pohlenz. Vandenhoeck : Göttingen, 1909.
2. *The Origin and Development of Moral Ideals*. By Edward Westermarck, LL.D. Second Edition. Macmillan, 1917.

IF we deliberately, and by a personal act of our judgment, adhere to the Christian Church—if we call ourselves Christians in any serious sense—this can only mean that we believe the view of the great Reality behind phenomena, the view of God, for which the Christian Church stands, to be truer than any other view. If we found that the Christian Church was committed to a view of God, which falsified His real nature and character in an essential particular, we could not reasonably be Christians. We could not regard the entrance of Christianity into the stream of human history as a beneficent event.

There is one idea which has unquestionably been connected with God by millions of Christians throughout the nineteen centuries of Christianity, but which many Christians from comparatively early times have declared to be wrong and incredible, and many people to-day unhesitatingly reject—the idea that God can be angry. Of course, it is immediately obvious that the Bible continually speaks of the anger of God, uses even terms which, in their literal meaning, imply passionate emotion—fury, vehement breathing, outbreak. But this does not much trouble the modern Christian. It would trouble him if he still adhered to the old belief—the belief practically universal till the last two or three generations—in the verbal inspiration of everything in the canon of scripture; but the modern Christian is quite ready to say, ‘Yes, of course, that is the Jewish Jehovah; but we have thrown Him over. Jesus Christ made a fresh start, and freely corrected the old law where He saw it to be wrong. Instead of the wrathful, jealous autocrat who appears as God in the Old Testament, Jesus taught men to believe in a loving Father, always ready to welcome the sinner who returns home. We do not believe in the Old Testament God, but we

believe in the God revealed by Jesus Christ.' That, or something like that, one hears on all sides to-day.

Now, I think certain of the things which this kind of talk affirms or implies are undoubtedly true. It is true (or so I believe) that the collection of documents of different ages included in the Bible gives us the record of a spiritual development, and that we cannot take everything in the Bible to be of equal value, for we find elements of crude primitive belief, and a gradual elevation and purification of religion, as the Spirit worked in the community and called prophets and teachers to bear witness to the men of their time. It is true, also, that our Lord speaks of the old Law as imperfect and assumes the authority to replace its commandments by the higher law of the Kingdom of God. But before we can dispose of the idea of the wrath of God, on these principles, we ought surely to look a little closer and see whether this idea is, as a matter of fact, one of those which Israel in its spiritual advance threw aside, and whether it is one of the elements in the old tradition which our Lord rejected. When we do this, the facts are not, I think, so easy as one might suppose, to judge by some of the loose talk often heard to-day.

To begin with, it may be admitted that the idea of an angry Deity was one which primitive Israel had in common with the surrounding heathen. It was an idea common to primitive religions generally. One must remember, however, that to call a religious notion primitive in this sense is not necessarily to affirm that it is wrong. For this leaves untouched the question whether the idea is one of those which man in his religious advance ought to reject or ought to retain.

If the idea of the Divine anger was one of those which purer religion would cast off, we might expect that in the great movement of prophetic reform, in the eighth century B.C., with which the names of Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, and Micah are associated, the idea would be, if not expressly rejected, at any rate allowed to sink out of thought. What, however, we actually find is that fresh and urgent emphasis is put by the reforming prophets upon the idea. Amos complains that his contemporaries thought of Jehovah as too easy-going. 'Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord! Where-

fore would ye have the day of the Lord? It is darkness and not light. As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him: or went into the house and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him' (Amos v, 18, 19). It is true that the reforming prophets rejected various things in the traditional conception of the Divine anger. They declared that Jehovah's attitude to men was determined by His righteous character, that it was unrighteousness and selfishness in men which provoked Him to anger, and that His anger could not be turned away by elaborate ritual, sacrifices, oblations, and music, by nothing but right conduct, mercy and justice and humility. They carried on a polemic against the popular idea of Jehovah, but they never stigmatised as wrong the idea of Jehovah's being angry. Far from that, their message was largely taken up with asserting His anger. The prophets of the next generation, Jeremiah and Ezekiel, show no difference in this respect. In fact, in Ezekiel, the expressions in which Jehovah's anger is described are startlingly violent.

When we come to later phases of Judaism, we find a falling off in poetry and in creative spirit, as compared with the great prophets before and immediately after the exile. Yet in certain things there is an advance in spiritual perception. In the days of the Apocalypses and the Psalms we get a maturer conception of communion between the individual soul and God, a new sense of the transcendent world, as that in which the wrongs of the earth are righted, a new belief in the destinies of the individual on the other side of death. Do we find now, with this new spiritual development, the idea of the Divine anger fading? Not at all. It is asserted as strongly as ever in the Apocalypses and the Psalms.

The idea, therefore, of the Divine anger is not one of those which was eliminated in that spiritual progress of the Hebrew people, of which the Old Testament and the Apocryphal writings are the record. We come to the teaching of Jesus Christ, who, certainly, as has been said, corrected deficiencies in the old Law. But did He ever protest against the idea of God presented in the Old Testament? So far as His sayings are recorded, never. He assumes always the Old Testament God as

the supreme Reality. There is, in all His recorded sayings, no hint that He regarded as unworthy of God those things which lead modern Christians to speak disparagingly of the Jewish Jehovah. When His disciples, indeed, wanted to call down fire from heaven to consume His enemies, as Elijah had done, He is said to have rebuked them; not because He held the story of Elijah to have misrepresented God, but because His disciples did not understand that their mission was different from that of Elijah. 'Ye know not what spirit ye are of.'

It is to be noted that where He corrected the old Law it was not in the way of relaxation, but of greater stringency. He does not, it is true, in any of the sayings included in the Synoptists use directly of God terms which signify 'anger'; but in two of the parables He uses them of the person who symbolises God: 'The master of the house, being angry, said unto his servants: Go out now into the streets and lanes of the city' (Luke XIV, 21). 'His lord was wroth and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that he owed' (Matt. XVIII, 34). He spoke, too, of God's forgiveness being granted on conditions: 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses'—and to say that some one refuses to forgive is surely equivalent to saying that he maintains the attitude of anger. Jesus even spoke of a sin which God would never forgive, either in this world or in the world to come.

In view of these, the real documentary facts, it seems hardly warrantable to claim the right to throw over the Jewish Jehovah on the strength of the teaching of Jesus Christ. Of course, it is true that Jesus spoke also of the readiness of God to forgive the sinner who returned to Him, of His kindness even to the unthankful and evil, in that He continued to send them the sunshine and the rain. But there was nothing in this to distinguish His God from the God of the Old Testament. For the God of the Old Testament is not unintermittently angry. He is angry with men, only so long as they continue to sin. The Old Testament, too, speaks of His readiness to forgive and receive back into the arms of His love the sinner who returns home. 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled

against Him.' 'I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely: for Mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily' (Hosea xiv, 4, 5). The Old Testament speaks of His forbearance with sinners: 'The Lord is full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide; neither will He keep His anger for ever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities' (Psalm ciii, 8-10). Just as God, in the words of Jesus, is said to send the sunshine and rain on the unthankful and evil, so the Old Testament Jehovah went on giving good things to Israel, whilst Israel forgot Him. 'She did not know'—the nation personified as Jehovah's spouse—'that I gave her the corn and the wine and the oil, and multiplied unto her silver and gold, which they used for Baal' (Hosea ii, 8). Perhaps we might say—I owe the observation to Mr Claude Montefiore—that in one respect the teaching of Jesus, as to God's dealing with sinners, went beyond the Old Testament and the Jewish thought of His time. Jesus represents God as not only ready to forgive and welcome back the sinner who returns—that, so far, corresponds with the Jewish tradition—but as going to seek out the sinner, as the Shepherd who searches in the mountains for the lost sheep, not only as the Father who waits at home for the prodigal. When Jesus made Himself the companion of publicans and sinners in order to call them to repentance, that, so far as we know, was something new. But even in the Old Testament the appeal which Jehovah makes to Israel shows a reaching forth of the Divine which we may put beside the parable of the Good Shepherd. 'I taught Ephraim to go; I took them on my arms; but they knew not that I healed them. I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love. . . . How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? . . . Mine heart is turned within Me, My compassions are kindled together' (Hosea xi, 3-8).

What of the rest of the New Testament, which shows us the view of God held amongst the first generation of disciples after Jesus had left the earth, the view held by men upon whom the impression of His personality and His words was still fresh and living? These disciples

had begun to give systematic explanations of the content of the Gospel, to interpret it in set terms under the guidance, they believed, of His Spirit. Do we now find that the idea of the wrath of God is dropped? Still must we say, No. Come to the writings of Paul. 'The wrath of God,' he writes, 'is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men' (Rom. i, 18). 'Thou treasurest up for thyself,' he says, addressing a typical man whom he conceives as impenitent, 'wrath in the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God. . . . Unto them that obey not the truth . . . shall be wrath and indignation, tribulation and anguish' (Rom. ii, 5, 8). 'We were by nature,' he says in the Epistle to the Ephesians, 'children of wrath' (objects, that is, of the Divine wrath) 'even as the rest' (Eph. ii, 3). Come to the Johannine writings, the writings from which comes the immortal text, 'God is love': we read in the Fourth Gospel, 'He that obeyeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him' (John iii, 36).

To find a protest against the idea that couples anger with the divine, we must look away from the Bible to that pagan world, whose idea of God, Christians must believe, was lower and poorer than the idea brought by Christianity. The primitive Greeks, no less than the primitive Hebrews, had coupled the idea of anger with the divine; their gods were wrathful, if men failed to sacrifice to them in the proper way; and such an idea of the gods continued amongst the uneducated, no doubt, to the last days of paganism; but amongst the educated, at the time when Christianity came into the world, it had long been an axiom, that God was never moved to anger. 'Are we afraid,' Cicero writes, 'of angry Jove? Why, this at any rate is a commonplace in which all philosophers agree, that God is never angry and never does harm'—'*nunquam nec irasci deum nec nocere*' ('De Officiis,' iii, 102). We may distinguish two reasons for which the idea of God's being angry seemed incredible. One was a moral reason, because anger implied a desire to hurt, and God could never will to do anything but good.

The other was a psychological reason, because anger was a species of passion (*πάθος*) and it was an axiom with

all schools of philosophy that divinity was incompatible with passion—ἀπαθὲς τὸ θεῖον (Sext., 'Emp.,' I, 162). For the Stoics, anger was an unworthy passion even in a man; the typical wise man was never moved to anger; and the perfect sovereignty of passionless reason, which the wise man, if he ever existed, would show, was an eternal reality in God.

So far, then, from its being correct to say that the idea of God's anger is a bit of paganism which has become mixed up in Christianity, the idea of God's anger was precisely one of those things in Judaism and Christianity which, to educated pagans, was a stumbling-block. Celsus in his polemic against the Christians found plentiful matter for ridicule in the conception of a God subject to passion, a God who raged and stormed and threatened, and then suddenly by a change of mood sent His Son and underwent suffering for the sake of the people whom He had been threatening to destroy. The objection felt to the idea of God's anger by educated pagans was also felt by Hellenised Jews and Christians, and they had to find some way of getting over the fact that the conception was embedded so deeply in their sacred books. The most drastic way of dealing with the difficulty was that taken by the Gnostics. As with the modern Christians, to whom allusion was made at the outset of this discussion, they threw over the Old Testament God. Only, whereas the modern Christians in question regard the Jewish Jehovah as a figment of the human imagination, the Gnostics regarded Him as a real being, but an inferior one, a being who did not belong to the divine world, whence the Saviour Christ had descended. The heretic Marcion built his system on the contrast between the Jewish Jehovah, a wrathful and angry being, who was, however, the Maker of this lower world, and the Father of Jesus, the higher God, who was subject to no passion and no change. Marcion, who professed to be giving the pure doctrine of Paul, had, of course, himself to face the difficulty that in the Pauline writings, also, the idea of God's wrath, as we have seen, appears. He declared that all the passages in question either were interpolations or referred to the Old Testament God, not to the Higher God.

It was, however, too obvious, on any candid view of

the documents, that Jesus and the New Testament writers held their God to be identical with the God of the Old Testament for the Christian Church to get rid of the idea of God's anger in this fashion—by the supposition of two different Gods. One Christian writer, however, came near doing so—Tertullian. The absolute freedom from emotion, from *πάθος*, which the philosophers postulated in God, we may really ascribe, Tertullian said, to God the Father. When God is spoken of in the Old Testament as feeling emotion, we must understand that the Person meant is the Logos, God the Son. As against Marcion, indeed, Tertullian contends that emotion in the Divine nature is of a different mode from emotion in human nature. Marcion tried to discredit the Old Testament God by attributing to Him anger of the human kind; but this, Tertullian says, is exceedingly unintelligent. Anger in human beings implies transience and decay; but it does not follow that anger in God has the same characteristics. Nevertheless, it implies emotion of some sort, and cannot, therefore, be attributed to God the Father. When God the Son, as the Old Testament Jehovah, experiences emotion, that is already, says Tertullian, the first phase of a descent and voluntary self-humiliation, which is consummated in the sufferings of the incarnate Christ. From the very beginning the Divine Logos was learning by such humiliation what in the end he was to become (*ediscens iam inde a primordio, quod erat futurus in fine*).

A bolder assertion of God's anger is found in another Latin father, Lactantius, contemporary with Constantine, who wrote a special treatise on the subject, which we still have, entitled 'De Ira Dei.' But the assertion is bolder, so far as we can see, only because Lactantius failed to understand the difficulties of the question. As a philosophical essay, the little work is very poor. Lactantius was a rhetorician rather than a thinker, whose chief distinction was that he could write a Latin prose colourably Ciceronian. His point of view is Roman rather than Greek, and his main idea is the necessity of the proper fear of authority in order that the State and the family may be held together. If you deny that God feels anger you deny that He exerts His authority to

repress wrong-doing ; for Lactantius seems incapable of distinguishing between the act of attaching painful consequences to wrong-doing and the feeling of anger. He admits, indeed, that if God were merely the judge, He might punish without passion ; the judge is not connected by personal interest with the criminal ; but where the individual in authority has a personal interest in the individual under authority, as in the case of the father of the family, then he cannot punish without the feeling of anger. It is not only permissible, it is a positive duty, for the *pater familias* to chastise with anger the misdoings of his wife, his children, and his slaves. God Himself commands us, Lactantius says, that we should perpetually have our hands exercised upon the young, that is, that when they do wrong, we should correct them with assiduous castigations (*ut manus nostras super minores semper habeamus, hoc est, ut peccantes eos adsiduis verberibus corrigamus*). For the very reason that God has a personal interest in men, His chastisement is bound to be accompanied by the feeling of anger.

The treatise of Lactantius—although described by Saint Jerome as ‘exceedingly beautiful’ (*pulcherrimum*)—is not of great value as will have been gathered. Yet if Lactantius failed to understand the difficulties he wished to meet, his treatise is important, at any rate, as showing that the difficulties were widely felt. Amongst the more philosophical Greek Christians another way had long been taken to deal with the problem. They followed the lines laid down by the Hellenised Jewish philosopher, Philo of Alexandria, just before Christianity came into the world. What Philo’s theory comes to is this, that God is never really angry—that for the philosopher is unthinkable—but He *pretends* to be angry in order to frighten sinners for their good. The majority of men can only be turned from sin by the motive of fear, and God, for their sakes, represents Himself as moved by human emotions. Philo points to a verse in Deuteronomy (VIII, 5), ‘As a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee’—‘As a *man*.’ Philo introduced the argument which points to God’s hand and feet spoken of in the Scriptures, as proving that their anthropomorphic language is not to be taken literally—

and this became a stock argument in Christian theology throughout the ages, down to Dante—

‘Per questo la scrittura condiscende
A vostra facultate, e piedi e mano
Attribuisce a Dio, ed altro intende’ (‘Paradiso,’ iv, 43).

The anger of God is a mere metaphor.

Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Athanasius, Gregory of Nazianzen, Basil, Chrysostom, all follow Philo. They all hold fast to the axiom of Greek philosophy that God is ἀπαθής, without passions. The same view was adopted in the West. Ambrose lays it down that God is never really angry, but only *seems* to be angry because He inflicts punishment (non enim Deus passioni patet, ut irascatur, cum sit impassibilis, sed quia vindicat videtur irasci). Saint Augustine, a great original spirit, indicates what is perhaps a better way. It may be that he shrank from the view which made the wrath of God a mere metaphor or a pretence. The language he uses hints that there may be an anger which is real, and yet not a passion, a πάθος, such as cannot be attributed to the Divine. In us men the emotions involve malaise, *molestia*; but something analogous to our emotions may exist in God without any *molestia* attached to them: *zelat sine aliquo livore*, He is jealous without any feeling of envy; *irascitur sine aliqua perturbatione*, He is angry without any disturbance of spirit; *miseretur sine aliquo dolore*, He is compassionate without pain; *pœnitetur eum sine alicuius suæ pravitatis correctione*, He repents without having any wrong-doing to correct; *est patiens sine ulla passione*, He suffers long without any suffering. Such language hints, as I have said, at a way of dealing with the difficulty which I believe to be more satisfactory than those we have hitherto surveyed, though, as it stands, it does not go beyond a hint, embodied in what may seem mere rhetorical paradox.

Let us look at the problem for ourselves. We see at once that the old thinkers were right in indicating both a psychological and a moral difficulty. There is the difficulty that to attribute emotions of any kind to God seems illegitimate anthropomorphism, and there is the difficulty that this particular kind of emotion seems incompatible with God’s goodness.

To begin with the first difficulty, Can we, without absurd anthropomorphism, attribute emotions to God? As soon as that question is raised, one sees that it applies not to anger only, but to love. If you think of anger as it exists in human beings—the anger of short-tempered, fussy, self-conscious people, anger springing from a dyspeptic habit of body—it is obvious enough that only the most primitive childishness could ever associate the idea of it with the Deity. But if you think of love as it exists in human beings—to associate the idea of *that* with the Deity is not less grotesque. I have heard a missionary say that it was exceedingly difficult to declare in the language of the African tribe he lived with that God is love, because the words for love had such undesirable associations. And one may notice that a similar difficulty was apparently felt by the early Christians. They could not use the ordinary word for love, in the heathen world, *erōs*, when they said that God was love. They had to bring into use a new word, *agape*. And the Latin-speaking Christians could not say *Deus est amor*. That would have seemed a familiar phrase to any one acquainted with Latin poetry, but familiar in a sense far enough away from the meaning intended by the Christian. The Christian had to say *Deus est caritas*. Now, if we believe that God is truly love, even though love as it exists in human beings always has some characteristics which cannot be attributed to God, then we cannot argue that anger is inconceivable in God simply because anger, as it exists in human beings, has characteristics which cannot be attributed to Him.

The fact is that, while it is easy enough to talk about anthropomorphism, it is exceedingly hard to know where the line comes between legitimate and illegitimate anthropomorphism in speaking about God. All our ideas of God are necessarily anthropomorphic. If we believe Him to be personal, we attribute to him something which we only know at first hand as existing with human limitations. And we do not escape from this difficulty by denying that He is personal. As well describe Him as being utterly unknown. If He is utterly unknown, a mere blank, you cannot even say that He exists; He would, at any rate, have no sort of existence of which we could take account. Hence, we notice that

the people who want to keep some idea of God and yet not think of Him as personal, can only do this by taking certain elements in human personality and supposing them to exist by themselves. They may think of God as impersonal Reason, or (as Mr Wells did in one of his former books) as impersonal Purpose. But Reason and Purpose we know, and can conceive of, only as existing in a Person; impersonal Reason and impersonal Purpose are really terms that mean nothing. In the world which we know at first hand, human personality is the highest thing, and if we think of God at all it can only be—in one sense—anthropomorphically: to think of Him not anthropomorphically—as, for instance, as an impersonal force, like gravitation or electricity—would not be to think of Him more nobly, but less nobly, because human personality is something greater than gravitation and electricity. And yet it is true that if God is personal, personality in Him must be without the limitations and the accidents which circumscribe it in man, and when we attribute any of these limitations and accidents to Him, there we have illegitimate anthropomorphism.

To take the instance of love. We cannot say that love is attributed to God by a mere metaphor. Yet, on the other hand, we cannot imagine what love means in the life of God, because our imagination cannot reproduce what God's life is to Him. If, nevertheless, we believe that God is love, we mean that if we *could* comprehend God's life we should see that there was some common quality between love as it exists in Him and love as it exists in us. Throughout the world which we know at first hand we should see nothing resembling this element or aspect in the character of God more nearly than human love. And resemblance means the possession of some common quality. In virtue of this common quality that which exists in Him and that which exists in us can rightly be classed together under the one name of love. There is no other word which describes it so accurately.

Can we in the same way say that there is something in God's character to which the closest analogy we know at first hand is to be found in human anger? We shall have to answer this question differently, according to our estimate of anger in man. If we hold that anger in

man is always an evil or mistaken passion, we obviously cannot attribute anger of any kind to God. And whether we hold that anger in man is sometimes a good feeling, or hold that it is always wrong, depends, I think, on whether we believe in human free will or not. For if you take anger at its best—let us say indignation at some beastly cruelty to the weak and defenceless—anger which is clear of any rancour for an offence committed against ourselves—the essential thing about it seems to be a warm sense of moral unworth in the wrong action. Just this is expressed in its name of *indignation*, from *indignus*, unworthy. This sense of unworth enters, I believe, into all anger. I mean that the thought of an angry person is never simply, ‘I want to hurt this other person because this other person has hurt me, or is my enemy,’ but the thought, ‘This other person is a bad man.’ Anger involves an unfavourable estimate of his moral quality. You see it in the crudest, most instinctive expressions of the passion of anger. Even if the occasion of anger is some particular wrong a person has done to me, my natural impulse is to say, not ‘You hostile person,’ or something equivalent, but ‘You beast.’ My anger at a particular wrong done to me instantly takes the form of a judgment of general moral turpitude. Now, if you are a determinist, if you believe that every human action springs from antecedent causes as inevitably as the movements of a stream of water running downhill, then merit and demerit are both illusions, and it is just as irrational to be angry with the cruel man as it would be to be angry with a destructive stream. Then *tout savoir c’est tout pardonner*. If, on the other hand, you believe that worth and unworth do characterise human acts of choice, then anger may involve the perception of something real. If an act of cruelty really has unworth, that means that it has this unworth for God, as well as for us; because God sees things as they really are.

But anger at a cruel action is not only a sense of its unworth, it is a *warm* sense, a perception combined with strong feeling. Even granting that God sees its unworth in His comprehensive view of all that is, can we suppose that there is anything in this analogous to the *warmth* of our perception? It is the question how far human

nature is a similitude of God. It seems easier to believe that the human reason and the human will have their analogies in the life of God than to ascribe to God anything like human emotions. The old view that God is ἀπαθής, without passions, is endorsed in the first of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. Questions are opened up by this difficulty which it is impossible to go into here; but it will be conceded by most Christians and Theists that the human joy in the Beautiful corresponds with something in the life of God—not only a perception of beauty as a quality in things but a *joy* in the Beautiful; and that human love at its best shows something in the life of God which corresponds, not only to human knowledge and human will, but to human feeling. And I ask, If you grant, in regard to our sense of the beautiful and to our feeling in love, an analogy to human feeling in the life of God, may there not be a similar warmth in God's taking knowledge of moral unworth?

Yet even so, we are not at an end of the difficulty, because we must admit that anger implies essentially, not only a warm sense of unworth, but a desire that the wrong-doer should suffer. In its highest form, clear of vindictiveness at a wrong done to ourselves, our desire would be satisfied if the wrong-doer suffered in the way of recognising the quality of his own action or being sorry for it. If he had that moral suffering, righteous anger would not desire that he should have physical suffering inflicted upon him in addition. In fact, the highest sort of anger would always wish that his suffering should take the form of repentance not of inflicted punishment. But there would certainly be implied in anger the wish that he should suffer somehow. The intolerable thing would be to think of him, after he had committed an action of that kind—say an act of beastly cruelty—thoroughly happy and buoyant and pleased with himself to the end of the chapter. And in the event of no moral disgust with himself supervening, it would seem a second best to our indignation that he should receive at any rate something from outside which would really hurt.

If this feeling is ethically justifiable, it seems to imply an approval of retributive or vindicatory punishment, as

well as of punishment of which the object is either to reform the criminal or to deter others by fear from following his example. There are people who allow only reformatory and deterrent punishment, but rule out the idea of retributive punishment as ethically wrong. The worst punishment of wrong-doing, they say, is to be a wrong-doer, and it is so great an evil for a man to be vile that no retributive punishment, inflicted from outside, has any reasonable justification. I have always felt that there was something priggish and high-browed about talk of this kind. It does not seem to me really to correspond with our fundamental moral judgments. I do not believe that a sound moral feeling would be satisfied by reflecting that the criminal was vile, so long as the criminal himself had no sense of his own vileness, so long as his vileness was quite unaccompanied by any kind of suffering, and he continued buoyant and joyful in his wickedness, as has been said, to the end of the chapter. If that were the final account of the wrong-doer, the normal, unsophisticated man would feel that there was something wrong with the Universe.

We cannot, I believe, unless we are prepared to say that our fundamental moral judgments are deceptive, refuse to recognise that suffering is attached to wrong-doing and happiness to well-doing by a kind of moral appropriateness—we might say by abstract justice or by the essential moral constitution of the Universe—quite apart from the effects which punishment may have in the way of reforming the wrong-doer or protecting society. How inadequate the deterrent theory and the reformatory theory by themselves alone are, as a justification of punishment, has been pointed out by Westermarck in his 'Origin and Development of Moral Ideas.' Supposing you deny that this appropriateness of suffering to the wrong-doer exists, supposing you deny that there is such a thing as 'desert,' and say that, although the criminal does not 'deserve' to suffer, still suffering may be inflicted upon him in order to deter others from committing crimes, then there is no reason why you should confine suffering to the criminal.

'It is quite probable,' Westermarck writes, 'that a more effective way of deterring from crime would be to punish his

children as well; and if the notion of justice derived all its import from the result achieved by the punishment, there would be nothing unjust in doing so. Nor do I see why the law should not allow our own judges now and then to follow the example of their Egyptian colleague who in an intricate lawsuit caused a person avowedly innocent to be bastinadoed in the hope that whoever was the real culprit might be induced to confess out of compassion. . . . Again, if punishment were to be regulated by the principle of reforming the criminal, the result would in some cases be very astonishing. There is no more incorrigible set of offenders than habitual vagrants and drunkards, whereas experience has shown that the most easily reformed of all offenders is often some person who has committed a serious crime. According to the reformation theory, the latter should soon be set free, whilst the petty offender might have to be shut up for all his life. Nay more, if the criminal proves absolutely incorrigible, and not the slightest hope of his reformation is left, there would no longer be any reason for punishing him at all' (1, pp. 82, 83).

Of course, no one would deny that punishment may have a deterrent and a reformatory effect, as well as be retributive, and no one would deny that it was highly desirable that where punishment could serve as a means for protecting society or reforming the criminal it should be adjusted, as far as possible, to these ends. Yet, even if punishment is at the same time deterrent and reformatory, it still, in so far as it is retributive, satisfies the moral demand by bringing together two things which, by moral appropriateness, belong together—wrong-doing and suffering. And if you deny this moral appropriateness, you must also deny the moral appropriateness of happiness to goodness; you must deny desert altogether, good desert as well as evil desert. For if you allowed that goodness deserved happiness, in a universe constituted according to justice, you would at any rate be implying that badness had forfeited this claim; you would be asserting the appropriateness to badness, if not of positive suffering, at any rate of the loss of happiness.

Righteous indignation, then, is not only a warm sense of the unworth of certain modes of conduct but a desire to satisfy the demands of justice by bringing together wrong-doing and suffering. But if this appropriateness really exists, then, like beauty, it must exist for God as

well as for man. Just as in human anger there is a desire to bring together wrong-doing and suffering, so in God's anger there must be the will that the connexion should exist. God must rejoice in justice, just as He does in beauty.

Is this incompatible with the idea of God as love? I believe, if we consider, we shall see that the idea of God as love demands it. For if we are touched by the appeal of God's love, it is precisely because we feel that we have *deserved* another treatment. I remember hearing an example given from human love to illustrate the character of God's love—parents who met the wrongs done them by their son by self-giving love till the son's bad will was broken down by it. Yes, but why was he broken down by it? Because he came to a sense of the unworth of his conduct and the appropriateness to it, if his parents had acted according to bare justice, of quite a different treatment. It was that sense of his demerit which gave its poignancy to the appeal of his parents' love. The same thing underlies the parable of the Prodigal Son. It is just because there is always in the background the thought of that other kind of reception which the son deserved that the father's treatment of him reveals a wonder of love. It is the same thing again which is understood when Saint Paul insists that God loved us while we were dead in trespasses and sins. If you take away the idea of our deserving something else, such language would lose all its point. It is just because our unworth lies open to God and because He sees the appropriateness to it—apart from His redemptive work—of the loss of happiness, that in His redemptive work, which makes new men of us, which, without violating justice, goes so far beyond justice, the love of the Father is revealed.

EDWYN BEVAN.

Art. 6.—A GREAT AMBASSADOR.

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. By Burton J. Hendrick. Heinemann, 1922.

A GREAT artist, commissioned to paint a canvas commemorating the World War, would find it difficult to place in its centre any one outstanding personage. The Hero of the War was the unknown soldier, and this truth has been acknowledged by the moral sense of the Allies, who have given to that heroic figure the central place in their national Valhallas. Every day, throughout the War, as Owen Wister has written, deeds of faith, love, and renunciation were done by the score and the hundred, which have never been recorded, and every one of which is noble enough to make an immortal song.

There are, however, a few figures that are bound to stand out in the perspective of history among the millions engaged in the great struggle, because of the love of dramatic quality innate in European nations since Homer. Kitchener, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George, the forlorn image of President Wilson, the gay *tourneur* of Foch, and the stubborn shoulders of Haig, are peaks in the historical landscape that no historical artist can ignore.

A subordinate but magnetic personality only of late revealed, that largely influenced the course of the War, and contributed to the Allied victory, was Walter Page. He and a few compatriots, notably Owen Wister and Robert Bacon, formerly American Ambassador in Paris, understood, before the confused rulers of the New World had grasped it, the inward meaning of the moral catastrophe of 1914. They realised, long before President Wilson or his curiously futile 'advisers,' that the world was once more faced with the old assault by the dreamers of world conquest, in this case backed by the politically docile and credulous people of Germany.

A young lad who was killed near Hulloch at the age of twenty, wrote home from the trenches, that Germany's fault was a lack of real insight and sympathy with those who differed from her, so that we were fighting not a bully but a bigot—that the war was one between Martha and Mary, the official and intolerant against the casual and sympathetic; that all war in this century

is inexcusable; that all parties engaged in it must take a share of the blame of its occurrence; but that there was a lesser and a greater degree of guilt.

Walter Page, had he lived to read them, would have agreed with this boy's reflexions. They coincide with the view he often expressed in youth and middle life of the civil war that rent his own country fifty years before, and with the views that made him urge upon his Government when the great European War broke out, that America should share the burden of the Allies in defending the better cause. He did his best to explain to President Wilson that the English never wanted war, that they are not a warlike people, that they did not hate the Germans, that they harboured no feeling of vengeance, that they were constantly saying—especially the millions of lads who went away to fight—‘Why do the Germans hate us? We don't hate them. But since Germany set out to rule the world and to conquer England, *we'll all die first. That's all there is to it.*’ And he added, ‘They will all die unless they can so fix things that this war cannot be repeated.’

He was constantly explaining to his Government that it was as much an American interest as an English interest that some solution should be found of the problem how the ‘military spirit of Germany could be finally quelled,’ and he himself saw none, unless there followed after victory by the Allies, a change in the form, spirit, and control of the German Empire.

His dominant wish was that the United States should enter the War in order to give America standing and influence when the reorganisation of the world began. Military ambition, he saw clearly enough, was a wild beast, and Page could conceive only one proper course for his country: that America should help England and France to hunt the wild beast down. When, after the sinking of the ‘Lusitania,’ Colonel House, walking down Piccadilly, read the posters containing the six words, ‘We are too proud to fight,’ signed by his intimate friend and chief, Woodrow Wilson, he said to Page, ‘I feel as though I had been given a kick at every lamp-post coming down Constitution Hill.’ He found a sympathetic listener in Page.

There were moments during the War when it was

difficult to place events in true perspective. Page never lost that sense so invaluable in statesmanship, and so characteristic of a liberal University training. He would have understood, although he would not have agreed with, the young French officer dying on the field of battle, lying between a Highlander and a German, who wrote in his notebook, 'I wondered—and I suppose the others did—why we had fought each other at all.' Page knew well that the German was dying in vain; while the Highlander and the Frenchman, by their deaths, were contributing—so they hoped—towards the cause of civilisation and peace.

If this was mistaken hope, as indeed may yet prove to be the case, Page was fortunate in the moment of his death, because his suffering at the reluctance of America to enter the War, was trifling, to what he would have suffered to-day had he lived to doubt the expediency of the sacrifice he, more than any other American, had persistently urged his countrymen to make.

Who, then, was this great American Ambassador, and what was his origin and training? There was nothing about his person that was especially attractive, other than a smile of peculiar graciousness and a courtliness of manner noticeable even among hereditary diplomats.

Walter H. Page was a 'Southerner,' born amid the sandy pinewoods of North Carolina. His father was of an old English stock, and his mother was of French descent—so that he was aptly bred for the difficult functions he performed with such tact, vigour, and resource during the World War. There was another reason, besides his parentage, that fitted him strangely well for the task of comprehending in all its bearings the nature of the struggle that was to destroy the fairest provinces of France, and threaten the ruin of Europe. He was about ten years old when he was taken by his father to a Southern camp near Richmond, and he never forgot the romantic figure of Robert Lee sitting on his horse watching the march past of the grey troops; the band playing Southern tunes. Later he stood at a second-story window and saw Sherman's soldiers pass the house in hot pursuit of those same Southern men in grey. When a Northern soldier offered him food, the boy said, 'I'll starve before I'll eat with the Yankees.'

But the Whig doctrines that he had learnt at his father's knee served him later, and the fatal struggle, the defeat of the gallant Lee, the failure of his Southern compatriots, left no sting, and Walter Page transferred in manhood his boyish loyalty from North Carolina to the United States of America.

Taught to read and write by his mother, he was destined early for the Ministry, as so many promising lads have been who never fulfilled their destiny: from an excellent school on a military plan, where the boys were dressed in that grey uniform which recalled the memory of their fathers and brothers who had followed Robert Lee to victory and defeat, young Page proceeded to college, and was fortunate to find himself in the hands of a teacher, an enthusiast for Greek, not as a dead language, but as an introduction to the 'difficult thoughts of Plato.'

There is no need to follow the Southern boy's progress from North Carolina through the various classical schools until—having almost lost his Southern drawl—he found himself the holder of a Greek Fellowship, a lecturer on Shakespeare, and, finally, having abandoned the temptations of a scholar's life, having outgrown dogma and the Methodist orthodoxy of his youth, he resolved to adopt journalism as his profession. His travels in Europe, a summer spent in Germany, fitted him for his task. After the usual ups and downs of a journalist's life he reached the editorial chair of the 'Atlantic Monthly' and helped to found the 'World's Work.'

Here let us leave him. We find him again in 1913, offered—not very graciously—the Embassy in London by that President whose advent to the White House had given him a 'thrill of hope and a tingle of expectancy as a great event that was to happen for our country, and for the restoration of popular government.' So little can a far-seeing man foresee the conduct and actions of a friend, when that friend has been swept from the quiet pools of philosophic reflexion into the tideway of political life.

It is difficult for Englishmen fully to understand the service rendered by Walter Page to this country and to his own. The English and American political habits

of thought and action are so wholly different, their democracy so differently modelled. The English nation, hardened by the political controversies of a thousand years, finds it difficult to understand that the Americans are not a nation, but only a People. Besides which, America is curiously, pathetically, young. While English skins are callous to sword thrusts, American skins writhe under a pin prick. While the American people can be roused to juvenile fury by a chance or intentional phrase implying criticism or depreciation, the English nation is indifferent to the opinion of any man who is not one of its chosen political leaders. These are the characteristics of youth and age in great Peoples.

Not the least of the services rendered to both countries by Page, was his ability, to convey to Lord Grey of Fallo-den a proper understanding of the difference between the outlook of the two Peoples and an appreciation of the sensitiveness of American opinion. It was not so much for what he did to bring America into the War that we have need to be thankful to Page, as for what he did to prevent the English Government from committing acts which might have brought the United States into the War on the wrong side. That he was fortunate in finding Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office is one of the main deductions to be drawn from a survey of his career as Ambassador. The two men were sympathetic to one another. 'It has been a God's mercy for us that we have so far had a man like Sir Edward Grey in his post,' wrote Page to a friend; and as regards his own post, he felt that 'while it might have been filled by a better man, this much was lucky'—that he had a consciousness of English history and of our common origin, and some sense of the inevitable destiny of the great English-speaking race. These two statesmen agreed upon much; above all, they agreed that there could be no peace for the world until the German military despotism was broken. If Sir Edward Grey had been faced by another type of Ambassador, our Foreign Minister, when a complex question arose that might have broken the relations between England and America, might have felt constrained to consume a whole afternoon in wrangling over the solution of a difficult diplomatic situation; instead of which

these two men, because of the sympathetic chords between them, because each knew that the other had grasped the fundamentals of the greater problem that lay behind the lesser, found a solution in a few moments of talk, and could afford to keep secretaries and under-secretaries on tenter-hooks in antechambers, while they discussed the more congenial subjects of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and other favourite poets.

Page's mind was so translucently clear that he never allowed his likings to influence his judgment of men. His sympathetic affection for Sir Edward Grey was totally different in quality from his feeling towards Mr Lloyd George, whom he had only, quite late in the day, 'come to like very much.' He thought that both Sir Edward Grey and Mr Balfour were men of much greater cultivation and greater moral force than their respective Prime Ministers, Mr Asquith and Mr Lloyd George; 'but although Mr Lloyd George could never deliver, like Mr Asquith, a lecture on Dryden or play a good game of golf like Mr Balfour, he had what Grey and Balfour lack—a touch of genius—whatever that is—not the kind that takes infinite pains, but the kind that acts like an electric light flashed in the dark.'

That a man of Page's temperament, wise and foreseeing, should prefer Sir Edward Grey, a quiet, patient, conscientious observer, to the man of vision and infinite expediency, was natural; but he was so calm and fair, that he could balance their respective qualities with unerring judgment.

Of Lord Kitchener, too, whom he liked and admired, he wrote with curious insight, within an hour of attending the service at St Paul's in memory of that great soldier:

'There were two Kitcheners, as every informed person knows—(1) the popular hero and (2) the Cabinet Minister, with whom it was impossible for his associates to get along. He made his administrative career as an autocrat dealing with dependent and inferior peoples. This experience fixed his habits, and made it impossible for him to do team work, or even to inform his associates of what he had done or was doing. While, therefore, his name raised a great army, he was in many ways a hindrance in the Cabinet. First one thing and then another was taken out of his hands—ordnance,

munitions, war plans. When he went to Gallipoli some persons predicted that he would never come back. There was a hot meeting of the Cabinet at which he was asked to go to Russia, to make a sort of return visit for the visit that important Russians had made here, and to link up Russia's military plans with the plans of the Western Allies. He is said to have remarked that he was going only because he had been ordered to go. There was a hope and a feeling again that he might not come back till after the War. Now just how much truth there is in all this, one has to guess; but undoubtedly a good deal. He did much in raising an army, but his name did more. What an extraordinary situation! The great hero of the Nation an impossible man to work with. The Cabinet could not tell the truth about him; the people would not believe it, and would make the Cabinet suffer. Moreover, such a row would have given comfort to the enemy. Kitchener, on his part, could not afford to have an open quarrel. The only solution was to induce him to go away for a long time. Both sides saw this. Such thoughts were in everybody's mind while the impressive funeral service was said and sung in St Paul's. The Great Hero, who had failed, was celebrated, of course, as a Great Hero—quite truly and yet far from true. For him his death came at a lucky time; his work was done.'

These careful phrases corroborate in a curious fashion the thesis of another writer, who, desirous of safeguarding Lord Kitchener's fame from humiliating eulogy or insidious attack, has used almost identical words.

Far beyond these pen pictures in interest is the portrait Page has drawn of his friend who became President of the United States—of the President who showed for his Ambassador such meagre friendship. When both were young, Page had been charmed by the intellectual brilliancy of Wilson. Though many have questioned Wilson's originality as an expositor of politics, no one has denied his literary style. Page endowed him with both qualities. He believed him to be a leader of fine intellectual gifts. He thought him conscientiously devoted to the bettering of his country and of the world. He rejoiced when he was chosen as Head of the American States. A friend of thirty years' standing, it was with emotion that Page, ten days after President Wilson's election, visited him in his plain and modestly furnished room at Princeton. Page could not appreciate what we

see so clearly: his own simplicity and the artificiality of the other. But he observed that his host spoke with 'very solemn tone as he sat bolt upright with a stern look on his face, and a lonely look.'

It was a picture of the man's oppressive loneliness that Page carried away with him, although he could not foresee that this characteristic habit of an inexperienced mind was to be the cause of the President's tremendous downfall, and his tragic failure to seize the most enormous chance that any American has hitherto had of redressing the balance, not only of the old, but of the whole world.

Years passed: fateful years. Page, now Ambassador, was called from England to Washington in the summer of 1916. He was kept for weeks dangling in anterooms before his old friend received him. Why? This lonely, self-inspired Potentate seemed to fear the interview. At last the Ambassador was asked by telegram to visit the President at Shadow Lawn—an appropriate name—a seaside house on the New Jersey coast where Wilson was spending the summer. A talk lasting the whole morning, without result, left Page depressed by the ineffective nature of his pilgrimage. There was nothing perverse about the attitude of the President; and Page was only struck by the man's perplexities. Again, the dominant note was his solitude—a lonely man out of touch with the world and its tremendous realities. 'I think he is the loneliest man I have ever known,' Page said to his son as he left Shadow Lawn. The two men, his biographer writes, never met again.

A year later, in one of those character sketches of which examples have been given in these pages, the Ambassador, happy at last, for the President on that very morning had requested Congress to declare war against Germany, sums up the acts and the *laches* of the Head of the American State during the past three years. Wilson, he says, began by refusing to understand the meaning of the War. He then made 'neutrality a positive quality of mind.' Believing that he was soothing the people, he really suppressed speech and thought. His second error, Page continues, was to think that he could play a great part as peacemaker—'Come and give a blessing to these erring children.' There was condescension, he adds, in this attitude that was offensive. He

shut himself up with these two ideas. The air currents of the world never ventilated his mind. 'He has not breathed a spirit into the people; he has encouraged them to supineness. He is *not* a leader, but rather a stubborn phrase-maker.'

We, who have later knowledge, realise that this 'stubborn phrase-maker,' through whose mind the air currents of the world never flowed, ruined the Peace and the hopes of Europe. We are forced to the painful conclusion that by his errors of judgment, bred of solitude, and his persistent habit, as Page said, of 'engaging in what he called thought,' he helped to neutralise the sacrifices made by his own countrymen and by ours.

We have all of us, in England, France, and Italy, verified, by the saddest of experiences, the insight of the American Ambassador. But Page never lost faith in the American people. In a sense he was right. After the 'Lusitania' crime they forced their nerveless philosopher into war. In another sense he was wrong. Because when the War ended, it was the American people that shrank from the logical sequence of their mighty intervention, and refused to arbitrate, as they could so well have done, between the distracted peoples of the Old World. They, and they only, determined that America, to steal the phrase of Edmund Burke, should shrink into her narrow self and refuse to be the arbitress of Europe, the tutelary angel of the human race. They, and they only, resolved to stultify the effect of their own acts, to pass by on the other side, and thus lose the finest opportunity any great people ever had of solving for future generations the most terrible of all human problems. No wonder that we, over here, watching the hauling down of 'Old Glory,' before the harvest of our joint victories was reaped, exclaimed, 'Oh! for an hour of Lincoln, or Roosevelt, or Page!'

Fortunately for him, Page lived long enough to realise the Allied victory of which he had always felt certain; that was his reward. He was compensated for the neglect of his official chief by glowing words from the foremost living American, one who could not be taunted as Page himself was by Wilson as being 'really an Englishman.' A few months before Page's forced retirement

due to failing health—for he died in the trenches as truly as any American in Champagne—he received from Theodore Roosevelt a few lines, promising, at Page's request, to receive the Archbishop of York, who was visiting the United States.

'I shall do it for his own sake,' the former President wrote, 'and still more, my dear fellow, I shall do it for the sake of the Ambassador who has represented America in London during these trying years as no other Ambassador in London has ever represented us, with the exception of Charles Francis Adams during the Civil War.'

We may take this as the salaam of the greatest living American to the other. Both about to die, they saluted each other.

The chilly acceptance of Page's resignation by the President of the United States was compensated for by Roosevelt's affectionate greeting. He whom the 'Times' newspaper called in the heading of its leading article 'a great Ambassador,' was accompanied on his departure from London by a chorus of approval and sorrow. The King, in his own hand, expressed his keenest regret; letters from statesmen and others flowed in, all echoing Mr Lloyd George's words that for the part he had played during the past five years in bringing about the happy result of co-operation between England and America, Englishmen owed him their lasting gratitude.

Perhaps the most affected by the leavetaking, says his biographer, was Mr Balfour. He knew that that frail and emaciated figure had been one of the greatest friends Britain had had at the most dreadful crisis of her history. As the train bearing away Walter Page drew out of the station, the spectators, led by Mr Balfour, stood with uncovered heads before this great American, who had intelligence to realise the nature of the struggle in which England was engaged, courage to expound the unpopular truth to his countrymen, and supreme skill in holding the two countries together in such a fashion that when the time came America could enter the War on the side of the Allies.

Walter Page arrived home in time to die. And he died, as he wished to die, in North Carolina, that Southern State where he was born. As his son carried his

shrunken body from the train he triumphantly murmured, 'Well, Frank, I did get here after all, didn't I?' Thus ends one of the noblest biographies in our language. Few Englishmen had ever heard the name of Mr Burton J. Hendrick before this book appeared in print. He has produced a work which can take its place alongside Trevelyan's 'Life of Macaulay,' Winston Churchill's Life of his Father, or any of the biographies in English—and there are not many of them—which compare with the works of a similar character that French writers have given us.

American literature, thanks to Mr Burton J. Hendrick's skill and style, is the richer by a work that Motley would have envied, and Russell Lowell would have been the first to acknowledge as above rivalry. He may claim, by the force of his pen, a unique achievement. It is five years since Walter Page died in North Carolina. During that lapse of time there was no move made by English Ministers and Statesmen to commemorate by some national act the services of the great Ambassador to England and to humanity.

Then came Mr Burton J. Hendrick's contribution to the story and to the literature of the English-speaking peoples. Under his impulse and under the impulse that his book has given to all who read it, these eminent personages—who knew but who had forgotten—have proposed that among the monuments that adorn Westminster Abbey, placed there in memory of those whose achievements are the common heritage of our race, should be emblazoned the name of Walter Page.

ESHER.

Art. 7.—THE UKRAINE.

UKRAINIAN Nationalists use the terms *Ukraina* and *Ukrainian* to denote all the territory inhabited wholly or chiefly by the South-Western branch of the Russian people. The alternative names for this branch are 'Ruthenian' and 'Little Russian.' The first (which is the Latin for 'Russian') is used by the Poles, the Austrians, and the Church of Rome; it has stuck more especially to that part of the people which was before 1918 under Austro-Hungarian domination. 'Little Russian' was the official and colloquial Russian term, and is still used by all those Russians and Russian-influenced foreigners who are hostile to the ideas of Ukrainian separatism. It is held in abhorrence by Ukrainian Nationalists. *Ukraina*, then, taken in the widest meaning, would include, besides those Russian provinces which formed Independent and now form Soviet *Ukraina*, the following lands: (1) part of South-East Poland (Kholm); (2) all Eastern Galicia; (3) North Bukowina and North Bessarabia (Khotin); (4) the former 'Hungarian Russia' (now an autonomous province of Czecho-Slovakia); (5) and parts of the Russian Empire that were never included in Independent *Ukraine*, but have a predominant Ukrainian population (notably the Land of the Kuban Cossacks).

Ukraina, in the present official meaning of the term, has an area of 218,000 sq. miles and a population (according to the last reliable estimate of 1913) of 33,000,000. It is an exceedingly rich agricultural country; the fertile black soil covers almost the whole of its territory; the provinces of Kiev and Kharkov are the centres of the beet-sugar industry, and it is comparatively free from the droughts, which are such a regular feature of the country further east. It also includes great mineral wealth—the coal of Donets and the iron ore of Krivoy Rog. It has four cities with a population of over 200,000 (out of nine in the whole European Russia that was)—Kiev and Odessa (each with over 600,000), Kharkov (300,000), and Yekaterinoslav (250,000). The density of population per square mile reaches 200 in Podolia, Kiev, and Poltava (the greatest density of all Russia). On the whole it was

in many respects the most prosperous and progressive portion of the Russian Empire. As a whole, Ukraina has about 70 per cent. Ukrainians, 13 per cent. Great Russians, 9 per cent. Jews, 2 per cent. Poles, and 6 per cent. others.

With regard to the language question, it is not difficult to distinguish between Great Russian and Little Russian. But it may be disputed whether the difference between the two sister-speeches is sufficient to justify the application of the term language to both of them, or whether they are only two dialects of one greater language, the literary tongue of which has become the dialect of Moscow. A question of words, it will be said; but the use of the term 'Ukrainian language' or 'Little Russian dialect' is a shibboleth that divides the partisan of an Independent Ukraina from the supporter of a Greater Russia. The Russian Academy, in a fit of opposition, decided in 1905 that Ukrainian was a language. But the very assumption that the problem may be 'scientifically' solved only begs a question.

The three principal branches of the Russian linguistic group—Great Russian, White Russian, and Little Russian or Ukrainian—do not stand to one another in the same relationship. From a purely linguistic point of view, White Russian is so little differentiated from Great Russian as to be hardly even a dialect. There is less phonetical difference between the speech of Minsk and that of Ryazan, than between the speech of Ryazan and that of Archangel. But, if we take another point of view and examine the different cultural influences that have exercised themselves on the two, the difference will be found very great. The strong Polish influence which is apparent in the White Russian vocabulary is absent from Great Russian; and it is this—not mere differences of pronunciation—that draws the boundary of White Russia so sharply; it is identical with the prepartitional eastern frontier of Poland. These facts must prepare us to seek the origin of present political conditions not in the distribution of dialects, but in the political past of the various lands. And this is the case with Ukraina.

The Russian nation in the 10th to the 11th centuries formed a substantially homogeneous unity. In the great catastrophes of the 13th century much of this unity disappeared, but the common name subsisted, and to the present day it is used by all Russians wherever they border on alien nations from Kamchatka to Hungary. In the course of the 13th to the 15th centuries new political combinations arose, and the Russian territory was carved into a variety of very dissimilar lands. The north and east were by 1500 unified by the untiring work of the dynasty of Moscow. The western frontier of Muscovy about 1500 is the present boundary of Great Russian speech and customs.

A wide-spread double movement saved the soul and future of Ukraina. The middle classes of the towns formed themselves into independent brotherhoods for the defence of the faith of their fathers, which had been betrayed by the simoniac and worldly clerics of Lithuanian times. This mighty movement produced the great church revival which vivified and resuscitated the moribund Church of Kiev, and played such a leading part in the formation of a modern all-Russian civilisation in the late 17th and early 18th centuries. At the same time the Cossacks—bands of outlaws and of pioneers bred by the growing oppression of the Polish landlords and by a sudden revival of the spirit of adventure, which had been dead since the 12th century—took the leadership of the people in its struggle against the hated tyranny of the Poles. The struggle was conducted in the name of the Orthodox Faith against the Papist and the Jew, and in the name of Cossack and peasant freedom against the Polish landlord and the Jewish publican. It was at first a purely spontaneous and popular movement. Its active promoters were the Cossacks proper, settled along the Polish frontier and beyond it by the Rapids of the Dniepr. But these Cossacks were recruited by fugitive serfs from the whole territory of the Russian provinces of the Rzecz Pospolita. It was not even limited to the Little Russians; and Nalivayko, one of first Cossack leaders, was a White Russian by birth. The movement was backed by all the Orthodox population of Poland. It was Russian, Orthodox, and very markedly democratic. It was then that the name of

Ukraina came into prominence. 'Ukraina' means nothing more than Borderland, the March.

The Cossack rebellions culminated in the great rising of 1648 under Bohdan Chmelnitsky, who, after a series of brilliant successes, found that he could not cope with the united resistance of all the warlike gentry of Poland, and, much against the will of himself and most of his lieutenants, did homage to Moscow. Ukraina became incorporated as an autonomous and privileged province in the Muscovite Empire. This union was not altogether fortunate; but the repugnance which many of the Boyars felt for the Cossacks ought not to be interpreted as a proof of the great distance between the two branches of the Russian nation. It was primarily due to the incompatibility of the highly specialised bureaucratic and essentially aristocratic organisation of Moscow with the democratic institutions of the Cossacks. The same sort of friction occurred wherever the bureaucrats of Moscow came into contact with freely organised communities such as the purely Great Russian Cossacks of the Don and of the Yaik. The homage to Moscow (1654) was followed by an inglorious and disastrous period of about thirty years, when the Muscovite politicians gave proof after proof of incapacity and short-sighted conservatism, and the Cossack leaders showed themselves treacherous and fickle to a hardly credible degree, siding alternately with Moscow, Poland, and Turkey, and bringing their country to the brink of utter ruin.

As a result of all this, Volynia, Podolia, and Galicia remained a prey to Polish oppression; and only the provinces of Poltava, Kiev, and Chernigov were formed into an autonomous province under Muscovite suzerainty, ruled by a Hetman, who was at first elected by general vote, and later by the Colonels and Captains of the Cossack Force. The rule of Mazeppa (1688-1708) is the golden age of this Ukrainian autonomy. Then came the great tragedy of the revolt of Mazeppa, who, himself a Pole by origin and of Polish proclivities, hoped to create a Ukrainian kingdom for himself and his heirs. He was backed by a party consisting mainly of the newly-formed military aristocracy, who were dazzled by the attractions of Polish oligarchism and were continuing the spirit of adventure of the early Cossacks. The

treason of Mazepa was a death-blow to the cordial relations of Petersburg and Ukraina. But it was followed by a betrayal on the Russian side—the ill-fated Zgin (expulsion) of 1714, when Peter the Great ordered the whole Ukrainian territory west of the Dniepr to be ceded to Poland, whose King was then his ally, and the worst forms of Polish oppression were re-introduced in the unhappy districts of Kanev, Chigirin, Cherkassy, and Uman. The curtailed territory of the Hetmans was no more than a rather insignificant province. The democratic institutions of the Cossacks soon gave way to a newly-risen aristocracy which went the way of the Russian nobility. In 1764 the autonomy of Little Russia was officially abolished; and a few years later the settlement beyond the Rapids (Zaporozhska Sich) was done away with (1775).

The process of assimilation continued steadily throughout the 18th and 19th centuries. It was not quite one-sided, for the civilisation of Kiev, in many respects superior, left an indelible impress on much that has since become Standard Russian. In the 18th century Ukrainian prelates, statesmen, courtiers, poets, and artists cut a respectable figure in Petersburg. The nobility of Ukraina rapidly adopted all-Russian modes of life and manners, and profited in no small way by Catherine's legislation in favour of the nobility. The Clergy followed suit. The people lagged behind; and this is very important to note, for the difference between Ukrainian and Great-Russian (if not in race, at least in manners and speech) tended to become in some places a difference between noble and peasant, and gave Ukrainian Nationalism its decidedly democratic and revolutionary character. But even the people were affected by the levelling influences of modern life; schools, conscription, work in the towns and mining centres, all contributed to make the Ukrainian feel his aloofness less and less, and adopt more and more a generalised form of Russian.

The old revolutionary spirit of the Cossacks and Ukrainian peasant manifested itself for the last time in the terrible outburst of 1768, when the peasants of Chigirin, Cherkassy, and Uman rose against their Polish landlords and were put down only with the help of Russian troops. But from that date to 1918 (when the

Ukrainian peasants of precisely the same districts rose against the German army of occupation), all Ukrainian nationalism and opposition was concentrated in literary and intellectual circles.

There was no literature in Ukraina before 1798, when Kotlyarevsky published his travesty of the *Æneid*. A rather intensive literary activity had, it is true, been carried on by South-Russian clerics in Kiev and in Lwow (Lemberg) since the end of the 16th century; but their language was a macaronic medley of Church-Slavonic and Polish, with only as much of the popular and conversational element in it as they could not prevent from insinuating itself. But towards the end of the 18th century Standard Russian had practically become the language of civilisation in South Russia. Many Ukrainians played a prominent part in Russian letters of the late 18th and early 19th century. At last Gogol (1809-1852), a country gentleman of Poltava, acquired national and international fame as one of the greatest writers of Russian. He is beyond all doubt the greatest genius produced on the soil of Ukraina; and the fact that he wrote in the Imperial language and not in his home dialect is one of the strongest cultural ties of Great and Little Russia, and a source of dismay to the extremists of Ukrainian nationalism.

But, before Gogol was dead, there had arisen and asserted itself a literary movement which gave the Ukrainian language a legitimate title to consideration and recognition. It was started by a group of provincial gentlemen, interested in the originality of their province and the raciness of the life and speech familiar to them. Some of them, like Kvitka, had talent, but not one of them was able to transcend the very narrow limits of what the German call 'Heimatkunst'; and their interest is purely ethnographical. Suddenly, in the midst of this placid and provincial literature, appeared a young man of far superior talent and of vastly different antecedents. Taras Shevchenko (1814-1861) was a serf, born in the Government of Kiev and emancipated only when he was a grown man and a poet of some standing. He combined a hatred of the

oppressive Muscovite bureaucracy and of the serf-owning landlords with an intense and passionate love of the freedom and the glorious traditions of his fellow-peasants. He was a native of the country which had given the largest contingents to the Cossack rebellions, and in which the tradition of armed rebellion was yet green. Shevchenko discarded all the stale traditions of literary provincialism and turned to the living source of popular poetry. He succeeded in creating a poetry, epic and lyric, intimately akin to the spontaneous song of the Ukrainian village, but full of individuality and personal originality. He was a poet of limited scope and, when in later years he tried to turn to broader and less strictly national subjects and forms, he failed piteously. But his early patriotic work is precious; and it is natural that all those who loved Ukraina and things Ukrainian exaggerated his importance and turned him into a symbol of national independence and self-assertion. Shevchenko is the rallying-cry of all Ukrainian nationalism; and, when the Ukrainians are in power, the first thing they do is to hang up his portraits in all the schools, post-offices, saving-banks, and railway-stations they can get hold of.

Shevchenko had practically no successors. All the wealth of his popular rhythm and popular diction was lost by the Russian-Ukrainian writers of the later 19th century. The post-Shevchenko literature did little to affirm the Ukrainian idea and to endear it to the people. The best-known Ukrainian writer of to-day, Vinnichenko, of whom I shall have more to say later, is a second-rate disciple of the schools of Gorki, Andrejev, and Artsybashev; and poets like Chuprynka or Tyehina are little more than provincial paraphrases of Balmont, Blok, and Yesenin.

But in the sixties of the 19th century a literary movement arose in Eastern Galicia, which rapidly attracted all the extreme elements of Russian Ukraina and became the battering-ram of militant anti-Russian Ukrainism. The literary language of the United Ruthenians of Galicia had been for centuries the macaronic Church-Slavonic of Kiev and Lwow. In the 19th century it had manifested a tendency to approach to Standard-Russian; but this was not in the interests

of the Habsburg Monarchy, or of the Polish majority in the Galician Diet, or of the pro-Roman clergy of the Greek ritual. The movement against linguistic unity was started in the sixties and rapidly gained ground. It was largely favoured by the policy of repression against Little-Russian books inaugurated by the Russian Government in the seventies. Many Ukrainian devotees emigrated to Lwow; and Galicia became what was called both by friends and foes an 'Ukrainian Piemont.' Prof. Hrushevsky, the most prominent of these emigrants, and a galaxy of local writers, applied themselves to the creation of a new literary language, which was to be as different as possible from Standard-Russian. The speech of the Galician people is more thoroughly permeated with Polonisms than any other South-Russian speech; but, besides that, where the popular language lacked a word, the new language-makers invariably coined new words after the Polish model, thus creating a scientific and cultural vocabulary incomprehensible to Russians or to Russian-bred Ukrainians. This language was adopted by the Austrian State as one of the *Landessprachen* of the Empire. It was taught in schools; and chairs were even instituted in the University of Lwow, where it became the language of higher education. The extreme Ukrainians of Russia, in order to keep in touch with their 'Piemont,' also studied the new language, and some of them have succeeded in using it with comparative ease.

The Russian Government viewed the Ukrainian movement with great displeasure. But, as was generally the case, the measures taken by it were inefficient and unintelligent. In 1876 an ordinance had been enacted, under which Ukrainian books printed according to the new phonetic orthography of Kulish were totally prohibited, and even the publication of books printed according to the traditional orthography was discountenanced. This was one of the principal causes of the concentration of the Ukrainian Nationalists in Galicia and their falling-in with Austria in its anti-Russian policy. But the Russian Government could not prevent Ukrainian ideas from spreading among the very class where they were likely to be especially

dangerous—among the rural *intelligentsia*, the class known as the 'third element,'* especially among the village schoolmasters. These and the other semi-educated portions of the rural or country-town population, such as medical assistants, all kinds of clerks, and to a certain extent the rural clergy, eventually became the principal champions of the Ukrainian idea. They were led by a rather restricted number of high-class intellectuals, mostly writers, journalists, and University men. Their centre was Lwow, but the South-Russian Universities contained also many Ukrainophiles of a more moderate type.

During the first period of the war there were no symptoms of Ukrainian unrest, in spite of the efforts of the Austrian General Staff. But with the outbreak of revolution all the latent destructive and centrifugal forces were set loose, and the Ukrainian propaganda began immediately. Prof. Hrushevsky organised a 'Rada' (council) in Kiev, which began negotiations with the Provisional Government, that of the Cadets. The Provisional Government condescended to treat with them as equals, but met them only half-way. In June 1917 an agreement was signed in Kiev, Tereschenko (himself a large Ukrainian landowner) and Tsereteli (a Georgian Socialist) acting in the name of the Government, and Hrushevsky in that of the Rada. By the terms of this agreement the five Provinces of Kiev, Volynia, Podolia, Poltava, and Chernigov (except its four northern districts) were recognised as forming the autonomous Territory of Ukraina. The Ukrainians were permitted to form 'national' units in the army (which they had begun to do already before the agreement). But the enactment of the clause on autonomy was indefinitely postponed. The Provisional Government, as was its wont, had conceded enough to prove its weakness, and withheld enough to provoke discontent. The Ukrainians were not satisfied, and throughout the second half of 1917 they upheld the Bolsheviks, who had pledged themselves to recognise the self-determination of Ukraina.

* The expression 'Third element' implies that these rural 'intelligents' came third into the country, where the peasants and the squires had hitherto been the only two 'elements.'

However, there was as yet no question of independence, Ukrainian ambitions being limited to complete autonomy and federation with Great Russia.

The Ukrainian propaganda was active both in the army and in the country. In this activity a man made himself prominent who was later to gain a wide notoriety. This was Simon Petlura, who at the outbreak of the Revolution was a medical assistant in a hospital at Minsk. The propaganda in the country was carried on mainly by the Ukrainian Social-Revolutionaries and Social Democrats. Both these parties had adopted the extremest forms of agrarian Socialism, and in most social questions went hand in hand with the Bolsheviks. The only difference in their platforms was that the Ukrainian Socialists maintained the exclusive right of the Ukrainian peasantry to all the private estates within Ukraina, whereas the Bolsheviks did not pronounce themselves on this question. The Ukrainians, however, were very keen about both eating the cake and having it; they demanded the recognition of Ukrainian rights over all Asiatic Russia, which was thus to become a sort of Russo-Ukrainian *condominium*; this is why they were anxious, not for complete independence, but for a federation in which Great Russia and Ukraina were to have an equal voice. At the elections to the Russian Constituent Assembly (November 1917) it was very much of a toss-up whether the peasants voted Ukrainian Socialist, Bolshevik, or Russian Social-Revolutionary; the difference could be hardly perceptible to the inexperienced voter, and the local issues depended on fortuitous causes, such as the eloquence of this or that candidate or canvasser.

But the elections had been preceded by the Bolshevik *coup d'état* of Nov. 7 (n.s.), 1917. The Ukrainian Socialists were not extremely averse from Bolshevism and did not at first take up a very hostile attitude. But they foresaw the disintegration of Russia and determined to avail themselves of the absolute right to self-determination which had been proclaimed by the Bolsheviks. The Bolsheviks, however, were liberal only in theory; they recognised the independence of Ukraina (as they recognise it to the present day), but they would have nothing to do with a 'bourgeois' Ukraina. They demanded that it

should be a Soviet Republic. The Ukrainian Socialists could not surrender on this point without quarrelling with their more moderate allies, among whom was the most prominent of Ukrainian veterans, Hrushevsky. The Bolsheviks, accordingly, opened hostilities, in which their principal advantage lay in the presence of great armed masses near the front and in the depôts.

The anti-Bolshevik local governments of the south (the Rada in Kiev, the Krug in Novocherkassk, the Rada in Yekaterinodar, the Mejlis in Simferopol, the Sfatul-Terei in Kishinev) tried to substitute a new-born local patriotism for the evidently obsolete patriotism of Greater Russia, and to oppose this patriotism to the internationalism of the Bolsheviks. They were nearly all of them Social-Revolutionary in doctrine, as this seemed to them their only chance of competing with Bolshevism. The front was being abandoned to the Germans; and the Bolsheviks threw all their available forces against the southern dissenters. The struggle was quite unequal. All that was vital and energetic was on the Bolshevik side—where the Lett Battalions, the Naval Units, and the commandos of Red Guards under desperados and adventurers of the type of Muravyov, Sorokin, Antonov, and Dybenko, acted with sufficient efficiency and terrible cruelty. The Ukrainian Rada was upheld by a certain number of enthusiastic Ukrainophiles, by a few adventurers who were playing an anti-Bolshevik card, and by non-political officers who thought it their duty to oppose Bolshevism at all costs. But these were more than lukewarm to the Ukrainian cause; and the vast majority of army officers remained neutral. The campaign was very short. In the beginning of February 1918, after ten days' bombardment, Kiev was taken by the Bolsheviks, the Ukrainian Rada and their staffs escaping to Zhitomir. There ensued a terrible massacre, the victims of which were mostly officers of the Russian army who had taken no part in the hostilities. Similar events occurred in all the other provinces of South Russia (the massacres were especially horrible in the seaports of the Crimea), and all the local Governments were swept away. In Bessarabia alone the Bolsheviks were unsuccessful; the Rumanians, with the connivance of the Austro-Germans, seized the opportunity of laying hands on this province.

The Rada, on escaping to Zhitomir, turned for help to the Germans; and a treaty was signed, by the terms of which the Central Powers recognised the independence of Ukraina and pledged themselves to support the Rada in its struggle against the Bolsheviks. In return for this the Rada was to submit to a military occupation of the whole Ukrainian territory, and the Germans received the right to export as much grain and other products as they required. The Bolsheviks had also, by the treaty of Brest, recognised the independence of Ukraina. But they had instituted an Ukrainian Soviet Government, nominally independent, which continued hostilities against the Rada and their allies, the Austro-Germans. The campaign of General Eichhorn against the Soviet Ukrainians was very short and easy. In the beginning of March 1918, Kiev was occupied by the Germans, and by the end of April the whole territory of Ukraina was clear of Red troops. In this campaign all the work was done by the Germans, the Ukrainian troops playing a purely ornamental part; from a military point of view they were utterly negligible. Thus did 'Independent Ukraina' come into existence.

The Government at first remained in the hands of the Rada, which had adopted a very advanced democratic constitution, while safeguarding minority rights, etc.; its only defect was that it was never brought into existence. An agrarian law was also proclaimed, under the terms of which all the land was to pass into the hands of the peasants, but it was never executed. The Germans, on occupying Kiev, immediately saw that no co-operation with the Ukrainian Socialists was possible; these were for the most part semi-Bolsheviks; the more moderate ones had little authority and none had any political experience. In the meantime a movement arose among the propertied classes which found its expression in the congress of Farmers (Khliboroby) in Kiev (end of April). At this congress all the greater and smaller landlords were represented, including the class of freehold peasants,* a class descended from the former Cossacks and very numerous in the Governments of Poltava and Chernigov. This Congress proclaimed General

* I.e. peasants possessing property not subject to rural communes.

Skoropadsky Hetman of Ukraina. The *coup d'état* was accepted by the Germans, and the Rada dissolved.

Skoropadsky was a wealthy landowner of Poltava, the descendant of a former Hetman (1709-1722), an A.D.C. of the late Emperor, and a general (G.O.C. Corps) who had taken part in 1917 in the formation of 'national' Ukrainian units. He was a man of no talent and became a mere puppet in the hands of the German command on the one hand and of the powerful 'Farmers' organisation on the other. The Socialists and advanced Nationalists had to abandon office (except the Foreign Office, where they remained prominent all the time); and the Hetman had to face the difficulty of forming an Ukrainian Government without Ukrainians, for it was exceedingly difficult to find partisans of an independent Ukraina who were not Socialists. The Hetman's Government satisfied no one, except perhaps a small number of farmers in Poltava and Chernigov. Still it was considered the least of possible evils by many people—by the Ukrainians, as it offered the semblance of independence; by the landlords (who were mostly Russian Nationalists), as it confirmed them in the possession of their land; by the middle classes, as it was at any rate preferable to Bolshevism; and by the Germans, as it did all it was told. As to the peasants, they were indifferent to questions of politics. In those places where the land-question was not of primary importance they were more or less satisfied. But in other places the landowners, in retaliation for the excesses committed by the peasants in the course of the revolutionary year, made use of the armed police and even of German troops to enforce their claims to the recovery of their property. This and the sometimes very tactless and cruel behaviour of the Germans in collecting the grain supply which had been stipulated for by the treaty with the Rada, led to terrible outbreaks and revolts of the peasants, notably in the Governments of Kiev and Yekaterinoslav. In the former, especially in the districts of Chigirin and Tarascha—the scene of the Haydamak rising of the 18th century—the revolts were successful, and the Germans held at bay to the very end.

When the German defeat took place (October 1918), and it became evident that the revolutionised German

army was no longer to be relied upon, Skoropadsky had two alternatives before him. He had all the time acted as an Ukrainian Conservative, but this was a position no longer tenable; he had to become either an all-Russian Conservative or an Ukrainian Socialist. He preferred the former, entered into negotiations with General Krasnov, and invited General Count Keller and Prince Dolgoruky to be his military advisers. This course provoked a revolt among some units of the Ukrainian army, which was always mainly Socialistic; and a civil war broke out throughout Ukraina. The revolt was guided by what remained of the Rada, with Petlura and Vinnichenko at their head. They formed a Government which called itself the Directory. The Germans remained neutral, thinking only of how to get as quickly and safely as possible back to Germany. The insurgent peasants for the most part did not accept the authority of the Petlura Government. They formed bands of their own, which, when they thought it necessary to adopt a political programme, adopted that of the Left Social Revolutionaries (a pro-Soviet party) or of the Anarchists. The most important of these 'banditti' (as they came to be called) was Makhno in the Government of Yekaterinoslav, who kept up a rule of terror and pillage from November 1918 till 1921, when the Bolsheviks succeeded in chasing him to Rumania.

Skoropadsky meantime was behaving stupidly and shamefully. Hoping to retain his power, he did not wish to submit to the authority of General Denikin (as Krasnov had done). He fancied, it is said, that he might remain 'a sort of King of Saxony' in a restored Russia. He mobilised all the officers in Kiev to defend himself from the approaching Petlurists. The gallant and able Count Keller was pushed aside, and the extraordinarily inefficient Dolgoruky was entrusted with the defence of Kiev. At the supreme moment, when Kiev was nearly surrounded by the Petlurists, Skoropadsky and Dolgoruky fled to Germany disguised as Germans, abandoning the officers they had mobilised to the fury of the captors. Thanks to German mediation a massacre was prevented; but among the victims was Count Keller.

Petlura and Vinnichenko were now nominally in control of all Ukraina, but their position was precarious.

The Russian White Armies of Denikin and Krasnov did not recognise them, and were extending over the south-east, occupying the mining country and North Taurida. The policy of the French, who had occupied Odessa, was ambiguous. In the fight between the Ukrainians and Whites, which gave Odessa to Denikin, they remained neutral. Makhno and other 'banditti' were independent and unreliable. But the principal danger was from the north; the Bolsheviks were steadily advancing on the heels of the Germans, not molesting these, but always victorious (if one can be victorious over an enemy that never accepted battle) over the Ukrainians. They had occupied Kharkov by New Year 1919, and restored the puppet Government of Soviet Ukraina under Rakovsky. The difficulty for the Directory was that the Bolsheviks would not treat with them; to the Bolsheviks Rakovsky's was the only lawful Government of Ukraina; all others were merely rebels. Vinnichenko (who before the Revolution had always been a Bolshevik) tried in vain to open negotiations. He endeavoured to save himself by introducing a semi-Bolshevik constitution. Discarding democracy, he summoned a Labour Congress, an alias for a Soviet Congress. The elections gave a majority to the moderate Socialists; but, when the Congress assembled in Kiev (towards the end of January), it proved stillborn. No one would fight for the Directory, and in the last days of February Kiev was taken by the Red Army. The Ukrainian Government retired to Vinnitsa. Vinnichenko was accused of pro-Bolshevism and had to resign. Petlura reformed his Government on a more nationalist basis.

The Bolsheviks' rule was, however, as precarious as that of the Directory. They were surrounded by enemies. The interior was infested by banditti, who were at the best very unreliable allies, always likely to turn enemies. But the Bolsheviks displayed much energy; they held Denikin at bay in the mining country, defeated him in Taurida, and conquered the Crimea. In Odessa the French, undermined by mutiny (and, it was whispered, treason), entered into negotiations with the Reds and evacuated Odessa. Makhno was coaxed into co-operation; and Grigoriev (another 'bandit'), who openly revolted against the Bolsheviks, and for a

moment threatened to capture Kharkov, was defeated and destroyed. Petlura had sunk into insignificance, and was left for the moment alone as a negligible opponent. About the middle of May 1919 Bolshevik rule seemed to be well established. But the Russian Civil Wars were always full of unexpected and unaccountable changes of fortune. About May 20, 1919, Denikin's army began an offensive which proved unexpectedly successful. On June 24 Kharkov was taken, and by Sept. 1, with the taking of Kiev, all Ukraina except its extreme north-west was in the hands of the Whites. But Denikin's Government also failed to satisfy any one. The White troops were everywhere (especially in the south and east) welcomed at first, but everywhere in two or three months they were heartily hated. The looseness of their discipline and their contempt for human life and property made them a pest to the population. Makhno, whose bands had been at first dispersed, made his reappearance. At the same time the fighting efficiency of the White Army was sinking.

The peasants, who were sick of civil war, of requisitions and mobilisations, and were always for the party which was not on the spot, broke out in a series of minor revolts, and nearly everywhere offered passive resistance. At the height of its success, the White Army had defeated the remnants of Petlura's force and compelled him to seek refuge behind the Polish front. Thus the Ukrainian Government lost its last bit of Ukrainian territory. But this was Denikin's last success. On Oct. 20 began his reverses, and by the end of January 1920 not a single White soldier remained on the territory of Ukraina.

The war with Wrangel affected but slightly the territory of Ukraina. But a new factor of importance was now introduced in the political configuration—Poland. Immediately after the Austrian Revolution, the Ruthenians of Eastern Galicia had proclaimed their autonomy and their adherence to the Ukrainian State. A treaty was concluded between the Ruthenian leaders and the Directory (November 1918), by the terms of which Galicia was incorporated in Ukraina. On principle the two were to be united for ever and without conditions, but the great differences in political

circumstances and traditions compelled the Ruthenians to retain their virtual independence. Galicia received the official appellation of 'Ukraina across the Dniestr' (Naddnistrova Ukrayina). As Galicia was far better organised and prepared for political self-help than Russian Ukraine, the Galicians naturally acquired a great importance in the new State, and they pledged themselves to uphold the Directory against all their enemies. This was a rash promise, for Galicia had an enemy of its own, and one far more formidable than the Bolsheviks. The Poles immediately proved themselves aggressive and insatiable. They were far stronger than the Ruthenians, having behind them not only the three armies of Haller, Pilsudski, and Dowbor-Musnicki, but, what was more, the support of the Allies. They lost no time in representing the Ukrainian Ruthenians as dangerous pro-Germans. The result of the struggle, in which the Directory could not help the Galicians (who on their side had squandered their forces to help the Directory), was what might have been expected. By March 1919 the whole of Galicia had become a Polish province; the remains of the Galician army had joined Petlura in Podolia.

The Poles then crossed the frontier and occupied portions of Volynia and Podolia. So long as a victory of Denikin was within the limits of probability, the Poles did not budge against the Bolsheviks. But no sooner had the Bolsheviks triumphed over the White Army, than the Poles entered into negotiations with Petlura with a view to conquering Ukraine for him. The new Petlurian Ukraine was to stand in the same relations to Poland as that in which the Ukraine of Skoropadsky had stood to Germany. In the end of April 1920, an offensive, under the personal supervision of the head of the State, was launched, and on May 2 Kiev was taken. It was lost in a few weeks; and the great Bolshevik offensive was carried to the walls of Warsaw only to be stopped by the efficiency of French advisers. The net result of the whole Petlura-Pilsudski adventure for Ukraine was: (1) the recognition by Poland of Soviet rule in Ukraine; (2) the cession to Poland of eight districts of Volynia and Podolia, together with Brest, Kholm, and Galicia; (3) a complete rupture

between Petlura and the Galicians, whom he had so basely abandoned to the Poles. Henceforward the Galicians have had no other name for Petlura but 'zradnyk'—traitor.

The peace of Riga (March 1921) is the last event in the history of Ukraina. Since that date it has been a province—an autonomous republic, officially—of the Soviet Federation. Its capital is Kharkov. Rakovsky is at the head of its Sovnarkom (Soviet of Comisars of the People). Its constitution is identical with that of Moscow. It is nominally independent, and those who read the news will remember that a few months ago a treaty was even signed between Soviet Ukraina and Kemalist Turkey. But to all intents and purposes it is a province of Bolshevik Russia.

The net result of the Revolutionary years for the Ukrainian idea may be summed up as follows. The people of Ukraina have become accustomed to what some may call anarchy and others freedom. But this freedom is a purely local freedom, the largest unit of independence being in many cases the village, sometimes the district. This precludes the possibility of ever restoring a centralist Government that would not be regarded as a hostile and alien power. In this sense Ukraina has asserted its right to self-determination. But it has failed to prove itself a national and exclusive unit. The idea of a United and anti-Russian Ukraina has fallen flat; and the future of Ukrainian political thought may lie only in the development of the idea of local self-administration within the limits of a large (and possibly loose) federation. As for the Bolsheviks, however long they may last they will never be other than a thin (if well-woven) net of military despotism thrown over a practically ungoverned population.

Art. 8.—THE CATHEDRAL IN FICTION.

1. *La Cathédrale*. Par J. K. Huysmans. Forty-seventh Edition. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1921.
2. *La Catedral*. Por Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Twenty-seventh Thousand. Valencia and Madrid: Sempere, n.d.
3. *The Cathedral*. By Hugh Walpole. London: Macmillan, 1922.

And other works.

THE three novels whose titles are placed at the head of this article have obtained a remarkable popularity in the countries in which they were written. Though it is several years since M. Huysmans continued 'En Route' in 'La Cathédrale' it still appears in new editions, and Señor Blasco Ibañez has made his study of a cathedral as famous as his study of a war; while Mr Hugh Walpole's book has proved a 'best seller,' and has enjoyed the compliment of an extremely diverting parody in 'Punch.'

It is no wonder that in an age of restlessness, and treachery, and blood, imaginative writers turn towards survivals of more peaceful days, towards institutions whose aspect is that of calm quiescence. There is no greater contrast to the spirit of our age than the spirit of the Cathedral. We seek to be busy; or the business seeks us. The Cathedral embodies steadfastness, faith, rest in God. No wonder that the contrast appeals to those whose study is human nature and the circumstance which besets it to-day. All over Europe indeed, in the last twenty years or so, the novelists have turned from the turmoil around us to the peacefulness that lies within a Close. The three novels named at the head of this article do not stand alone; but they are especially valuable as showing how eminent writers in France, and Spain, and England find a peculiar interest in one of those ancient institutions which, in spite of local and national differences, are fundamentally the same all over Christendom. A severe Protestantism in Scotland or in Switzerland or in Holland may have severed the links, and the differences between a cathedral in the Catholic countries of the continent of

Europe and a cathedral in England may be not a few, but to the 'plain man' the system, be it good or bad, is the same. The youthful *campanero* who in the glorious church of San Isidoro at León begged that he might come with me to England and be my *sacristán* was not merely showing a natural friendliness of disposition: he was recognising the identity of an institution. And that fact lies behind the superficial differences between the real Chartres of M. Huysmans, the real Toledo of Señor Ibañez, and the imaginary Polchester of Mr Walpole. The similarity is not merely that belonging to great buildings with organised bodies of men engaged in the performance of a dignified Christian worship: it descends even to minute particulars of character, of temptation, of influence, of failure, or of success. It is indeed, we recognise, in the same atmosphere that these cathedrals stand and that their servants breathe. There is something almost tangible in the *ἡθός* of the great institution to which glorious architecture has given its setting, whose ministers, deans and canons, and chaplains, and clerks, and choristers, and vergers and bellringers, are all of the fraternity, with the same traditions and the same aspect to those outside their circle, and the same outlook, themselves, on the world without.

This the novelist sees and seizes on. There are passages of each of the three writers which could be transferred without jar from one book to another. Cathedral character is fundamentally the same. But how do these writers, men obviously so different in their training and their sympathies, regard it? Is it to them bad or good?

It is not possible to answer the question easily or abruptly. M. Huysmans wrote as an ardent Catholic, Señor Ibañez as a Socialist, Mr Walpole perhaps as a somewhat detached Anglican. Yet each most clearly wrote *con amore*. The severest of them yet finds that the glory of the cathedral which he begins to criticise eventually dominates his thought. The cathedral which began as his subject becomes his master.

And this is especially true of that one of the three books mentioned which is most conspicuously a work of genius. Señor Blasco Ibañez may not know the inner life of a cathedral very intimately: he may write

with a rooted prejudice against Christianity; but he is a stylist, and an analyst, of commanding power. The greatness of the cathedral which he describes is reflected in the penetrating realism of his work. 'La Catedral' is a masterpiece. The novel of Ibañez, like that of Huysmans, is woven round an actual building. It is the meaning of the age-long history of Toledo that he illustrates, the story which goes back even behind the Moorish occupation that leaves its historic record in the statue of Alfaqui, Moorish survivor among Christian Saints, in the 'Capilla Mayor.' It is a story of ever-increasing richness; of a primitive building, transformed by additions in each age into a museum of ecclesiastical art. Perhaps there is no more glorious church in Spain, the land of gorgeous churches, though the thoughts may turn back more fondly to the beauty of Burgos. Señor Ibañez well knows the history; and he tells it, in fragments, with no very generous interpretation or sympathy. Days that seem to him barbaric make no appeal; and to him all medievalism, one feels, is barbarism. But he sees how the memories of a far past, concentrated in stone and marble and wood and glass, cluster round the hearts of those who serve in a place so ancient and so glorious: how there has arisen, and still survives, a family, a clan, whose entire life is devoted to the building, stamped with its traditions, absorbed in its service. And, in the story he tells, the centre of all this interest is the *Tesoro*, the richest ecclesiastical treasure-house, it may well be, in the world.

Above the cathedral exists that strange congeries of dwelling-houses, the *Claverias*, like an eyrie of great birds, where dwell the hereditary servants of the cathedral, the 'semi-ecclesiastical tribe which was born and died in the heart of Toledo, without emigrating to the streets,' the people who 'lived above the cathedral, on the level with its roofs,' were 'saturated with the smell of incense' and breathed the strange musty atmosphere of antiquity, seeing no further than the great bell-tower, with a glimpse into the blue sky beyond. Peculiar to Toledo are these strange *habitaciones*, which for ages have been transmitted from father to son; yet they represent but the extreme example of a tendency common to Christendom.

Gradually, all over Europe, there has sprung up that distinct class of men whose life is spent in the outward setting of sacred things, whose service is often a passion with them, whose devotion and enthusiasm are often wonderful to contemplate and understand. A class apart: men most of them whose life work among beautiful things has given them a feeling and character far above their education, often a beauty of love which has even something in it like the things among which they pass daily, to and fro. There are, of course, the exceptions: not all men can live always at this high elevation of spirit. Mr Walpole has a sardonic, cruel example of the decadence; Señor Ibañez a more gently sympathetic one, in the young *Perréro*, whose office was to chase dogs away, the patronising critic of the higher clergy, whose knowledge of his ecclesiastical duties is pat enough but whose pleasure is in the bull-fight. Yet there is many a life of elevation to high ideals, and a great tradition of sacrifice even, among the *ministri* of a great cathedral. And that Señor Blasco Ibañez exemplifies, with the sure strokes of a master in portraiture, in the picture of the humble, generous-souled, *Vara de palo*, Esteban Luna, the *Silenciarío*, the man with eyes clear as amber, the quiet eyes of a man used to spending long hours in the cathedral. The story of M. Huysmans, such as it is, belongs to the worshippers in the great cathedral which he describes: it is indeed a fragment of a peculiar autobiography. The story of Señor Ibañez, much more realistic if less individual or intimate, is concerned with those whose daily work is linked with the mechanism of the sacred institution, the building consecrated to God. They dwell in the solitude of an airy cloister high above the cathedral in silent loneliness at night: a very wilderness of wood, says Señor Ibañez, inhabited by strange creatures who lived unnoticed and forgotten under the roof tree of the Church—‘the good God made a house for the faithful, and a vast garret for the creatures of the air.’

To it returns, after sad and devastating experiences, Gabriel Luna, once the brightest flower of this garden in the clouds, student, enthusiast, trained for the priesthood, but led away by the Carlist wars, indoctrinated with the Communism of his time and its attendant

rejection of the religion in which he had been brought up; still, utterly changed though he is, and though in the fatal disease which dogs him he still retains his 'liberal' opinions, the cathedral of his childhood exercises upon him its immemorial charm. He realises, when he returns to it, that through all his wanderings along the highways of Europe, hunted by the police, disbelieving wholly in the faith which seems to him to be dying visibly, he has yet clung to the great cathedral, clinging as a shipwrecked man clings to a spar from a sinking vessel. Gradually he falls again into the routine of work in the building where his ancestors have so long laboured, and, unbelieving though he is, he dies in the defence of the treasures of the *Virgen del Sagrario* which his Socialist disciples have plotted to steal.

The cathedral which he thinks of as a huge derelict survives in its decadence. No one attends the choir services. Long since has the ancient plain-song died, and the music is that of the Italian opera. Nothing is sung in Latin, except the *Tantum Ergo*. The musicians, priests though they are, are treated as an inferior race: the canons control the music though they know nothing of the art. Complaints like this are common throughout Europe; nor will they be met—as the Bishop of Ripon has recently pointed out in an admirable article in 'Music and Letters'—till cathedral experts receive the salary, the dignity, and the authority which is their due. Art to be true must be living. It is the same in other branches: there is too much of the aping of the Middle Age which makes some people like the so-called Gothic vestments in preference to the style which convenience and dignity evolved in later times.

Then, too, there is the old archbishop, domineering as those who have risen from very humble life often are; and the canons spread scandal about him among those who have known him from his youth, who could not bear to hear these calumnies—'The canons had spoken of all the preceding archbishops precisely as they now spoke of Don Sebastián, but this does not in the least prevent their all being called saints after death.' That is the bitter yet not altogether unkindly comment. Half unconsciously Señor Ibañez admits that religion is still a living power in Spain.

Let us pass from Spain to France, whence come so many influences which the Spanish ecclesiastics detest. There is, indeed, in the famous study of M. Huysmans, something of the sentimental exaggeration which the stern Spaniards abhor. And yet it is impossible to question the entire sincerity of the writer. Durtal, the hero of 'En Route,' comes in 'La Cathédrale' to a life of continued and penitent devotion. There is no story. We are simply shown the man living in the provincial atmosphere of Chartres, and after all his exciting past yet finding it supremely satisfying. Two priests and a priest's housekeeper are all the other characters. The subject is that most glorious triumph of medieval art as the exponent in stone of the theology of the Middle Age. That theology is strained, it must be admitted, till it is made wholly to revolve round the Blessed Mother of the Lord; and the mystical meaning of sculpture is extended till it includes almost all Christian history and all Christian doctrine. So, said Mr Kegan Paul,

'The book resolves itself into a series of dissertations on the Bestiary of Holy Scripture, on church painting, on early pictures, on the more mystical and suffering saints of the Middle Ages, and on such parts of the flora and fauna as have shown themselves most adapted to church decorations.'

It is more than a glorified guide-book—though there is no better guide to the great church of Chartres: it is almost a *summa theologiae*. But what is to our present purpose is that it is the presentation, by a writer of singular skill, of the idea of the Cathedral as an essential expression of Christian life. Not only is the great building that, but it is also an inspiration of goodness. It is not without significance that the most impressive description of Toledo by Ibañez is from above, while that of Chartres by Huysmans is from below. Durtal looks up as the fog disperses to a glory of height and 'a gigantic panoply' of building, the great vault, the groined roof within, and the tower and pinnacles without. So the cathedral keeps watch

'over the unthinking city . . . alone beseeching pardon for the unreadiness for suffering, for the listlessness of faults displayed by her sons, lifting up her towers to the sky like two arms, while the spires mimic the shape of joined hands, the

ten fingers all meeting and upright one against another in the position which the image makers of old gave to the departed saints and warriors they carved upon the tombs.'

The cathedral, to M. Huysmans, radiates beneficence. A most beautiful description of the act of Communion in the wonderful crypt at dawn represents the summit of devotion, in the old priest and the child who serves him. 'Pour la première fois, Durtal vit servir réellement une messe, comprit l'incroyable beauté que peut dégager l'observance méditée du sacrifice.' But M. Huysmans was a critic as well as a devotee. He denounced the narrowness of Catholic education, the hothouse atmosphere which while endeavouring to exclude vice encouraged it. The unseemly subjects in which the medievalists often dealt—there is a passage of savage satire about them in Señor Ibañez—were intentional object-lessons of the horrors of sin, which bade the soul examine itself before it should presume to eat of that Bread and drink of that Cup. 'Open the windows: air the rooms.' The Church of old aimed at moulding manly souls, not the crippled creatures manufactured by spiritual orthopædists; thus the glory of the ancient cathedral is that it represents all life, as it symbolises all theology; and it dedicates all to God.

But this is certainly not always the French view. Walter Pater once wrote of Ferdinand Fabre in the 'Abbé Tigrane' as delineating, 'with wonderful power and patience, a strictly ecclesiastical portraiture, shrewd, passionate, somewhat melancholy heads, which, though they are often of peasant origin, are never by any chance undignified,' and he added that 'the passions he treats of in priests are indeed strictly clerical, most often their ambitions—not the errant humour of the mere man in the priest, but movements of spirit properly incidental to the clerical type itself.' In its sombre deliberateness resembling Mr Walpole's study, 'L'Abbé Tigrane' is indeed a deeply impressive book. Though the life it analyses is rather that of the Seminary than the Close, and the types of ecclesiasticism which it portrays are rather French than medieval, there is a general application which the whole clerical class might well take to heart; and it is one from which the members of a

cathedral body may not consider themselves to be immune. 'L'Abbé Tigrane' is a study, etched with a biting irony, of clerical ambitions; and ambition, whatever moralists may say of it in other walks of life, is a deadly foe to the ideal of the Christian priest.

'Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition.
By that sin fell the angels. How can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?'

And it is as subtle as it is deadly. There are so many veils by which the ecclesiastic may hide it from himself. But let him be quite sure that the ravages which it makes in his character are never hidden from the laity with whom he mingles. The relentless persistency with which the Abbé Capdeponet forces his way to the episcopate, and at the end of the book is within sight of the Papacy itself, is told with unflinching realism.

Gradually the heart is hardened, the sympathy is frozen, the aim to exalt God in the Church is merged in the aim to exalt the man to whom power has become an unquenched passion. The saintliness of others first becomes ignored. Then is utterly disbelieved in. The clerical Egoist stands out as the embodiment of personal ambition. He is determined to be Bishop of Lormières, and by a relentless passage through every kind of intrigue, ecclesiastical and political, pursued as cruelly as persistently, he achieves his end. His self-confidence is rarely shaken, his determination never. He ends by thinking the Papacy possible—'Qui sait?' Jealousy, M. Ferdinand Fabre would suggest, is another clerical vice; but it is certainly not exclusively clerical; and in these studies of ecclesiastical life it is quite subsidiary to ambition and its inevitable companion, arrogance. The Abbé Tigrane is not jealous of his compeers: he despises them too much. But he is devoured by the cravings of his ambition, which are fed by the pride with which he contemplates his own capacities and anticipates his destiny. We turn from the book almost with nausea. This is not the way in which religion is served, we say, in the sheltered places of the Church.

If 'L'Abbé Tigrane' may be used for a moment's comparison with 'La Cathédrale,' we may make brief reference to a very amusing book, 'The Canon in Residence,' by

Victor L. Whitechurch, published a few years ago, for it deals with much the same subject as Mr Walpole's new story. In 'The Canon in Residence' the new-comer in a Chapter finds himself beset by a cruel rumour, for which there is a certain, but quite innocent, foundation, and it is some time before he can get 'the man in the street' to see that it is not justified. Quite good people spread quite bad stories: they don't speak of their own first-hand knowledge but of what they 'are told.' This is, of course, a common experience in life, and one not at all creditable to human nature. But the special point of the story is that it is the gossip of a cathedral town; and it ends happily; while Mr Walpole's story ends very sadly. In 'The Canon in Residence' it is the dean, a silly old man much henpecked, who is the, rather unwilling, gossip. He has a nephew who has become a fishmonger—partly, it seems, to annoy him. He is friends with a vulgar brewer, who grinds the faces of the poor. The general impression left on the reader is that canons are not quite as kind to each other as they might be, and that old women, of both sexes, who might be better employed, spend too much of their time in gossiping about them. It is rather an absurd story, but quite a pleasant one. There is not much bias, if any, against a cathedral system: it does not appear, as in Mr Walpole's book, as a upas tree. There is no sign that the author fancies that there is discord in the capitular nest. We are sorry for the foolish dean, as we are for all who play at scandal and burn their fingers; but we do not feel that they bring discredit on the system, whether they belong to it or attack it from outside.

We are in the region of comedy, and so especially in the references of a much more eminent writer. Mr Compton Mackenzie, too, knows something about deans, perhaps a little about canons also, but does not seem to concern himself with cathedrals and their system. In 'Rich Relatives' there is quite a nice, though mildly malicious, dean. He puts pins on to the chairs of his typists, and when his wife tells him that the archdeacon is coming to dinner, 'in some odd way Jasmine divined that the dean thought "Damn." She felt like somebody in a fairy tale who is granted the gift of understanding the speech of animals and the tongue of birds. What

he actually said was, "Delightful! Don't open the '58 port. Foljambe has no palate." Then again in 'The Altar Steps' there is an approach to a cathedral. We have a good bishop, and one not so good: we have a rather inferior Theological College in a cathedral city; but not much is said about anything which does not illustrate the view that the Church of England really 'won't do.' Among all the beautiful descriptions of spiritual aspiration and emotion perhaps the only one which definitely brings the cathedral into the foreground is that which describes the blessing which ends the service—'When Mark heard these words from the altar far away in the golden glooms of the cathedral, it seemed to him that the building bowed like a mighty couchant beast and fell asleep in the security of God's presence.' Nearer seems this novelist to the truth than Mr Walpole or Señor Ibañez.

So far the English writers seem to stay upon the surface of things. There is the comedy of character. M. Huysmans writes what we might call a comedy-pastoral. Señor Ibañez soars to the highest elevations of melodrama, not merely theatrical but the melodrama of an artist of genius. But the subject can be taken higher still—into tragedy. For, very different from Mr Whitechurch's or Mr Mackenzie's comedy, a tragedy is what we find in the work of the latest English novelist, 'The Cathedral' by Mr Hugh Walpole.

In not a few reflexions and descriptions the three studies resemble each other. But the English writer is more explicit than the Spaniard in his animosity:

'It is the cathedral, Ronder, that I fear. Don't you yourself sometimes feel that it has, by now, a spirit of its own, a life, a force that all the past years and all the worship that it has had have given? Don't you even feel that? That it has become a god with his own rites and worshippers? That it uses men for its own purposes and not for Christ's? That it almost hates Christ? It is so beautiful, so lovely, so haughty, so jealous.'

Señor Ibañez and M. Huysmans both wrote, no doubt, with a purpose: with them the story is quite subordinate. It is not so with Mr Hugh Walpole. He writes frankly as the teller of a thrilling tale. To the Spanish novelist

the cathedral is the emblem of decay; to the French it is the symbol of Eternity. To the Englishman it is a half-malignant influence which seems to goad men into wrong. The similarities between these three books are obvious; the differences are no less plain. Perhaps the most striking of the latter is the change of tone, which is seen in so many novels of the last three years. Señor Ibañez and M. Huysmans wrote before the Great War: Mr Walpole, though he dates his story earlier, writes most plainly under the influence of the cataclysm. There is a cruelty about recent works which is unmistakable. The Spaniard's and the Frenchman's books are critical as well as appreciative, but when they condemn there is no touch of cruelty. In the later novel there is no longer the flinching back from pain which was characteristic of ten years ago. The writer has seen cruelty unmasked and now he sees it in all life. Even the cathedral is cruel. Mr Walpole has explained to an American magazine that he spent all his youth under the shadow of English cathedrals, and seems to have thought of one of them as 'encrusted with a mosaic of small intrigues, plots and meannesses': he says that 'it had for the most part developed only the worst and most cynical and sordid side of human character, and was glad of it.' There is no need to believe that he considers this typical of cathedral life, or that he undervalues the influence of sanctity and beauty, or makes light of the glory of human character inspired by a divine ideal. Only now he chooses to write of the dark side of life. That clever writer, Miss Rose Macaulay, has summed up the attitude of the clergy and their families in this book by saying that if you sought for religion among them you would seek in vain. 'They have not, indeed, a chance, since they live in the shadow of a cathedral which exercises a baleful, sinister, and irreligious influence on all who live within a radius of several miles of it.' But throughout Mr Walpole quite clearly intends to diverge from fact. Thus he has many anomalies in his account of chapter life and chapter duties, he mixes up his major and minor canons, his residents and non-residents, gives a most unmedieval epitaph to a medieval bishop, speaks of 'the brasses of the groins,' and makes his unhappy archdeacon not only,

as do the canons, dance at a county ball, but sit down upon a wooden coping. So when he begins to belabour the cathedral clergy we need not take him too seriously.

Briefly, Mr Walpole's story is one of pride and its fall. Polchester is a town of poor folk below the hill and leisured folk upon it, all dominated by the great cathedral, where there still seems to dwell the harsh spirit of the twelfth-century bishop who gave to the place its dignity and power. 'His figure remained to this very day dominating Polchester, vast in stature, black-bearded, rejoicing in his physical strength. He could kill, they used to say, an ox with his fist.' And he seemed to live again in the archdeacon of the late 19th century, round whom the story of the book revolves. There is a dean, of course, but he does not count. It would seem that deans have had their day. One is reminded of Bob Acres. The novelists now are obsessed with archdeacons. Archdeacon Brandon rules the chapter and the city and his family with a tyrannous hand. His children do not understand him. His colleagues fear him. His wife hates him. Suddenly his power splits to pieces. His son runs away with the daughter of a low publican, his wife with a shy pathetic parish priest. It is an incredible tale. These things, one says, do not happen. Canons are not like Archdeacon Brandon, or like the horrible silky, self-indulgent, ambitious, determined Canon Ronder who pulls all the strings in the secret intrigue which conquers him. Certainly Anthony Trollope gave a more true picture of cathedral life, and Mr Saintsbury has quite recently told us that 'there are few men in fiction' he likes better or should more like to have known than Archdeacon Grantley.

No one can doubt the ability, or the interest, of Mr Walpole's book. He has biting analyses of clerical character: notably the arrogant cleric, and the ambitious cleric who becomes unscrupulous because he has a passion for getting power into his own hands. He tells a story, though it is an improbable one, well. He describes the splendour of nature and of architecture with a fine glow of passion. But we cannot take his description of the life in a Close, or the influence of a medieval cathedral, seriously. No doubt he does not intend us to do so. Wicked men will do wicked things,

but it is not working in a cathedral or for it which makes them wicked, as Mr Walpole seems sometimes to wish to make us believe. They are not wicked because they live in a Close or Precinct: they have not less of the milk of human kindness because they worship in a Cathedral. No doubt all small societies encourage small vices, tale-bearing, inquisitiveness, jealousy; but they do not create, they do not encourage, great vices. At the present day Closes and Precincts are not *enclaves*. The healthy breath of public opinion blows through them: their denizens share in a larger citizenship. It is to this that they must look, while retaining their own ideal of worship and service, if they are still to give to the nation the inspiration which through the changes of centuries they have never ceased to afford.

There are lines, which Dr Liddon many years ago applied to Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury, which seem singularly to fit the present time, when ancient institutions are subject to fierce criticisms, and those who minister in them, anxious to adapt themselves and all that they inherit to the needs of the day, not resenting thorough investigation but striving to profit by it, have no easy task. The cathedrals survived the Reformation and the Great Rebellion, and with constitutions but little altered: will they survive the modern projects of concentration and uniformity? Those who serve in them may well take the lines for motto:

‘In quiet confidence hold on --
Like him who layeth stone on stone,
In the undoubted faith, although
It be not granted him to see,
Yet, that the coming age shall show
He hath not wrought unmeaningly,
When gold and chrysoprase adorn
A city brighter than the morn.’

W. H. HUTTON.

Art. 9 —PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL

No historian has yet been found to do for the origins of football what Andrew Lang did for cricket; but there is good reason to suppose that a hundred years ago the game was almost as popular in the winter as was cricket in the summer. Yet whereas cricket was already played under recognised and uniform rules, with a proper governing body, each district and almost every town and village had football rules of its own. It is true that already the players were divided into two distinct camps—those who carried the ball and those who preferred not to use their hands—but when one team visited another it was as likely as not to find that it had to learn all sorts of annoying little restrictions. These haphazard methods continued in both games, despite many efforts towards some sort of uniformity, until October 1863, when the Football Association was formed, with the object of governing the clubs which did not handle the ball. The rules of the new Association were so simple, so plainly worded, so brief, and so careful of the niceties of English grammar, that they came as a revelation to footballers. From the very first the Association made rapid headway, and although news in those days still travelled slowly, the Association in less than ten years' time had practically become the M.C.C. of the non-carrying football game.

In January 1871, the players of the carrying game formed the Rugby Union, which, although it had not a very large following, at once established itself. There seemed no reason at all why the two games should not have a prosperous career, untroubled by any vexatious questions. At that time people played football for pleasure and nothing else, and no one in either camp dreamed of the business which was ultimately to dominate the Association game. The Football Association, not without the strong disapproval of many players who intensely disliked the idea of giving prizes for skill in games, soon instituted a cup competition open to all its clubs. This competition, at once springing into favour, became in a few years so extremely popular that it was productive of a host of other competitions for cups. Astute business men began to notice that not only were

these cup ties popular with the players themselves, but that they were continually drawing larger crowds of paying spectators. They began to see that there was money in the game. At first their efforts were confined to introducing professionals into some of the clubs in the guise of amateurs, with the result that certain clubs, more especially in Lancashire, began to gain a superiority because they were more highly organised. Attempts to cure the evil were not very successful, and by slow degrees the idea of the legalisation of professionals was made familiar to the public. After fighting desperately hard against this, the Association eventually bowed its head to the storm, and admitted professionals, thus entirely changing the character of the game.

One of the chief actors in the legalisation of professionalism was Mr C. W. Alcock, the secretary of the Association, and also the secretary of the Surrey County Cricket Club. His dealings with the cricket professionals were so friendly that, naturally enough, he thought professionalism in football would be everything that is pleasant. He, and the other enthusiastic admirers of professionals, did not see that there is a vast difference in the two games. A cricket professional, who depends for his living on his success in the game, has to submit to the inevitable if he finds other men too good for him; but a football professional in the same position can take many advantages over an opponent and even injure him.

For a brief time the chief amateur clubs continued to take part in the Association Cup and also the leading teams of old boys competed in the Amateur Cup. But the methods of the professionals and of some of the amateurs whom they encountered were such that they gradually dropped out of the competitions. In the later part of the season 1881-82, a momentous event in the history of the game was the formation of the Corinthian Football Club. This was partly brought about because many of the best amateurs of the South were anxious to play in first-class matches, but had no opportunities of doing so; and partly because it was thought that, if the members played constantly together, they would be a match for the league professional clubs which had rapidly come into existence. To this end it was deter-

mined to form a club which should be composed of the best amateurs in the country. The name of the club will always be associated with that of Mr N. L. Jackson, who was its genius. As long as he remained with the club it was successful; but, when he left it, the tact and *savoir-faire* which had so much to do with keeping the members and their opponents in good temper, seemed to go away with him.

For some years everything went well with the club and the game. In the earlier days one or two of the most prominent Corinthians, exasperated by the foul play of certain of their opponents, proved very conclusively that if they liked they could easily out-do the professionals at their own game; but these lapses from virtue were very promptly repressed, and henceforth, whatever the professionals might do, the Corinthians played with a fairness which became proverbial. Often their matches with league clubs were of the most friendly character, and a sort of understanding arose that, as the Corinthian captain once said to the Preston North End captain, 'If you let our little 'uns alone, our big 'uns will let you alone.' And so it was.

In the mean time the path of the Rugby Union had not been all among roses. Although its laws were always prolix and sometimes irritating to players, it rapidly gathered adherents, and, as the numbers increased, the cry for cups and professionals became insistent. The Union, however, wisely and resolutely set its face against both, and, in order to make sure that only amateurs should play, made its definition of an amateur very strict indeed. The artisan and the workman were heartily welcomed, if they played the game for pleasure, as vast numbers of them have always done. Thanks to its prescience the Rugby Union was saved from the evils with which the Association game gradually became beset, and to this day the Union is in the happy position of a governing body which may be said to have no history to speak of.

In the Association game the professionals were steadily ousting the amateurs from the international matches. The Football League, composed of professional clubs, carried out its matches on a business-like system, and attracted enormous crowds. Strenuous efforts were

made by the Association to arrest the evils of foul play which were rapidly becoming a byword of reproach ; but the impossible cannot be accomplished by any governing body, however firm it may be. The Football Association turned itself into a limited liability company, and the league clubs followed its example, thus proclaiming to all the world that business was now to be the order of the day. As time went on, most of the amateurs came to the conclusion that the Association game existed almost entirely for professionalism, that the professional game had become a business in which points counted for much more than the game itself, and that the time had come when they should form a ruling body of their own. Accordingly in 1907 the amateurs seceded.

If they had been wisely led they would most certainly have become as powerful and successful an organisation as the Rugby Union. Unfortunately they made a series of dangerous mistakes. Instead of cutting themselves adrift they still clung to the name 'Association,' calling themselves 'The Amateur Football Association,' and retaining the laws of the Football Association, except that the penalty kick for a foul in a certain area became a dead letter. Worst mistake of all, the Corinthians clung to their old style, admitting as members only the very best of the amateurs, and playing their full strength against the few teams which could be counted as first class, as well as against the Schools. Consequently they had nobody to beat, and the members began to yearn for the old matches against the professionals. It was a thousand pities that the club did not follow the example of the M.C.C. and turn itself into a missionary body, with a large number of members. The M.C.C. can practically place an England eleven in the field ; but, except perhaps when a particularly strong Australian eleven opposes the club, it never calls on its members who are otherwise engaged. With a great number of members of varying degrees of skill, it sends teams against the schools and clubs, of a strength calculated to make a good game. The result is that to most of the clubs and schools the M.C.C. match is the great event of the season. If the school or club wins it is immensely proud of itself, and the M.C.C. does not suffer the least loss of prestige. It is amazing that

with this great example before them the Corinthians elected to continue as an exclusive club.

The Amateur Association matches were badly advertised, the play generally began late, and the followers of the amateurs were hopelessly mixed up when they saw accounts of the matches in 'The Amateur Football Association Cup' and 'The Football Association Amateur Cup' on the same page in their newspapers. A year with Mr Jackson in charge would have saved the Amateur Association. As things were it was doomed from the first to failure. The inevitable result was that, in the spring of 1914, the amateurs returned crestfallen to the fold of the Football Association; but were generously allowed to retain their title of the Amateur Football Association. They were welcomed with open arms, but soon found that they were of very little account. For several years the millions of amateurs have hardly been represented in the chief international matches; in some years not at all. In the first round of the Cup competition proper (which follows preliminary rounds) in 1921-2, the 704 players in the 64 competing clubs included only half a dozen amateurs, and the number seems to have been about the same this season—a state of affairs which can only be described as appalling.

Professional Association football had been steadily becoming more and more an affair of leagues in which business came before sport and points before everything. Mr J. A. H. Catton, who is perhaps the greatest authority on league football, and one of the strongest admirers, was in November 1921 constrained to write as follows in the 'Sporting Chronicle':

'There are hundreds of leagues, alliances, combinations, and federations sanctioned by the Football Association and kindred county bodies in affiliation with it. Their creation is continuous. A great number have been formed since the armistice. Whenever and wherever a few clubs are gathered together they deem it expedient to start a league. Amateur clubs and professional clubs are alike. Great Eastern Railway League, Portsmouth Royal Dockyard League, Liverpool Citizens' League, Mersey League, Seamen's Sports' Club League, Tramway Leagues, Railway Leagues, London Postal Leagues, Flegg Schools' League, and scores of others unknown outside their own locality or circle are in existence.

The league principle has been universally adopted. The football world is league and cup mad.'

Again, Mr Catton wrote in the 'Athletic News':

'The result is greater than the game, points are of more value than polished play, and in the hurly-burly of competition, in the scuffle for place and all that appertains thereto, the aim of every team is not how to show the beauty of football, not to exploit its possibilities, not to think out and try new methods of attack and defence, and not to make any experiment, but to collar the points by the aid of ready-made players brought from anywhere, and often bought at fabulous prices—just as a gentleman with means might purchase a horse or a greyhound. . . . The player thinks in points, and is not inclined to take any risks which will endanger his good conduct marks. What is still more important is that the directors, managers and secretaries of clubs are compelled to think in points too. The position and prestige of the clubs are translatable into pounds and shillings.'

In order to amass these pounds and shillings the directors of league clubs naturally leave no stone unturned in their search for players. In the early days of the Football League some of the teams consisted almost entirely of local men; but by degrees these men had to give way to better players from outside, until an English league team may now consist entirely of Scottish, Irish, and Welsh players. If, by chance, a really fine local player is included in a team, he will almost certainly be sacrificed by his club if it happens to have a bad time. Players are bought and sold with less formality than was required to buy two ounces of butter in war-time. The Football Association has tried in vain to compel the leagues to be moderate in their payments for players; but the leagues are almost as strong as the Association itself, and seem to do as they like. From a matter of a couple of hundred pounds or so, the transfer fee has risen to anything between a thousand and four thousand pounds, and not long ago a club spent about 12,000*l.* on three new players.

In order that a club may be financially sound it is necessary that its matches shall be attended by enormous crowds, and the actual number depends very largely on the success of the team. The behaviour of some of these

crowds has become a public scandal. A foul by a visiting player is greeted with howls of anger; a foul by a home player is regarded as a clever piece of work. Hardly a sound is heard when a visiting player does a fine thing. The referee has become the most important man on the field. If he is popular he is applauded with enthusiasm each time that he enters the field. If he gives a penalty kick against the visiting side he is greeted with delighted shouts of approval; if the penalty kick is against the home team he is angrily told to play the game, and may even be hooted. Yet in his most difficult and even dangerous task he has proved to be the soul of honour.

In many places these enormous football crowds have become a nuisance to the neighbourhood, more particularly in Scotland, where vast numbers are conveyed by charrs-à-bancs; but the unpleasant theme need not be pursued.

Against the march of professionalism the Corinthians were the sole bulwark. Until a year or two before the war the league clubs who opposed them paid them the well-deserved compliment of placing their best teams in the field. To-day they often use Corinthian matches to give a trial to several of their numerous reserves. Conscious that they were losing ground the Corinthians last year tried a desperate remedy, and, against all the traditions of the club, entered for the Football Association Cup. In his book 'The Annals of the Corinthian Football Club,' Mr B. O. Corbett, one of its most famous players, said in 1908:

'The Corinthians have, from the first, set their faces against "pot-hunting"; with the one exception of the Sheriff of London's Charity Shield, the Club is not allowed by its rules to enter for any competition. Now, in these days of cups and medals, when "friendly" matches have ceased to be taken seriously, and the one aim of a club, in so many cases, is to be at the head of a league or the winner of a cup, this self-denying ordinance on the part of the Corinthians should act as a valuable protest against the growing tendency to play the game only for the prizes it will bring.'

To old footballers the entry of the Corinthians was a great blow; but there is no doubt at all that the step was taken with the idea that it was furthering the best

interests of the amateur game. None the less, it was a fatal mistake. If it succeeded in winning a match or two, or even the Cup, it could have had no honour—what honour would there be to the team which represented the Gentlemen against the Players at Lord's if it beat Northamptonshire or Worcestershire? A little while before the cup ties the Corinthians made a crowning mistake. They had arranged to play a match against a minor league club, which was ordered by its ruling body to scratch, on the ground that the game would interfere with the gate of a neighbouring league club. To the amazement and sorrow of amateurs the Corinthians appealed to the Association, claiming damages for loss of gate money. The natural outcome of this was that everywhere footballers were saying that the amateurs were in the same boat as the professionals, and an immense amount of damage was done, innocently enough, to the amateur game.

With the continuous changes in the personnel of their teams, brought about by purchases and discards, the league clubs deteriorated in their play until they all became of about the same level. Although there are now 22 clubs in the Football League and also in the Second League and 44 in the two third leagues it might easily happen that the bottom club in one of the third leagues might beat the top club of the first in a match for the Cup. It did not take the bookmakers long to discover that professional football was a ready-made betting machine. Again and again the Association has vainly tried to stop betting; human nature is too strong for it, and the amount of betting on Association football might safely challenge comparison with the betting on professional baseball in America. Almost every week there are nine or ten matches in each of the leagues, and very frequently it happens that only one or two visiting teams can manage to win. Yet any bookmaker will cheerfully lay odds that a client will not name half a dozen winning home teams in any division in any week. On the face of it the bookmaker appears to be a great philanthropist, but the odds that one of the six home teams chosen by the client will only succeed in making a draw are very considerably in his favour, and he thrives amazingly. It may be doubted whether, even if

the Government were to interfere, any serious diminution in betting on league football would take place, until it happens that public form is a trustworthy guide, as it is in other games. In this matter, as in the case of other evils connected with the professional game, the Football Association has always been on the side of the right; its misfortune is that it has never encountered a tide which it could stem.

At the present time Association football as played by professionals, many of whom are perfectly fair in their play, is more popular as a spectacle than ever it was, and the crowds at league matches and cup ties are said this season to have beaten all records. As an effective business machine its only rival is American professional baseball. Most of the daily papers have pandered to the leagues in a way which has greatly amused practical business men, who are at a complete loss to understand why the game receives gratuitous advertisements wholesale, whereas all other business people who cater for the entertainment of the public have to pay heavily for advertisements. Every Monday most of the newspapers devote much more space to league football than to a popular divorce case or an amusing theatrical scandal, and during the week any small crumbs that fall from the league table are eagerly snapped up. The Association football annuals can hardly be said to cater for amateur football at all. In the mean time the Schools which used to play Association, because headmasters recognised that it was a more suitable game for boys than Rugby, while demanding equal skill, have been steadily going over to Rugby, or playing hockey in the spring term. Many of the boys who are at schools which still play Association, prefer to go over to Rugby, or hockey or lacrosse or golf—anything rather than a game which is dominated by professionals. A census of the football rules favoured by different schools has just been taken. It shows an overwhelming majority for the Rugby code, which is played by 85 out of 115. Seven schools play both codes. Four have rules of their own.

In the nature of things the Rugby Union has gained enormously from the parlous state of affairs in Association, and, while remaining a purely amateur game, is in many districts even more popular than Association itself.

The Union has had its trials and tribulations, chiefly connected with players whose amateur status was, to say the least of it, doubtful. Indeed, there were fears at one time that it would be necessary to allow professionals to enter the Union, which, however, held its ground, and when the Northern Union, a professional organisation, was formed Rugby men realised that the clearance of so many clubs and players was a real blessing. Since that time the agents of the Northern Union have been everlastingly busy, more especially in Wales; but the gain from the defection is much greater than the loss.

In a few ways the Rugby Union has always been behind the times. It has never realised that simplicity and clearness in the laws and rules of a game make for efficiency. As the years have passed by the laws have been modified and patched up until they have become a grotesque conglomeration of details which nobody can properly understand. One of the rules referring to professionalism begins as follows: 'Notwithstanding Rule 2 (1) G (b) (p. 112) and Rule 2 (2) G (b) (p. 113), the Rugby Union may, etc., etc.' It ought to be evident to any governing body that when it has reached this stage the time for revision has come.

The Union has, also, never recognised that times have changed, and that high-handed methods which may have answered very well in the 'eighties are out of place at the present day. The absence of definite information from the Union has also been the subject of frequent irritation among players. A case in point is the recent suspension of Mr T. Lawton, an Oxford University Rugby Blue from Australia. Only the baldest details were given to the public, and the result was a crop of rumours, re-creminations, and protests of which the Union took no notice whatever. In the course of time it leaked out that the Union wished it to be understood that Mr Lawton's suspension was not penal; he was merely placed on the shelf while an investigation was being made. His supposed crime was that he played football for his Australian University in 1919 in Queensland against a team which did not come within the category of teams allowed by the Rugby Union. It does not seem to have occurred to members of the Union committee that it is not usual at an English University for

a player who is asked to represent his University against the Harlequins or the Old Merchant Taylors to reply that he will give an answer when he has made a careful inquiry into the status of these teams.

When the irritation aroused by Mr Lawton's suspension was at its height the Union issued a statement to the effect that the ban was removed, as it had been discovered that he had not taken money for playing—as if anybody ever thought he had—and had not knowingly played against professionals. Yet because, at a time when no other football was possible in Queensland, he and a few other Australians now at Oxford had played against a team of which the Rugby Union did not approve, they were said to be guilty of a technical offence. The members of the commission of inquiry accordingly stated that 'they consider the punishment these players have received a sufficient penalty for the breach of the rules committed.' This, of course, means that the suspension actually was penal, although the case had not been tried.

The Rugby Union would do well to remember that even the M.C.C., which is deservedly regarded as the most tactful and resourceful of governing bodies, has from time to time wisely set about the task of putting its house in order; and that the Henley Stewards, who may be described as the Jockey Club of rowing, will very soon have to do the same. The Rugby Union and the Amateur Rowing Association may congratulate themselves on having done more for the purity of the sport they control than any two other governing associations in the world. But that achievement need not blind either of them to the fact that the world of to-day is very different from that which existed in August 1914. Principles may be eternal, but the guardians of true sportsmanship can never sleep. The application of rules, nay, the very language in which they are expressed, are matters of far more importance than was ever the case before. The comparatively diminutive amount of the best amateur spirit now left in Amateur Football or in Boxing should be sufficient warning of what may happen in other games or sports if the constant vigilance of tactful adjustment is for any period too long or carelessly relaxed.

Art. 10.—BACH AND SHAKESPEARE.

1. *Johann Sebastian Bach*. By Philipp Spitta. Translated by Clara Bell and J. Fuller Maitland. Novello, 1899.
2. *Johann Sebastian Bach*. By C. Hubert H. Parry. Putnams, 1909.
3. *J. S. Bach*. By Albert Schweitzer. Translated by Ernest Newman. Breitkopf & Härtel, 1911.
4. *Bach's Chorals*. By Charles Sanford Terry. Three Parts. Cambridge: University Press, 1915-21.
5. *Johann Sebastian Bach*. By Johann Nikolaus Forkel. Translated and edited by Charles Sanford Terry. Constable, 1920.
6. *The Organ Works of Bach*. By Harvey Grace. Novello, 1922.

And other works.

COMPARISONS between one form of art and another are generally unprofitable and sometimes mischievous. Music, poetry, painting, and sculpture have their own modes of being and must submit to certain laws and limitations, prescribed, not by critical authority, but by the very nature of things. Whoever it was that called architecture 'frozen music' may be allowed the metaphor, but not the comparison. Even poetry and music, the two forms of art most often described in terms of each other, are in essence unlike. Music that tries to perform the function of poetry generally fails both as poetry and music.

We are on safer ground of comparison when we turn from arts to artists. Music and poetry may not be specially comparable, but musicians and poets are. Circumstances, conditions, and aims can be similar when the means of expression are different; and doubts that perplex us in one case may be resolved if we find them arising in another. People have clouded the name of Shakespeare with suspicion, because he, miraculously great,

'Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Did tread on earth unguess'd at,

a state of things held to be incompatible with transcendent and manifest genius. Let us therefore compare

certain circumstances in the life of our greatest English poet with certain circumstances in the life of the greatest German musician, and see if the mystery of William Shakespeare be any deeper than the mystery of John Sebastian Bach. We start with this advantage, that we shall not be comparing an unknown with a still more unknown. We do know many indisputable facts about Bach. The huge biographical treatise of Spitta may not be full of grace and charm, but it is unquestionably full of facts and documents. Indeed, a *Life of Bach* is as liable to be choked with certainties as a *Life of Shakespeare* with conjectures ; but it is because the certainties may assist the conjectures that we offer the present comparison.

A noticeable difference greets us at the outset. The family of Shakespeare has no traceable tradition of poetry ; the family of Bach was solidly musical. The difference need not trouble us much, for poetry is in no sense a domestic and social art, whereas it was precisely as a domestic and social art that music was sedulously cultivated in 16th and 17th-century Germany. The Bachs were clannish, as well as musical, and generally contrived a yearly meeting. Forkel, Bach's first biographer, and the direct inheritor of the Bach tradition, thus describes a gathering :

‘The Bachs not only displayed a happy contentedness indispensable for the cheery enjoyment of life, but exhibited a clannish attachment to each other. They could not all live in the same locality. But it was their habit to meet once a year at a time and place arranged beforehand. These gatherings generally took place at Erfurt, Eisenach, and sometimes at Arnstadt. Even after the family had grown very large, and many of its members had left Thuringia to settle in Upper and Lower Saxony and Franconia, the Bachs continued their annual meetings. On these occasions music was their sole recreation. As those present were either Cantors, Organists, or Town Musicians, employed in the service of the Church and accustomed to preface the day's work with prayer, their first act was to sing a hymn. Having fulfilled their religious duty, they spent the rest of the time in frivolous recreations. Best of all, they liked to extemporise a chorus out of popular songs, comic or jocular, weaving them into a harmonious whole while declaiming the words of each. They called this hotch-potch a “*Quodlibet*,” laughed

uproariously at it, and roused equally hearty and irrepressible laughter in their audience.'

The thirtieth variation in Bach's famous Goldberg set is a *quodlibet* in which are blended the tunes of two popular songs, the second (the air beginning in crochets at the second bar) having the unlikely words,

'Kraut und Rüben
Haben mich vertrieben;
Hätt mein' Mutter Fleisch gekocht,
So wär ich länger geblieben.'

John Sebastian Bach himself was born at Eisenach in Thuringia, on some day at the end of March 1685, fourth and last child of John Ambrosius Bach, a town musician. We know nothing very exactly about the boy's education in music or letters, but it is obvious that to his father (a viola player) he owed not merely his first knowledge of music, but his extraordinary understanding of stringed instruments. By the time he was ten he had lost both his parents and passed into the care of his eldest brother, who was organist at Ohrdruf. Here the boy attended the Gymnasium, and was taught some music by the brother; but, apparently, not too much; for it is related that, being forbidden to use a certain volume of clavier pieces, little Sebastian secretly copied them all out on the moonlit nights of six months; but the transcript was discovered by his brother, who sternly confiscated it. In 1700 Bach got a place as soprano singer in the convent school at Lüneberg; and when his voice went, as it naturally did very soon, he remained there as a violinist. In 1704 he became organist at Arnstadt; in 1706 organist at Mülhausen; in 1707 court organist and chamber musician at Weimar; and in 1717 Kapellmeister in the service of Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen. He failed to secure an organist's post at Hamburg, and in 1722, at the age of thirty-seven, he succeeded Kuhnau as Cantor at St Thomas' Church School in Leipzig, where he remained till his death in 1750. The Cantor ranked third in the school after the Rector and Subrector, and was required to have charge of all the musical instruction, vocal and instrumental, and to teach Latin in one of the classes. The last duty Bach was allowed to delegate as others had done.

Where, in this life of routine employment in petty towns and courts, is there room for the development of a mighty musician? Bach was always a subordinate, always under the necessity of keeping to daily hours of work (even if few), and liable to be checked, rated, and censured, as he was when he overstayed his leave in order to hear Buxtehude play. A wonderful teacher of those with the will and capacity to learn, he lacked utterly the pedagogue's power of controlling a class, and spent his energy in struggles with refractory pupils. Other ties were not lacking; for his domestic life, happy as it was, can hardly have made for freedom and self-communion. A man twice married, and the father of twenty children (even though some of them died young), needs to be vastly better circumstanced than the Leipzig Cantor if he is to find solitude in such a multitude! Did we not know the facts, should we ever have supposed that the boy so precariously taught and the man so heavily occupied would become first, the greatest player of his time on clavier and organ, and next, the writer of an incredible number of elaborate compositions of the highest rank and in all departments of music? Or, given the sixty volumes of the Bach-Gesellschaft Edition, and considering both their mere quantity and their artistic magnitude, should we not have been tempted to doubt whether they came from such a man if definite evidence had been lacking? There are people who find it hard to believe that the plays of Shakespeare were written by any one under the rank of a Viscount; but so far no one has suggested that the works of Bach were written by Frederick the Great, whose musical proclivities and personal relations with Bach himself might indicate that possibility.

We must remember that the Bach we know was not the Bach known to his contemporaries. We know him as the supremely great composer; they knew him chiefly as a player. He outshone all executants of his time and enjoyed an almost legendary reputation. We do not know how he acquired his tremendous skill, neither do we know who taught him the technique of composition. Bach employs with supreme ease the most elaborate and intricate forms of musical architecture. He did not pour out a flood of facile tune with simple accompaniment.

For him, every line of notes had to play its own independent part in the music and to combine as well with all the others. No man has surpassed him in the power of making great music out of polyphony; on the other hand, no man has been able to do more than Bach with two lines of notes. Even in the simpler dance forms of the English Suites and Partitas, his two lines sound greater than other people's four—or forty. How came he by this extraordinary command of form? Fortunately an answer—such answer as there ever can be to the riddle of creative art—may be definitely given. He was self-taught. To the end of his life Bach was an indefatigable student, and his growing power over the resources of composition can be clearly traced in his works. His masters were all who could teach him anything. He made long journeys on foot to hear great players—to Hamburg to hear Reinken, to Lübeck to hear Buxtehude. Whenever he could he took musical holidays, in the course of which he visited most of the towns of Germany where there was something to be heard. That he never met his exact contemporary Handel was not due to lack of effort on the part of Bach. Further, he was untiring in his study of other men's inventions. As we have seen, he began as a boy the habit of assiduous transcription that remained a peculiarity of his whole life. He absorbed music as steadily as he produced it; for, like some other men of high creative power, he could turn almost anything to the nourishment of his own personal genius. And so, self-taught, he learned from everybody; and without traveling beyond his native Germany grew into knowledge of Palestrina, Caldara, Lotti, Couperin, Frescobaldi, Legrenzi, and Corelli, yet remained always himself, writing without lapse or deviation the music that, beyond all other examples of the art, possesses the great style, the style absolute, that is not so much impersonal as beyond all personality. The music of Bach tells us as much—and as little—of the man as the verse of Shakespeare. He made no pageant of a bleeding heart and did not turn his chagrin and disappointment into notes. If ever there was one who, with Shakespeare, can be called 'self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,' who made the heaven of heavens his dwelling-

place and trod the earth unguessed at, it was the composer of the 'Matthew Passion' and the 'B minor Mass.' Men knew the somewhat touchy Cantor of the Thomasschule and admired the prince of instrumentalists; but they knew little of the soul that heard the six-winged seraphim cry one to another, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts,' and fixed their song in music that seems to transcend mortality.

Bach used the music of others not only as matter for leisured study, but as an immediate stimulus. By all report his power of improvisation appeared inexhaustible; yet he liked to be set going by something not his own. Schweitzer thus presents the tradition:

'He liked other people's music in the most uncritical way, simply because it stimulated his own creative activity. In certain cases it was an actual necessity to him. His contemporary, Magister Pitschel of Leipzig, tells us that before improvising he generally played, from the score, a work by some other man, as if he first had to set the machine of his invention going by artificial means. This fact was a matter of common knowledge. "You know," writes Magister Pitschel to his friend, "that the famous man who in our town enjoys the greatest reputation for music and the admiration of all connoisseurs, cannot, they say, ravish people with his own combination of tones, until he has played something from a score to set his imagination in motion."'

We are again reminded oddly of Shakespeare, who rarely, if ever, invented his own stories, but needed to be set going by some external suggestion from tale or play or history. Given his story, no matter how crude or ghastly, Shakespeare could transmute it into a drama thrilling with life and movement, and gleaming with matchless poetry. So potent is his art that we forget sometimes how poor is the originating substance of certain plays. In 'The Merchant of Venice,' for instance, we are caught by the sheer magnificence of creative skill and find ourselves interested in the clash of racial and religious animosities almost without consciousness of the fact that not an incident in the story will bear a moment's examination. But, apparently, without the stimulus of the story, Shakespeare would never have given us Shylock and Portia.

Bach had to endure from contemporary critics a

reproach that deeply annoyed him. In his day music was part of a liberal education, and, conversely, the musician was expected to have studied the liberal arts, and not solely the one which he meant to practise professionally. Both ideals (if they are two, and not one) need constant reassertion, especially in the present day of specialisation. Handel, Telemann, and Scheibe were university men; Bach, through the narrow circumstances of his youth, was not, and he was sometimes reminded of his deficiency. Mattheson and Scheibe, two excellent contemporary writers on music, mingled their admiration of Bach with certain reservations. In 1737 Scheibe wrote an account of Bach (the actual name being omitted) in which there was high praise for the player, but some condemnation of the compositions (of which Scheibe could have known very little) on the ground that they were turgid, obscure, and lacking in the amenities that usually proceed from a good education. Bach, greatly annoyed, asked Birnbaum, professor of rhetoric at Leipzig, to reply for him. Scheibe took this as a confession of disability on the part of the musician, and, in a letter supposed to represent the master's efforts at literary composition, made him declare that musicians have no need to bother themselves about philosophy and book-learning. Needless to say, Scheibe easily refutes his own objection.

'This great man,' writes Scheibe, 'is not particularly well up in the sciences that are specially required of a learned composer. How can one be quite without blemishes in his musical work who has not, by knowledge of the world, qualified himself to investigate and understand the forces of nature and reason? How can one achieve all the benefits that come from the acquisition of good taste, who has barely concerned himself with critical observations, inquiries, and rules that are so necessary, not only in rhetoric and poetry, but in music, that without them one cannot possibly be moving and expressive, principally because the attributes of good and bad style in writing, both in general and particular, proceed almost entirely from these.'

There is nothing here to touch Bach, for the charge of ignorance was untrue; but can we not detect in the criticism a note resembling that which, sounding faintly in Ben Jonson and such incidental persons as Henry

Ramsay, Jasper Mayne, and William Cartwright, hinted that Shakespeare was comparatively ignorant, and presently swelled into a tradition that he was a sort of freak or curiosity, needing no learning, because Nature had chosen him as a passive instrument for her purpose? Even those who testified to the technical skill of Bach managed to hint that he had attained it without effort. 'Our Bach,' says the Necrology in Mizler's '*Musikalische Bibliothek*,' 1754, 'did not engage at all in deep theoretical considerations of music, but was all the stronger in the practice of it.' So the 18th century thought of Shakespeare. 'All the Images of Nature were still present to him,' writes Dryden, 'and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. . . . Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greatest commendation: he was naturally learn'd.'

Bach, like Shakespeare, was an efficient and practical man of affairs. He was careful and scrupulous in business, and, though never in a post of high emolument, left a fair property at his death. Neither Bach nor Shakespeare had the 'artistic temperament' that the Skimpoles allege to excuse their raids upon the pockets of others. The musician and the poet alike worked for their living and paid their way like respectable citizens. The sanity of true genius was never better exemplified than in Bach and Shakespeare. They could not, as Coleridge did, exist upon delusions and subscriptions, in a perpetually suspended condition of 'just sending to the press a treatise on the Logos or Communicative Intelligence, in two volumes of six hundred pages each,' not a line of which was written or ever would be written. Not for Bach and Shakespeare could there be the solemn dedication and novitiate of Milton, or the long leisure of Wordsworth, or the gigantic gambling of Wagner upon a distant success. What they did had to be done at once. Shakespeare had to provide plays for My Lord Chamberlain's men; Bach had to provide music for court or church use.

'He is most marvellous,' wrote Zelter to Goethe in 1827, 'when he is in a hurry, and not in the humour. I possess manuscripts of his, where he has thrice begun and then erased again; he could not get it to go, but the music must be forthcoming, for next Sunday there was some inevitable wedding

or funeral before him. Even the very worst foolscap paper seems to have been scarce at times, but the work had to be done; little by little he gets into the swing, and at last the great artist is there, Bach's very self. Afterwards he makes his improvements, quite as an afterthought, and with his cramped penmanship, becomes so dark, misty, and learned, using his own signs, which every one is not acquainted with, that I have to refrain almost entirely from meddling with his manuscripts, because I find it no easy matter to get away from them again.'

In a sense all the works of Bach are music-master's compositions, written because they were needed for practical use, and not (apparently) because they cried aloud within him for birth. He wrote, as Shakespeare wrote, to fulfil his obligations, and without any parade of what a modern would be sure to call his artistic conscience. There was no room in his busy life of creative activity for manifestos about art, and he appeared not to know the importance of being eccentric. Bach had nothing to do with art for art's sake, being too much occupied with art for God's sake. He therefore found no incompatibility between the pursuit of music as an art and the practice of music as a calling, because for him both were included in the greater ideal of duty. The attitude of Bach to music can be seen in the couplet inscribed on the 'Orgelbüchlein':

'Dem höchsten Gott allein zu Ehren,
Dem Nächsten draus sich zu belehren,'

and in a passage among the rules and principles of accompaniment written for his pupils:

'Figured bass . . . is the most perfect foundation of music. It is executed with both hands in such a manner that the left hand plays the notes that are written, while the right adds consonances and dissonances thereto, making an agreeable harmony for the glory of God and the justifiable gratification of the soul. Like all music, the figured bass should have no other end and aim than the glory of God and the recreation of the soul; where this is not kept in mind there is no true music, but only an infernal clamour and ranting.'

With Bach, to be false to music was worse than to be false to art: it was to be false to God. He served his

art with purity and probity because he served God thereby in the labour that is also prayer.

Even in certain material limitations of their art these two great spirits were strangely alike. We all feel how inadequate to the power of 'Lear,' the breadth of 'Hamlet,' and the depth of 'Macbeth' must have been the wretched booths that passed in Shakespeare's day for theatres. If we could be vouchsafed a vision of the poet's own life, we should probably find nothing to amaze us more than the disproportion between the magnitude of Shakespeare's genius and the meagreness of the material for making that genius manifest. It is, of course, the way of great art both to fit itself to material conditions and to transcend them. The dramatist must write first of all for the theatre of his own age if he is to live in the theatre of another. The musician must write for the players and singers of his own day before he can reach the players and singers of a day to come. Bach, like Shakespeare, took what means the time provided, and wrote for what was there, not for what was absent. 'Even in Lüneberg,' says Spitta, describing Bach's early years, 'the ill-luck began which pursued the greatest of German organists all his life through; for he had always to do the best he could with small or bad organs, and never had a really fine instrument at his command for any length of time.' In choral music his state was even worse. At Leipzig, in the great period of the Cantatas and Passions, he could have had no more than twenty players for his orchestra and about the same number for his choir; and even these varied as pupils came and went. 'Certainly,' says Schweitzer, 'many a Cantata is orchestrated as it is, simply because at that particular time Bach had only those instruments at his disposal.' The 'Matthew Passion' is the greatest music-drama ever written. We need not search for epithets, we can simply say that it is always at the level of its awful theme. If we are amazed to think that parts in Shakespeare associated with the names of Sarah Siddons or Ellen Terry were first enacted by theatre-boys, it should amaze us no less to think that the arias and recitatives of the 'Matthew Passion' were first sung by school-boys, and that the instrumental parts, difficult enough to modern professional players, were performed

by pupils in the school and artizans in the town band. The opening chorus of the 'Matthew Passion' is one of the miracles of music, with its surging lines of sound, its dramatic exclamations, and its chorale melody ringing clear above all like an assertion of hope in a tumult of despair; and yet to perform this miracle Bach had barely three voices to a part! We, accustomed to a band of seventy or eighty and a chorus of two hundred and fifty, find it as hard to imagine the slender performance at St Thomas's in 1729 as Bach would have found it to envisage the Queen's Hall orchestra packed with its singers and players in 1923.

The advantage is not entirely with us. Just as we sometimes get excellent performances of Shakespeare under conditions where sheer poverty prevents an extravagance of presentation and drives the producer back upon the play itself, so we sometimes hear better performances of Bach in small churches than in great concert halls. If Bach had for his mighty choral effects nothing like the mass of sound that they appear to need, he had a balance of vocal and instrumental tone that we never hear. Moreover, it is certain that his arias and recitatives were better sung by his boys than they are now by the ladies and gentlemen who adorn our platforms as soloists. The whole idea of that special isolated row of solo singers in a Bach choral work is utterly wrong. It is false to the spirit in which the work was conceived and the manner in which it was actually performed. Bach is dramatic, but he is not operatic; and to sing his solos in the *ad captandum* manner of the opera is to achieve disaster. The vulgarisation of Shakespeare's marvellous descriptive passages with *tableaux vivants* on the stage is no worse a desecration than the spectacle of a stout bejewelled lady with bare bosom and uplifted eyes declaiming 'Erbarme dich' as if she were singing 'Ernani, involami.' As in Bach's own time, there should be no soloists, but a *solo* choir, which would sing the arias, and join, of course, with the *ripieno* choir in the choruses. How admirable the effect of this can be will be admitted by all who have listened to the exquisite rendering of the Passion arias by boys in the Holy Week service at St Paul's. In short, we have to get away from the showy concert-room

performance of Bach as we have to get away from the showy stage performance of Shakespeare, and for the same reason, namely, that the show inevitably injures the piece.

Bach and Shakespeare accepted not only current conditions but current forms. They were not innovators; they were content to take what they found and make the best of it. Shakespeare is the child of his dramatic ancestors. He gave us no new forms of drama or verse; he simply filled the old forms with a new content. Shakespeare's plays are not different from Marlowe's or Kyd's, they are merely better plays of the same kind, just as Mozart's operas are not different from Cimarosa's, but merely better operas of the same kind. So Bach took the current musical forms—some of them imposed by the conditions of his office—and gave the dry bones an unimagined life. Fugue, Chorale Prelude, Motet, Concerto, Suite, Cantata, Passion, Mass—all were there before him, and he was content to take them and bend them to his will. This artistic conservatism, this unconscious application of the great principle that Bagehot called 'conservative innovation,' a principle as valid in art as in politics, can perhaps be illustrated most clearly by a contrary example. Wagner was precisely the innovator that Bach was not. Early in 1848, 'Lohengrin' being then completed, Wagner determined to write an opera on the Death of Siegfried, and at once began work on the libretto. A letter of 1851 to Uhlig shows us how the writer's mind travelled on from this conception. In order to make clear the end of Siegfried he must first explain the beginning of Siegfried. So a poem on Young Siegfried is next written. But Siegfried's youth cannot be understood till his mysterious parentage is explained; and the writer must therefore tell the story of Siegmund and Sieglinde. More difficulties arise. The implication of this unhappy pair in the rebellion of Brünnhilde has to be made clear, so we must be told about the perjury of Wotan to the giants, the rape of the magic ring from the Nibelung by the gods, and the rape of the gold by the Nibelung from the nymphs of the Rhine. So out of one opera grew four of unprecedented dimensions—or rather, the original single opera expanded into a gigantic music-drama needing

four days for a performance. As a work of this scope would not fit the existing theatres, Wagner therefore proposed to build a theatre to fit the work. A temple of Art was to arise on the banks of the Rhine, and there the lovers of music would assemble for a festival performance four days long. All this Wagner calmly described to Uhlig in 1851 when he was himself a fugitive and exile without a penny of his own. And the most extraordinary part of the story is that it all came true. The work begun in 1848 was actually finished in 1874, and was performed two years later, not on the banks of the Rhine, but in a new festival theatre at Bayreuth. Between those dates, besides writing other music and building his theatre, Wagner had been busy on pamphlets and articles designed to prove that the kind of music he wanted to write was the only kind worth writing.

It was not in this way that Bach and Shakespeare worked, nor had their art the tremendous egoism of Wagner's. Wagner transmuted his immediate personal feelings into opera and was always his own hero. Moreover, new and revolutionary as much of his music was, he remained at heart old-fashioned. He saw everything in terms of traditional stage effect, and was not really a dramatic composer, but only a theatrical composer. Wagner constantly arrests the vital dramatic movement of a piece for the sake of stage effect, and, with an incurable taste for melodrama, hesitates at nothing. For him the blood-stained spear that pierced the Redeemer's side and the legendary cup still red with the sacred blood are just capital stage properties that can be made to glow visibly with tremendous effect in a stage setting exploiting the emotional associations of the Mass. T. E. Brown recognised the essential falseness of all this at a performance in 1894; and Nietzsche, discerning it years before, had broken a romantic friendship for ever. Indeed it is hard to see how the same person can accept both 'Parsifal' and the 'Matthew Passion.' They are at the opposite poles of music. The difference between them is the difference between great art and great artifice, in a subject where artifice is a blunder as well as a crime. Not to that hectic world of sensual stimulus does any work of Bach belong. He moves for ever in the great pure spaces of light and life in which the

'Choral Symphony,' 'The Magic Flute,' and 'The Tempest' have their being.

Shakespeare and Bach appear to have been satisfied with the existence of their works as matter for performance, and to have taken no care to secure for them the perpetuity of print. When Shakespeare died sixteen of his plays had been printed, but not, apparently, with his consent or co-operation. The rest remained in some manuscript form at the theatres, and were published by the piety of friends in the Folio of 1623. No attempt was made to separate the work of other men from Shakespeare's own, or even to indicate mixed authorship; and to-day we have no certainty that all of Shakespeare's work is included in the collection called by his name, and considerable certainty that some of the work included is not his. The new taste imported from France in the 17th century made Shakespeare seem archaic or uncouth, and though he was never forgotten, he became old-fashioned and increasingly difficult to read. For stage use it was found necessary to re-write or adapt him, and it was in mangled versions that the contemporaries of Davenant and Dryden knew his plays. Not till the edition of Rowe appeared in 1709 did Shakespeare begin to pass regularly into the intellectual life of later generations, and even then he was presented with editorial conjectures, well-meant and even necessary, but nevertheless departures from the old texts. On the stage the adapter still held sway. Cibber and Tate altered Shakespeare to the taste of the 18th century, and actors like Charles Kean and Henry Irving presented to the 19th such selections from certain plays as appeared compatible with their ideas of a successful entertainment. In the ordinary way, no one ever attempted to put on the stage a plain unaltered version of any play by the man who received general lip-homage as our greatest poet and dramatist.

How did Bach fare? He died in 1750 and was speedily forgotten by all but a few. He had trodden the earth unguessed-at even by the sons he had laboriously trained. Three of them, William Friedemann, Charles Philip Emmanuel, and John Christian, became considerable musicians, but they were less concerned for their father's fame than for their own. The last, the

old man's Benjamin, became in later years a feature of London musical life, but he troubled little about his father, and always referred to him as 'the old perruque.' When Burney visited Germany in 1772 it was Emmanuel, not Sebastian, who was then the great Bach. The 18th century wanted a Dryden in music, and found him in Handel, a great but lesser musician, whose works had more obvious qualities of popularity than Bach's. In Germany the worship of Handel ran a normal course; in England it became a grave musical calamity. The extent to which Handel mania could paralyse the English musical intelligence can be seen in the author of 'Erephon,' who may be called the last of the Handelians.

But the music of Handel was at least available; the music of Bach was not. Very few of his compositions had been printed,* the bulk of them being still in manuscript, and liable to the gradual attrition that is the universal lot of such music. Thus, the *Necrology*, confirmed by Forkel, declares that Bach wrote five complete cycles of cantatas for the ecclesiastical year. As the cycle numbered fifty-nine, there should be nearly three hundred compositions. We actually possess a hundred and ninety. One great organ work survives only in a copy made by a pupil; another was recovered from the hands of a shopkeeper. That we have so much is almost a miracle. Bach, like Shakespeare, left no instructions about his manuscripts, and those in his possession were shared by Friedemann and Emmanuel, who lent them for a fee to those desirous of studying or performing them. Friedemann, an able but dissolute person, soon disposed of his share, and what remained at St Thomas's

* The only works of Bach engraved in his lifetime were these: 'Clavierübung,' in four parts, 1731, 1735, 1739, 1742, containing the *Partitas*, the Italian Concerto, the Goldberg Variations, and some Chorale Preludes for organ; 'Six Choral Melodies for Organ,' about 1748; 'Canonic Variations on a Christmas Hymn . . . for Organ,' about 1746; 'A Musical Offering,' 1747, a set of pieces engraved for presentation to Frederick the Great, who had set Bach the subject here variously treated; 'The Art of Fugue,' an elaborate set of fugal variations, the engraving of which was begun in 1749, but not completed till after the composer's death. The parts of one Cantata had been published by the Mülhausen Town Council in 1708, and one Partita had been engraved in 1726. Thus, of Shakespeare's work nearly half had been printed before his death; of Bach's about a twentieth!

may or may not have been carefully preserved, for J. A. Hiller, who became Cantor in 1789, endeavoured (according to Zelter) 'to fill the *Thomaner* boys with horror at the crudities of Bach,' and may therefore have viewed the pile of Cantatas without special kindness. Barely one of the works we associate with the name of Bach was in print. 'The Well-tempered Clavichord,' the great organ compositions, the concertos, the Passions, the Mass, were all unprinted, and apparently dead for ever. But slowly the work of revival went on, and we should hold in special honour the names of the first pioneers, Forkel, Rochlitz, and Zelter, the last of whom builded better than he knew when he fired the old Goethe and the young Mendelssohn with his enthusiasm. Perhaps the crucial date in the history of the Bach revival is 1829, when, exactly a hundred years after its birth, the 'Matthew Passion' was performed at Leipzig under the direction of Mendelssohn, who, with Edward Devrient, had wrung a growling consent from old Zelter, the owner of the manuscript, which he had bought at the price of waste paper. The impression made by the work was tremendous, the hushed silence, as Fanny Mendelssohn tells us, being broken only by the ejaculations of people under the stress of deep emotion. Two other performances rapidly followed, and thus, by strange but not inappropriate irony, a Jew and an actor gave back to Christendom for ever the one imperishable setting of its central tragedy.

The 'John Passion' was performed at Berlin in 1823, and part of the Mass in the following year. In 1835 the people of Berlin were privileged to hear what Bach himself had never heard, a performance of the 'B minor Mass' as a whole—though, of course, serious cuts were made, as in the Passion at Leipzig. The 'Christmas Oratorio' (really a series of six cantatas) was not performed until 1858. After several publishers had made attempts to bring out editions of certain works, the Bach-Gesellschaft was formed in 1850, a hundred years after the master's death, for the purpose of producing a complete edition. The first volume appeared in 1851, the sixtieth and last in 1900. Much revision still remains to be done, for in the *corpus* of Bach, as of Shakespeare, there are works of questionable authenticity. Like Shakespeare,

too, Bach has suffered from his friends. Editorial performing directions have been scattered as freely over the text of Bach as editorial stage directions have been scattered over the text of Shakespeare. Even the faithful Forkel and Zelter felt bound to re-write Bach as Dryden and Davenant, or Tate and Cibber, had felt bound to re-write Shakespeare; and, to complete the parallel, as the star actor adapted Shakespeare for the better exhibition of his own magnificence, so Liszt and Bülow adapted Bach for *virtuoso* display at the piano. It is quite remarkable that, in the present generation, the real Bach and Shakespeare have seemed to come back together, for the one is as generally popular at the Queen's Hall as the other at the 'Old Vic.'

How rapidly things have changed may be seen from such a book as Schweitzer's, a monumental tribute to the great musician, though written as if Bach's English predecessors from Byrd to Purcell had never lived, and as if the considerable part played in the later Bach revival by Englishmen, from Samuel Wesley to Henry Wood, had no existence. Thus he writes:

'As regards our public music the conditions are not so satisfactory. To expect to hear the complete Bach in our concert-rooms would be to experience many disappointments. Our pianoforte virtuosi give us transcriptions of the organ works rather than original piano compositions—on what grounds is not apparent. Why must it always be the A minor prelude and fugue that is given to the public? Even in Liszt's arrangement they are merely makeshifts on the piano. Where can we hear, except rarely, performance of the Suites, the Well-tempered Clavichord, the Italian Concerto, the Chromatic Fantasia, the Piano Concerto in A minor, the C major Concerto for two pianos? Where are the Brandenburg orchestral concertos and the orchestral suites securely fixed in our programmes?'

An answer to these impassioned questions is easily given: all these things (and more) can now be heard regularly in London, thanks to the late E. H. Thorne, to Miss Dorothy Silk, to Mr Harold Samuel, and to Sir Henry Wood and other enthusiasts. Recent English books have also contributed to the growing interest. Parry's volume is a model of its kind. Dr Sanford Terry has not only given us a new and definitive edition of

Forkel, but has made most valuable researches into the Chorales, which are the foundation of Bach's organ and vocal works. Mr Harvey Grace's volume is an admirably well-written handbook to the organ works, and especially to the Chorale Preludes, still comparatively unknown, but as essentially Bach as the Etudes and Ballades are essentially Chopin. Mr Grace has a passage very appropriate to our purpose :

'Never was there so astonishing a revival. Obscure in his life, though acclaimed by the limited circle to whom his gifts were known, Bach was so forgotten by the next generation that it seemed almost as if he and his music had never been. Yet to-day there is no composer whose future is more assured.'

Shakespeare was not forgotten so completely as Bach ; but he was neglected, misunderstood, mishandled, misinterpreted, and has survived all the injuries done to him. The fate of his work seems such a mystery that twisted minds have been moved to ask whether this prosaic and somewhat litigious actor can have been the writer of great plays to which he appears, by modern standards, to have been indifferent. The limited and uneventful life of Bach from the organ stool at Arnstadt to the Cantor's seat at Leipzig offers a curious parallel. The letters that survive reveal nothing of the great musician, but something of a man with certain personal touchiness. They provide evidence to show that Bach contended vigorously for his rights as a man and his precedence as a public servant, and was as solicitous of a titular honour from the King of Prussia as Shakespeare was to establish his right to a grant of arms ; but they offer no evidence to show that he cared about the fate of his works or even recognised their supreme greatness. The mystery of Shakespeare is no greater than the mystery of Bach.

As usual, the real mystery is not that which is generally assumed. The mind that doubts whether this provincial Englishman or that provincial German, self-taught, self-developed, without advantage of high culture or easy station, could so have passed the bounds of space and time in works of which no praise can be too extravagant, inevitably makes the blunder of trying to find reasons for that which is above all reason. The spirit of great creative genius lights upon whom it will, and

we cannot explain it. That is the mystery. People sometimes talk as if a mass of learning could make a Shakespeare. They can appreciate the knowledge that becomes an excrescence, but not the knowledge that becomes experience. They can understand the acquisitive mind, but they suspect the creative mind. The dubious life of Shakespeare is thus their happy hunting-ground, as the life of Bach would be if less were known about it.

The likeness between these great artists extends beyond material circumstances. Bach, like Shakespeare, is for all time and for all men. He is a universal genius, the last of the mediæval composers and the first of the moderns. Just as no poet can write without some influence from Shakespeare, so no musician can now keep Bach out of his score. The best of Bach, like the best of Shakespeare, has an idiom that transcends its own age, and becomes the speech of every age. They are the greatest masters of rhythmic utterance we know, and the magic with which they set rhythm against metre they might have learned from each other. In their moments of simplicity as well as in their flights of complicated beauty they can achieve in triumph effects too audacious for other men. It is almost amusing to recall that both have been denounced for their 'incorrectness' and indifference to rules. There is in both a largeness and breadth of understanding, a sense of human joys as well as of human tears. With less opportunity for its exhibition than fell to Shakespeare, Bach had a feeling for character, for humour, and for action, so that it is possible to regret the comparative absence of secular cantatas from his vocal work. What he might have done can be seen in 'Phœbus and Pan' and the humorous distraction of the father's complaint in the 'Coffee Cantata.' The 'Matthew Passion' is a drama most wonderfully laid out, and what seems to move us most in it is the pity and terror of the human failure. From its dramatic opening to the lovely choral epilogue that uplifts the soul at the end, the tragedy is complete and unflinching, both in its great design and in its details. Here we can see most clearly Bach's power both to sustain the majesty of a theme and to grip the heart with the poignant beauty of a phrase. Turn, for instance, to his narrative of Peter's treason and mark the setting

of the words, 'And he went out and wept bitterly.' It is Shakespearean.

Finally, let us notice both in Bach and Shakespeare a moving reticence—an almost overwhelming impersonality that seems at odds with what we know of the men themselves. Which of his fellows ever saw the Shakespeare who wrote 'Hamlet' and 'The Tempest'? To discuss whether Shakespeare was Catholic or Protestant seems almost childishly irrelevant. What had that divining soul to do with sects? We know that Bach (who nevertheless possessed the sermons of Tauler) was officially a Lutheran; yet the 'B minor Mass' is not a flourish of orthodoxy, but the vision of one who, reaching beyond the stars to the country of the soul, can look with unfaltering vision upon ultimate things. To this clear consciousness of the eternal we can attribute his quiet content to write for instant service and to let the future go.

'The unique thing about him,' says Schweitzer, 'is precisely the fact that he made no effort to win recognition for his greatest works, and did not summon the world to make acquaintance with them. Hence the kind of consecration that rests upon his works. . . . They discourse to us of something that will be imperishable simply because it is big and true, something that was written, not to win recognition, but because it had to come out of him. . . . Bach himself was apparently not conscious of the extraordinary greatness of his work. . . . He never dreamed that his works alone, not those of the men around him, would remain visible to the coming generations. . . . No one was less conscious than he that his work was ahead of his epoch. In this respect he stands, perhaps, highest among all creative artists. His immense strength functioned without self-consciousness, like the forces of nature; and for this reason it is as cosmic and copious as these.'

Zelter had recognised this a century earlier. Writing to Goethe in 1827 he exclaims, 'Even when every criticism made against him is allowed, this Leipzig Cantor is one of God's own phenomena—clear, yet never to be cleared up.' So might an Englishman write of Shakespeare.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Art. 11.—THE NORTHMEN IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

1. *Scandinavian Britain*. By W. G. Collingwood and F. York Powell. S.P.C.K., 1908.
2. *The Norse Settlements in the British Islands*. By Alexander Bugge. Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, Fourth Series, vol. iv, 1921.
3. *The Place-Names of Northumberland and Durham*. By Allen Mawer. Cambridge University Press, 1920.
4. *The Place-Names of Lancashire*. By Eilert Ekwall. Manchester University Press, 1922.
5. *English Society in the Eleventh Century*. By Paul Vinogradoff. Clarendon Press, 1908.
6. *Domesday Book and Beyond*. By F. W. Maitland. Cambridge University Press, 1897 (1907).
7. *Documents Illustrative of the Social and Economic History of the Danelaw*. Edited by F. M. Stenton. Milford, 1920.
8. *Early Sculptured Crosses, Shrines, and Monuments in the Diocese of Carlisle*. By W. S. Calverley, edited by W. G. Collingwood. Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archæological Society : Extra Series, vol. xi. Kendal, 1899.

And other works.

IN popular conceptions of English history the chief rôle of the Northmen is to afford a sombre background to the shining biography of Alfred the Great. But here the perspective of the school-books is singularly at fault. Even in the story of Wessex, Alfred was only one, though no doubt the most distinguished, of a long line of heroic warrior kings. The brilliance of his achievements in the arts of peace and the nobility of his aims have dazzled many generations of historians, and some of the most authoritative of them are still inclined to make Alfred as pre-eminent in the military and political history of his age as he undoubtedly was in the history of learning and education.

The biographers are wrong even in their biography. But the more modern views which are gradually displacing the old misconceptions are the result of a change much more fundamental than any readjustment of biographical values. History is assuming a more sociological aspect. We may still, of course, look upon

individual great men as moulders of history and need not refuse to believe that the character of a ruler—his intellectual strength, his military genius, even his whims and idiosyncrasies—may suffice to transform the destinies of a nation. But the history that is thus moulded and the destinies which are thus transformed do not themselves consist of the actions of the great—they are rather made up of the lives of common people, which are affected by the conduct of great men, just as they are affected by climate and pestilence, by the growth of knowledge and the development of legal and moral ideas, or by any of the other factors in historical causation. If history is 'the essence of innumerable biographies,' it is from the biographies of multitudes of unnamed common people that it must be distilled. As a factor in historical causation, a great general or a great moral teacher may be worth a million men, but as a part of history in this further sense of the word, he counts for one and for no more than one. Of course the tendency to look upon history in this sociological way reacts upon the evaluation of historical forces. As moulders of English history in the ninth and tenth centuries the warrior kings of the West Saxons remain enormously important, but their part no longer appears as that of the protagonists. The real protagonists in this period were the Northmen whose intrusion into Anglo-Saxon England changed the fabric of society.

Along with the change in our ideals of what history should be—or, rather, in our conception of what history *is*—the accumulation of fresh evidence is tending to modify traditional views. Partly as a result and partly as a cause of the new orientation, new data of great sociological importance have been obtained and prepared for the use of the general historian. The investigation of institutional antiquities, in which the work of Maitland and Sir Paul Vinogradoff may fairly be said to have made an epoch, progresses year by year; and in connexion with the history of the Scandinavian settlements, the researches of Prof. Stenton into the institutions of the Danelaw are especially valuable. Archæology, which has already done so much for the reconstruction of the ancient Mediterranean world, has recently been applied in a scientific way to the Anglo-Saxon and

Anglo-Danish fields. I may mention the work of Prof. W. G. Collingwood, and the earlier, but still too little known, investigations of the late Mr W. S. Calverley, into the early sculptures of the diocese of Carlisle. Lastly, linguistic studies, and particularly the study of place-names, have advanced by leaps and bounds within the last few years, the researches of Prof. Ekwall of Lund being of pre-eminent importance.

It is mainly through the study of place-names that we find secure foundation for the belief that the Scandinavian invasions really meant the settlement of a large immigrant population and thus changed the fibre of the race. The conquests of the Northmen in the ninth and tenth centuries resembled the Anglo-Saxon conquests of the fifth and sixth centuries much more closely than they resembled the conquest achieved by William the Norman. They involved the introduction of a new population and not merely the establishment of a foreign aristocracy. This might perhaps be inferred from the sheer bulk of the Scandinavian element in our nomenclature and the scarcity of the Norman-French. But it becomes clearer when the characters of the two strata are compared. Speaking roughly, we may say that a normal place-name consists of two parts—a common noun signifying ‘village,’ ‘farm,’ ‘enclosure,’ ‘clearing,’ ‘ford,’ or something of the sort, and a descriptive word indicating the precise village or farm or homestead in question, and indicating it by an attribute which would be readily recognised at the time it was first used. As a rule places did not get their names in the old days by any ‘christening’ process: the names originated simply as brief and obvious descriptions of the places; and the proper modern analogy is to be found, not in the artificial method by which new streets are named in a modern town, but in the way village people still talk of ‘South Meadow’ or ‘Smith’s Field-Barn.’ Now, if the Scandinavian element in English place-names consisted of names which were made up of Saxon common nouns and Scandinavian personal names as possessives, the most we could argue from the evidence would be that individual Northmen had made themselves owners of property among a population which still spoke a Saxon language. But in fact the Scandinavian element is

by no means limited to personal names: an enormous number of English place-names contain common nouns which are Danish or Norse. The usual form is not *Grimston* (which occurs in Leicestershire and Yorkshire), but *Grimsby*—not the Lancashire *Gamelsley*, in which the Norse personal name *Gamall* is compounded with the Saxon *lēah*, a meadow or field, but rather *Gamblesholme* (also in Lancashire) or the Yorkshire *Ganthorpe* (in Domesday *Gamelthorp*) in which it occurs with the Scandinavian common nouns *holm* and *thorp*. It is just the opposite with the Norman-French stratum. The most frequently occurring French element in English place-names is simply the name of a Norman family tacked on to an old English or Scandinavian village name as a means of distinguishing a manor held by that family from some other manor of the same name. Thus we get such names as Acton Turville, Coatham Mundeville, and Ashby-de-la-Zouch. These only point to the presence of a Norman aristocracy. But the large numbers of names ending with unmistakably Scandinavian common nouns—by, thwaite, holm, garth, and gill (not to mention the less certain *thorp*)—clearly indicate an immigration sufficient to make the language spoken by ordinary people in the neighbourhood, at least very largely, Scandinavian. An ordinary cycling map of Lincolnshire shows, within a radius of eight miles round Spilsby, over 50 names ending in *by*, as well as two or three *thorpes*. Scandinavian suffixes are found combined not only with personal names but with a great variety of other Scandinavian words—for example, we may take the name *Rosthwaite* which occurs several times in the Lake District and is from the old Norse *hross*, a horse, and *thwaite*, a clearing or meadow. In some instances, too, the form of a name shows inflexion, which proves that Scandinavian case endings were used in the speech of the locality.

The invasions of the Northmen involved extensive immigration; and the frontier of their dominion was pushed as far south as the line of Watling Street and the course of the Bedfordshire Ouse, the Lea, and the lower Thames. Those were the boundaries fixed by the peace concluded between Alfred and Guthrum. But a study of place-names shows us that there were some

settlements outside the region marked off by this treaty and also that the Northmen did not colonise the whole of the Danelaw. South-west of Watling Street we notice the name Rugby. There was a settlement in Pembrokeshire: there was another little colony in Glamorganshire, as the name of Swansea seems to indicate. Lundy Island is said to take its name from the old Norse word for a puffin; and it is possible that the Helford River in Cornwall is really a fjord. It is more important to notice the limits of the settlements within the area of Danish rule. Suffolk was no doubt part of Guthrum's kingdom of East Anglia, of which the 'Chronicle' tells us that the Danes settled there in 880 and 'shared out that land.' But there is a striking scarcity of Scandinavian place-names in Suffolk. Only four names ending in *by* have been noted, and in general Dr Bradley says the evidence 'points to the conclusion, which the phenomena of the modern dialect tend to confirm, that the settlements of Danes and Northmen in East Anglia were mainly confined to Norfolk, and probably to the north-western corner of that county.'* The county of Huntingdon again was well within the Danish frontier; but Scandinavian names are rare there. In the north the evidence of place-names supplies a corrective to the loose language of the chroniclers. The Alfredian Chronicle tells us that in 876 'Halfdene portioned out the lands of Northumbria, and they thenceforth continued ploughing and tilling them'; and Snorri Sturluson, in the 'Heimskringla,' remarks that 'the country of the Northumbrians was mostly inhabited by Northmen since the sons of Lodbrok acquired that country.' These statements can hardly be accepted as regards that part of Northumbria which lay north of the Tees. In the county of Durham only eight *by* names have been noted by Prof. Mawer and only one *toft* and one *garth*. In Northumberland he says 'there are no examples of *by*, *beck* (Wansbeck is deceptive), *toft*, *thwaite*, *garth*, *scale*'; and he tells us that 'the vast majority of the names both in Northumberland and in Durham are of English or, more strictly speaking, of Anglian origin.' Nearly 70

* 'English Historical Review,' xxviii, p. 797. Dr Bradley in this passage uses the term Northmen in its more restricted and more exact sense. I have used it as simply equivalent to Scandinavians.

Scandinavian personal names, however, occur in these counties, but they seem to be mostly compounded with English common nouns, and therefore at most indicate the presence of individual settlers.

Even in districts of extensive settlement the Northmen did not obliterate the old population to the same extent that their Anglo-Saxon predecessors obliterated the Romano-British peoples. 'Yorkshire and Lincolnshire,' says Dr Bugge, 'formed the heart of Scandinavian England.' This is no doubt true; but he overstates the case when he adds that these counties 'must for centuries have remained an entirely Scandinavian country.' In the midst of that great concentration of *by* names in the district round Spilsby several names ending in *ton* and *ham* appear upon the map. As regards the East Riding of Yorkshire, Isaac Taylor long ago called attention to the frequent occurrence of parishes containing two townships, one of which has an Anglian and the other a Danish name. Thus the parish of Settrington, of which Taylor was rector, contains the two townships of Settrington and Scagglethorpe. Similarly Langton contains Langton and Kennythorpe: in Catton we have Catton and Kexby—in Cottingham, Cottingham and Willerby. In each of these cases it will be noticed that the larger place which gives its name to the whole parish has an English ending, while the names of subordinate places have endings in *by* or *thorpe*. Taylor remarks that 'it is quite exceptional to find the name of the parish ending in *thorpe* or *by*, and the subsidiary townships in *ton* or *ham*.' He offers the suggestion that 'the township which gave a name to the parish was the original Anglian settlement, while the later Danish immigrants settled on outlying waste lands.'*

The settlements in the north-west of England are especially interesting. We read little enough about them in the chronicles. But Prof. Ekwall's study of place-names has done much to fill in the gaps in our knowledge: he has read the palimpsest of the map with a skill amounting to genius.

The Lake District has long been recognised as one of the most Scandinavian parts of Britain. In Cumberland

* 'Names and their Histories,' p. 363.

alone there are more than 100 names ending in *thwaite*, which is a characteristic Scandinavian suffix. In Lancashire, as Prof. Ekwall remarks, 'place-names wholly or partly Scandinavian abound.' The Wirral peninsula of Cheshire—to quote Dr Bugge—'teems with Norse names.'

In these western settlements the linguistic evidence points to a large West Scandinavian, or Norse, element. *Thwaite* is usually considered to be Norse rather than Danish or Swedish, though Prof. Ekwall does not include it in his list of West Scandinavian test-words. In his opinion the real tests of Norse influence are *buð* 'booth,' *gill* 'gill'—, *skáli* a 'hut'—which we get, for example, in the Cumberland Seascale, the Westmoreland Holmescales, and the Lancashire Loudscales—and also *breck* from the old Norse *brekka*, a 'slope' or 'hill,' *slakke* from the old Norse *slakki*, a 'valley,' and perhaps *ergh*, a 'shieling' or shelter in a hill pasture, which is a word borrowed by the Norwegian vikings from the Irish. The application of such tests as these has led Prof. Ekwall to the conclusions that 'in Cumberland West Scandinavian names abound,' that 'in Westmoreland there are numerous names in *gill* and *scale*,' and that 'the Scandinavians in Lancashire must have been predominately Norsemen, Norwegians.' His researches have not been extended into the Wirral peninsula, though he approves Prof. Collingwood's suggestion that the test word *ergh* is embedded in the name Arrow in this district, which occurs in the form *Harche* in 1312, has a fairly high situation, and can be paralleled by the name Little Arrow near Coniston.

The evidence further indicates that these Norse settlements were largely made by Vikings who had previously lived for some time in Ireland. The presence of the Irish loan-word *ergh* has already been mentioned. A charter of about the year 1070 mentions a certain Torfynn Mac Thore as a landholder in north-west Cumberland. Here we have two Scandinavian personal names compounded with the Irish patronymic 'Mac.' Besides *ergh* the place-names of Lancashire and the Lake District incorporate other words, as well as personal names, which are not merely Celtic, but belong to the Goidelic branch of the Celtic language, so that

they cannot be legacies from the Brythonic Celts who inhabited this part of Britain before the Germanic invasions. Again, these Goidelic elements are frequently—Prof. Ekwall says the Goidelic personal names are ‘in the majority of examples’—combined in place-names with words of Scandinavian origin. He also points out that ‘Goidelic names are almost as common in Lancashire as in Cumberland,’ and adds ‘this warrants the conclusion that the majority of these names were introduced by Scandinavians, and are not due to Gaelic influence, for in Lancashire Gaelic influence is hardly to be reckoned with.’

Another very interesting fact has been noticed in regard to this stratum of names. In ordinary Germanic names, whether Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian, the defining word—the adjective or possessive—usually comes before the word to be defined. In English we still speak of ‘Smith’s farm,’ rather than of the ‘farm of Smith,’ and put our adjectives before our substantives. This is the reason why the endings of place-names in England are much less various than their first elements—why the common nouns *ham*, *ton*, *by*, *thwaite*, *thorpe* occur at the ends of names. In the Celtic names of Wales and Ireland, however, the opposite arrangement prevails; and a glance at the map is enough to show that the frequently recurring elements are initial—witness the *Llans* and *Abers* and *Caers* of Wales, the *Ballys* and *Kils* of Ireland. Now among the Norse or partly Norse place-names of the north-west of England we find a certain number in which the order of the elements is after the Irish model. Prof. Ekwall calls these names ‘inversion-compounds.’ Butterilket, the name of a farm in the Valley of the Esk above Boot in Cumberland, is a good example. The name is entirely Scandinavian: it means the booths or dairy farms of Ulfkell. But its constituents are in the Celtic order—it is Booths of Ulfkell, not Ulfkell’s Booths, which would be the normal Scandinavian form. In the name of Aspatria (Cumberland) we have the West Scandinavian *askr*, an ash tree, compounded with the Irish name Patrick, the elements being again in the Irish order. But how is it that we also get names half Norse, half Goidelic, in which the Scandinavian order is preserved—such names, for example, as

Patterdale in Westmoreland, which is Patrick's Dale, or Melmerby in Cumberland from the personal name Melmor (old Irish *Mael Maire*, 'servant of Mary')? In Lonsdale north of the Sands and in Amounderness inversion-compounds are rare though Goidelic elements are common. The inference would seem to be that the Norse settlers in these districts had not been so strongly influenced by sojourn in Ireland as those who had adopted not only Irish words and names but also the Irish order of elements. As Prof. Ekwall says, 'inversion-compounds point to a far stronger influence than loan-words.' These facts throw some light on the chronology of the settlements. Even Goidelic *loan-words* mean that the settlers had been in Ireland for some time; and the first Norse colony in Ireland seems to have been founded about 826. Perhaps the districts of Lancashire in which 'inversion-compounds' are scarce were, along with the Wirral peninsula, the first regions of north-west England to be settled by Irish Norsemen. The occurrence of 'inversion-compounds' in all parts of Cumberland, in some of the neighbouring parts of Westmoreland, and in that district of Westmoreland which is watered by the Kent and the Lune, perhaps indicates that these regions were settled at a later date than Amounderness or Lonsdale north of the Sands.

Like the Danes in Northumbria, the Norse invaders, numerous though they must have been, did not altogether destroy or displace the partly Anglian, partly British population of north-western England. There is a considerable survival of British (Brythonic) names, other than names of rivers and hills, in Cumberland; but there are very few such names in Westmoreland. 'The British element in Lancashire place-names,' Prof. Ekwall tells us, 'though not very considerable, is by no means negligible.' The four Waltons in the county afford some indication of British survival, for the name is *Wala-tun*, 'the tun of the Britons'; but the fact that this could be a distinctive appellation suggests that such survival was rather exceptional in the district where the name occurs. The name Birkby, which occurs not only in Lancashire but also in Cumberland and Yorkshire, is especially interesting in this connexion, because it shows that an occasional community of Britons could survive and be

recognised as such as late as the age of the Scandinavian invasions. It means the *by* of the Britons, and both elements of the name are Scandinavian.

Anglian survival in Cumberland and Westmoreland may perhaps be argued from the fairly considerable number of names ending in *ham* and *ton* which appear on the modern map. In Lancashire Anglian place-names are numerous. Even in Amounderness, where Scandinavian names are so common, the 'names of townships and early manors are,' Prof. Ekwall says, 'preponderatingly English.' He has noticed 46 such names which are either certainly or probably English. Of these, 25 end in *tun*.

The Danes, as well as the Norwegians, took some part in the colonisation of the north-west. The suffix *by* though it occurs mainly in the north-east of England may be either Danish or Norse, so it cannot be taken as a test; but both in Westmoreland and in South Lancashire there are a few instances of *thorpe* used as a suffix, and this almost certainly points to Danish immigration, probably from the east. But on the whole the evidence suggests that the part played by the Danes in this part of England was inconsiderable.

Just as we find traces of the Danes in the west, so also it appears that the spindrift of the Norse immigration fell east of the Pennines. There are two doubtful examples of 'inversion-compounds' in Yorkshire and several cases of names in *ergh*. Some of these last, however, occur near the east coast and therefore can hardly be due to settlers from Lancashire. The names *Irby* and *Irton* which are found in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire probably indicate the presence of 'Irishmen,' that is, presumably, of Northmen from Ireland. If we could be sure that the suffix *thwaite* is Norwegian and not common to Danish and Norwegian, the evidence for a Norse element in eastern England would be greatly strengthened. Dr Bugge, who regards *thwaite* as probably Norwegian, points out that out of 232 names ending in *thwaite* which have been noted in England, '83 are found in Yorkshire, 11 in Lincolnshire, and 7 in Norfolk.'

What did this great movement mean for the history of England? A new population was established upon

English soil; but how did its presence affect the national development? What difference did the coming of the Northmen make in the political and social structure, in the way in which men lived, in the movements of the human spirit and its various manifestations in law and religion, literature and art?

The immediate effect of the Scandinavian invasions upon the political organisation and political geography of England was disintegrating. Northumbria, Mercia, and Essex were all cut in half, and the Scandinavian half of Mercia was divided into a number of petty states or jarldoms which were more or less independent of one another. But the ultimate effect of the invasions was to bring about the unification of England. They did much to blot out the frontiers of the heptarchic kingdoms. They made it impossible for the consciousness of a distinct nationality to be revived in Mercia, Essex, or Northumbria. The old local dynasties disappeared with the exception of the West Saxon house; and that house by a century of gallant warfare against the Northmen acquired a prestige which may be compared with that won in a similar way and during the same period by the Capetians in France and by the Saxon dynasty in Germany. With the Northman in the land, the Angles of the North could no longer look upon the West Saxon as a foreigner.

The conception of Kingship underwent development. The sacredness of royalty was brought into fuller light when the West Saxon kings appeared as the champions of the Church against the heathen. The idea of territorial sovereignty began to emerge. In early society, where the bond of union is not neighbourhood, but kinship, real or imaginary, the king is, to use Freeman's words, 'not the lord of the soil, but the leader of the people'; and accordingly we find, for example, that Ine and Alfred call themselves kings of the West Saxons and not kings of Wessex. But the reconquest of the Danes assisted the growth of more modern conceptions. By no stretch of imagination could a Saxon, who ruled Angles and Danes and Norwegians, and received the homage of Cumbrian and Scottish Celts, be regarded as the patriarchal chieftain of a homogeneous tribe. It is not surprising that Athelstan called himself *Rex et rector totius Britanniae*. The influence of the Scandinavian

invasions upon Anglo-Saxon military organisation—Alfred's reformation of the *fyrð*, the development of the class of thegns, the building of *burhs*, and the equipment of a fleet of fighting ships—need not be discussed: for the acts of Alfred, and all that he did, and some things that he did not, are they not written in the school-books? It is not, however, so clearly recognised that the Danegeld, which owed its origin to the ravages of the Northmen and probably underwent an important development at the hands of Canute, was one of the most wonderful achievements of the age. We have been accustomed to think of it with the complaints of the unhappy tax-payers ringing in our ears. Sir Paul Vinogradoff gives us the true perspective.

'One of the most remarkable features of the history of England,' he says, 'is the early development of taxation in this country. While other European States were slowly struggling to evolve taxation for common purposes, and while their sovereigns were still almost entirely dependent on the scanty revenue of feudal aids and occasional subsidies, England presented comparatively a very advanced system of direct taxes.'

All these things were the results of reactions produced by the Scandinavian invasions. But in the *lagmen* or *judices*, who appear in the Domesday account of certain towns of the Danelaw, we have a Scandinavian institution planted on English soil. The *lagmen*, usually 12 in number, seem to have been hereditary judges, and Dr Bugge considers the institution typically Norwegian, since no traces of it are to be found in Denmark and the Swedish lawmen 'occupied a different position.' It is just within the bounds of possibility that one of the roots from which the English Grand Jury has developed may be found in the same institution. Apart from the *lagmen*, the Five Boroughs of the Danelaw are in themselves a remarkable phenomenon—according to Dr Bugge, they formed 'the first federation of towns known outside of Italy.' *

Perhaps the most astounding thing about the Northmen in England is the comparative modernity of their

* 'Saga Book of the Viking Club,' vi, i, 23, quoted by L. M. Larson, 'Canute the Great,' p. 20.

legal conceptions. In the sphere of law they were undoubtedly an influence making for progress. Take criminal law, for example. We know that in early jurisprudence many offences, which in modern times are regarded as crimes to be punished by the State, were considered only as torts or private injuries for which compensation had to be paid. Early Anglo-Saxon laws, like other Germanic *Leges Barbarorum*, consist largely of tariffs of *bots* or damages for such wrongs. But the advance towards a more modern conception of crime seems to have been assisted by a Scandinavian notion that certain offences of a particularly heinous character should be treated peculiarly as *nidingsverk*. The conception of *nidingsverk* seems to be connected with the idea of military honour. As Sir Paul Vinogradoff says, 'Quite apart from the material consequences of his doings, from the amount of havoc brought about by them, a man may be pilloried as a *niding*, a mean fellow, because the crime imputed to him is unworthy of a warrior.' Or take the law of property. In early law, landed property is as a rule inalienable from a man's family. But an enactment of Æthelred, which is concerned with the Danelaw, sanctions the continuance of *landcop*, a Scandinavian expression for the alienation of land by purchase; and we are reminded of the tenth-century charters which speak of land being bought from the heathen and of the alleged purchase of Amounderness by Athelstan. These things are significant. They show the rights of the kindred being pushed into the background, and they witness to a development of contractual relationships, of which we see further evidence in the voluntary association of the thegns' guild at Cambridge. It looks as if, in this country, the Northmen led the way down that great avenue of progress which led, in the phrase employed more than sixty years ago by Sir Henry Maine, 'from status to contract.'

What is the explanation of this surprising fact? How was it that the turbulent Vikings not only turned law-abiding, but actually became active agents in legal progress? 'The wind bloweth where it listeth'; and it may be of course that the Scandinavian race is endowed by nature with legal genius. In the old Norse Sagas legal-mindedness is much in evidence, and the most

exciting adventures are often interrupted by lengthy and sometimes rather wearisome debates on points of law. The imaginative insight of Ibsen seized upon this trait; and legal-mindedness is to the fore both in 'The Pretenders' and in 'The Vikings at Helgeland.' But it may be doubted whether this facile explanation is the true one. Our knowledge of the legal antiquities of the Scandinavian countries has to be culled from sources posterior in date to the age of the Viking invasions. Those invasions reacted most powerfully upon Scandinavia—in literature and art their effect was tremendous. May it not be that Scandinavian legalism is not indigenous, but a product of the Viking age—that social conditions in the conquered lands, and especially perhaps in the north of England, were the soil which favoured its growth, and that it was afterwards transplanted, so to say, into the home country of the Northmen? This hypothesis receives some support from the fact that in the mediæval law of Scandinavia there are features which, so far from suggesting a precocious development, are distinctly archaic. If the tendency to legal progress was indigenous, this is not what we should expect to find; but the synchronous existence of archaic survivals and of a legal spirit which made for progress can be explained if we assume that the latter was a comparatively recent response to influences from overseas.

The conditions of the Scandinavian settlements in England were calculated to weaken some of the most important factors which usually withstand legal progress in barbarous societies. Family tradition and solidarity, the continuance of the lives of men along the old paths with little change through many generations, and the association of legal transactions with religious ceremonies—these are things which make legal change unnecessary and unthinkable. But as Emerson says, 'over-sea travel soon rids a man of much nonsense of his wigwam'; and the men who fared from Constantinople to Dublin and from Greenland to the Pillars of Hercules were not likely to think that the customs of a particular fjord in Norway represented the only possible way of life. As the 'Guest's Wisdom'—one of the old Eddic poems—puts it, 'anything will pass at home,' but 'a man that has travelled far, and seen many lands, will know the ways

of every kind of men.' The religion of their fathers, one may suspect, was often too heavy a cargo to be carried far in the long ships of the Vikings: at all events they came in contact with another religion in the course of their travels; and there is a strain of what one might almost call agnosticism in some of the Norse and Icelandic poetry which was inspired by the experiences of the Viking age. The Northmen who came to the British Isles did not come in kin-groups or clans: the Scandinavian stratum of place-names in this country offers nothing analogous to the patronymics which mark the dwelling-places of the Anglo-Saxon *maegths*. The crews of the long ships must have been bound together by some contractual relationship: they were adventurers united by the bond of a rude chivalry; and they must have had some understanding one with another as to the division of the booty. It is probable that, not only men of different families and men from different fjords, but also men belonging to different branches of the Scandinavian race, were associated in these expeditions. Within the restricted area of the Isle of Man, inscriptions show us that there were a few Danes and Swedes among the Norse population.

In general the evidence of place-names shows that Danes and Norwegians and Britons and Angles were in many districts living side by side, and that many of the Norwegians had previously lived in close contact with the Goidelic Irish. This condition of affairs must have made for legal change and progress. Separated from their kindred, living among men of another race whose own kin-groups must in many cases have been broken up in the period of raids and ravagings, the Northmen would find their legal traditions attenuated at the very time when they were having legal and business relations with people whose traditions were different from their own. It is a far cry from the half-barbarous usages of these rude peoples to the refined jurisprudence of Rome. But it is not perhaps beside the mark to suggest that the mixture of races and the social environment in the Scandinavian districts of England may have stimulated legal progress in the same kind of way that the presence of alien merchants in Roman territory stimulated progress by the development of the *Jus Gentium*. The tendency

would probably be to leave out what was peculiar to the customs of particular nations and to retain what was common to all—to leave out what was accidental and keep what was essential. And this not only meant simplification and improvement through the shedding of unnecessary ceremonies and formalities: it must also have tended to dissolve the conservative feeling that law is an old thing which must not be changed. It must have helped to teach the lesson—which men have found so hard to learn—that changing the law is not the same thing as breaking it.

The extent to which the structure of society was affected, and its subsequent evolution modified, by the Scandinavian conquests and settlements has only recently been appreciated by English historians; but the tendency of research has been more and more to confirm the truth of the paradox put forward by Maitland 25 years ago, that the Danes freed the districts which they conquered, but enslaved the rest of England. The evidence is not so clear as one could wish. But the general fact emerges that the Northmen were at an earlier stage of social development than the English, with less differentiation of classes; that among them the ordinary tiller of the soil was still an efficient warrior; that the broad distinction between the professional soldier who is becoming a lord and the peasant who is becoming a serf, was not among the new settlers the important thing that it either already was, or was soon to be, among the Saxons. The Northmen introduced a society which was in a condition of comparative freedom, and in the Danelaw they checked the operation of such feudalising tendencies as we may suspect to have been at work there at the time of the invasions. And the result of this may be seen in a long-continuing dualism between the north-east and the south-west of England, the former being a land of freedom, the latter the home of manorialisation. Only in counties within the frontiers of the Danelaw does the Domesday Survey reveal the existence of large numbers of *liberi homines* and *sokemen*. Only in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Rutland and the county of Huntingdon do we find no *servi*. Only in Lincolnshire, the most Danish shire in England, is the total number of *sokemen* approximately equal to the combined total of the comparatively unfree

villeins and bordars. Within Lincolnshire, too, an interesting calculation has shown that in places with names of apparently Danish origin the sokemen formed three-fifths of the recorded population, while the proportion was only two-fifths in places with English names. Moreover, in the greater part of the Danelaw it is common to find in Domesday Book several Norman lords holding land in the same village—a condition of affairs which must have prevented agriculture from being organised by manorial officials and must have made some sort of village moot, as distinct from a manorial court, a practical agrarian necessity. And the essential features of this free society did not rapidly disappear. The great body of twelfth-century charters collected by Prof. Stenton make it abundantly clear that in the field of his investigations—the counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, Leicester, Rutland, but more especially in Lincolnshire—a degree of freedom, unknown or almost unknown in southern England, was still maintained. Villages were still quite commonly under divided lordship, and there was a large class of landholders, who, though they were by no means rich and frequently possessed only a *bovate* of twenty acres tilled under a two-field system, behaved like free men, giving their land to whom they pleased by charter and witnessing the charters of other men. A single instance may be quoted as showing the type of people whom we meet in these Danelaw charters. It is a charter of the latter part of the twelfth century by which a certain Roger, son of Levenat of Morton in Nottinghamshire, gives some land to the Abbey of Rufford. The charter begins as the charter of any great lord might begin: ‘To all the faithful sons of Holy Mother Church as well present as future, Roger, son of Levenat of Morton, greeting. Know ye that I have given and by the present charter have confirmed to God and St Mary of Rufford and the monks of that same place for the love of God and the salvation of my soul and that of my wife, for the soul of my father and my mother and of all my ancestors all my land and rights of Morton after my death in free and perpetual alms.’ But the charter ends as follows: ‘And because I had no other seal I have sealed this charter with my wife’s key’—the missus’s

key—*quia aliud sigillum non habui cartam istam cum clauē uxoris meę sigillare feci.* It is the frequent occurrence of this sort of thing in the northern Danelaw which is significant. Prof. Stenton says that 'all the charters known to have been executed by native peasants dwelling south of Thames would seem a meagre body when placed beside those which have descended from Lincolnshire alone.'

But if the Danes freed the people they conquered, they brought about the enslavement of the rest. The theory of Seebohm which traced the English manor back to the Roman villa has not stood the test of criticism and is now pretty generally discredited. As reconstructed by Maitland and Sir Paul Vinogradoff, the story of 'the growth of the manor' is the story of a long process in which the Scandinavian invasions played a decisive part. The need of resisting the Northmen led to the rise of a military aristocracy—the class of thegns. The thegns, partly through the 'commendation' of the weak who sought their protection, and partly through the action of the West Saxon kings who rewarded them with grants of privilege and often made over to them royal rights to receive entertainment, gradually came to lord it over their weaker neighbours. Those neighbours were impoverished: a Danish raid might have deprived them of their plough beasts, or the burden of the Dane-geld might be greater than they could bear unless they borrowed the means of paying it from some local thegn and promised him labour services in return. Speaking generally, we may say that feudalism arose in answer to a cry of 'Sauve qui peut.' The weak, in panic, sought safety by 'commending' themselves to the strong; and the strong seized the reins of local government as they slipped from the hands of the harassed and distant monarchy. It was a case of 'Juge qui peut' and 'Gouverne qui peut' for the strong as well as of 'Sauve qui peut' for the weak.

Dr Bugge maintains that the Vikings 'were warriors and merchants at the same time and often more the latter than the former.' However this may be, it is certain that the Northmen gave an impetus to commerce. After all, the pirate, once you have converted him from the error of his ways, is likely to make an enterprising merchant.

In two distinct ways the Northmen fostered the growth of towns. They forced their foes to build *burhs* and live behind walls for the sake of protection. And, unlike the Angles and Saxons of the fifth and sixth centuries, they themselves took to town life from the earliest days of their settlements, and soon made the towns where they settled important centres of commerce. The tendency shows itself at Dublin, at Rouen, and at Novgorod, as well as at Grimsby, Derby, and Swansea. Towards the end of the tenth century an English writer spoke of York as 'filled with the riches of merchants who come from everywhere especially from the Danish nation.' Possibly we may see the influence of Scandinavians upon the expansion of London in some of the churches built outside the old walls of the city—St Clement Danes, outside Temple Bar; St Olave Without Bishopsgate; and St Olave's, Tooley Street, in Southwark, a suburb which was fortified by Sweyn and is mentioned as an important place of trade in an Icelandic saga. The work of the Northmen as moneyers is highly significant. Though Halfdene appears only to have been in London for about a year—in 871–872—he struck some coins there; and in Northumbria the Danes substituted a silver coinage for the miserable copper *styca*s of the later Anglian kings.

Commerce and art meet at the mint; but it is in regard to sculpture that the influence of the Northmen upon art is most noteworthy. The chronology of pre-Conquest sculpture in England is much disputed. Everything turns upon the date assigned to the school of noble and accomplished carving of which the great crosses of Ruthwell and Bewcastle are the finest examples. Rivoira considers that both these monuments belong to the twelfth century; but the whole of the evidence has recently been examined in great detail by Prof. Baldwin Brown and (as regards the linguistic material afforded by the runic inscriptions) by Prof. Blyth Webster, and these scholars are agreed in thinking that the crosses must date from before A.D. 750. This opinion is in general agreement with that of Prof. Collingwood, and, if it is accepted, the history of the sculpture of the Danish period (as to the dating of which there is less dispute) becomes much more intelligible. The carvings of this period are barbarous, and that is a word which

one could not easily apply to the graceful birds and foliage or the dignified figure sculpture of the Anglian monuments. The technique of the Anglo-Scandinavian sculptors was feeble. The patterns are often rather chipped than carved upon the stone. But there is considerable vigour in the work. Fantastic dragon forms, similar to those on monuments in Scandinavia, are a very favourite motive. Along with these, Irish characteristics are found—for example, the wheel-headed cross, of which there are many examples in Yorkshire as well as west of the Pennines. In the hog-backed tombstone the Northmen produced a new form—perhaps derived originally from Anglian shrine tombs. It is a tombstone in the form of a house with a roof of bark-shingles; and bears are often represented at the gable ends as if climbing upon the roof. Hog-backs are quite common in the north of England: there are remains of some 40 of them in the North Riding of Yorkshire. But in some ways the most fascinating feature of the Anglo-Scandinavian sculpture is its employment of motives drawn from Viking mythology. It is, of course, easy to exaggerate the mythological element by fanciful identifications; but some of the correspondences noticed by Calverley seem too close to admit of mistake.

On the great cross at Gosforth in Cumberland, which on its east face has a representation of the Crucifixion, we find, on the west face, a panel representing Loki, the evil one, bound—as Skadi had foretold in the poem ‘Loka-Senna’—with the guts of his ‘rime cold son,’ and beside him is his wife Sigun, just as she is described in Snorri’s prose paraphrase of *Voluspá*, emptying the cup in which she catches the venom of the snake that Skadi had fastened above Loki. Snorri’s version of the story runs thus:

‘Then Skadi took a venomous snake and fastened it up above him, so that the venom should drop down from the snake into his face. But Sigun his wife sits by him, holding a hand-cup to catch the drops of venom, and when the cup is full she goes and pours away the venom, and in the meanwhile the venom drips into his face, then he writhes so hard with the pain that the whole earth quakes and that is called an earthquake, and there Loki lies in bonds till the Twilight of the Gods.’

Again, at Halton in Lancashire there is a cross which contains two scenes from the story of the Volsungs. In one the treacherous Regin is in the smithy fashioning the sword with which Sigurd is to slay Regin's serpent brother Fafnir, the possessor of the magic hoard. Above, in another panel, we see Sigurd himself roasting Fafnir's heart, a taste of which enables him to understand the talk of the birds and to learn from them that Regin has plotted his death. In the upper part of the panel are the birds perched on a tree.

The mixture of Christian motives with those taken from the Scandinavian mythology on the sculptured monuments and the close connexion between the mythological motives and the poetry of the so-called 'Elder Edda,' raise interesting questions in regard to the influence of the Northmen upon religion and literature. The Church suffered severely at the hands of the Vikings. The church plate greatly attracted them: it had 'great value in small bulk' as the economists say, and they were not likely to be deterred from stealing it by fear that it might bring ill luck. When the dying Fafnir cries out to Sigurd—

'I counsel thee, Sigurd, do thou take my counsel: ride straight home.

The ringing gold, and the fire-red hoard: these rings shall be thy death'—

Sigurd replies—

'I have heard thy counsel, yet I shall ride towards the gold that lies on the heath.'

But plundering and burning did not end the depredations. The Church seems to have been to a great extent disendowed of its land when the Northmen settled down to till the soil; and though they soon became, at least nominally, Christians—though as early as 883 one Guthred, son of Harthacnut, gave St Cuthbert's monks a rich gift of land for the new minster at Chester-le-Street—this disendowment was never really made good. At the time of Domesday Book the percentage of the land owned by dignitaries of the Church and by monastic and cathedral bodies was still on the whole very much less in the shires of

the Danelaw than it was in other parts of the country.* Three centuries before, Bede had urged, as one of the arguments against the pseudo-monasteries of Northumbria, that the amount of land in the possession of these at least nominally religious houses was so great as to create a scarcity of land wherewith to reward warriors.

These material facts are some indication of the state of religion in the Danelaw. At other times and in other places the descendants of the Vikings showed that they were capable of ardent Churchmanship. The Norman Duke William was the protagonist of a religious reformation in this country. The Normans played a great part in the Crusades. But Churchmanship was not the rôle of the Scandinavian colonists of northern England. Though the Scandinavian Oda became Archbishop of Canterbury in 942, the conversion of the Northmen to Christianity did not lead to any great efflorescence of Christian piety like that which had followed the conversion of the Angles of Northumbria in the seventh century.

There is a certain similarity between the influence of the Northmen on religion and literature and their influence upon art. Just as Northumbria after the coming of the Northmen produced no more sculpture of the quality we get in the crosses at Bewcastle and Ruthwell, so also she produced no more scholars like Bede or Alcuin, no more saints like Oswald and Cuthbert. But alike in the history of religion and in the history of literature, the 'Eddic' poetry has a significance of its own. That poetry was a product of the Viking age. Anglo-Saxon loan-words occur in it; and some modern scholars have supposed that many of the 'Eddic' poems were actually composed by the Northmen in England. Certainly the peculiar tone and quality, the special beauties, of a great part of this literature are closely

* See the map in A. Ballard : 'The Domesday Inquest' (facing p. 88). Ballard says : 'In the four Danish shires of Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, and Lincoln, the Church owned less than 11½ per cent. of the cultivated land,' while it owned 'more than half the cultivated area of Kent and Worcestershire.' The comparatively high percentage in Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire was no doubt due to the monastic revival of the latter half of the tenth century.

connected with the courageous, but sad and half-agnostic temper which perilous voyages and strange adventures and contact with alien peoples and an alien creed seem to have produced among the Vikings. The decay of religious beliefs made it possible to treat the old myths with freedom and to shape them as the imagination of the poet suggested. The more scandalous episodes in the lives of the gods were not a barred subject, as the 'Loka-Senna' clearly shows. The feeling that the gods were mortal and that the great beyond lies wrapped in mystery deepened the sadness of the northern poets and enhanced their sense of awe and wonder. 'Through all his daily life,' writes Prof. Ker, 'the Northman hears the boom of the surges of Chaos on the dykes of the World.' And this sad sense that the good will end in failure, and that Chaos will at length prevail, adds nobility to the high courage of the theory of life contained in this poetry. The fight of the gods is without hope, but it is unflinching and exultant to the end.

REGINALD LENNARD.

Art. 12.—THE LABOUR PARTY.

HOWEVER difficult it may be to define precisely, upon any basis of political principle, what the Labour Party is, or claims to be, it is undoubtedly entitled to the weight and consideration due to a Parliamentary force which is far from negligible. It has acquired the right to rank, in the sound constitutional phrase, as His Majesty's Opposition, and has with justice demanded the important voice in the conduct of Parliamentary debate which is always accorded to those entitled to be so ranked.

It began with no such claims. In its earliest days a small but ever-increasing contingent of members representing what is, somewhat vaguely, called 'Labour,' were returned to Parliament, in order to press for certain reforms and rearrangements which were urged as necessary to redress some alleged injustices in the treatment dealt out to those who were in receipt of weekly wages, as distinguished from employers on the one hand, and those in receipt of salaries paid to such as were in more or less permanent employment. Such injustices were only too likely to occur where the great mass of the population were without political representation. Under such conditions their number was a source of weakness instead of strength. That number increased the supply as compared with the demand, and rendered them an easy prey to the selfish and autocratic employer; and the absence of any political weight prevented them from attempting to redress the balance. It was only natural that, with every increase in their political representation, they should attempt to use it for the betterment of the conditions under which they lived.

Unquestionably they succeeded, long before they had any considerable weight in Parliament, in attaining many of their objects. The sense of justice and fair play is strongly implanted in our national character, and large numbers of those who did not count as members of the Labour class, were only too ready to give their help in the fight. In the first place, the Labour Party, and their allies, long before they formed a Parliamentary phalanx, did a great deal to bring about successive extensions of the suffrage. Such extensions, of course, not only enabled them to return an increasing number of members to the

legislature, but made it possible for them to obtain new pledges from those belonging to other parties, who were obliged to take account of a powerful Labour contingent in the constituencies. The aims of Labour were then chiefly represented by the schemes and organisation of the Trades Unions; and the first important victory was gained when the Trades Unions were released from many galling restrictions. It may be a question whether the removal of unfair restrictions was not followed by the acquisition, for the Trades Unions, of privileges which turned the balance the other way, and which were neither constitutionally sound, nor altogether for the benefit of those in whose assumed interests they were demanded. It is certainly the fact that the Trades Unions no longer command that complete domination in Labour affairs which once belonged to them. Murmurings are heard even in their own ranks, and these murmurings would perhaps be more audible if the machinery created by some later legislation had not stifled the expression of free opinion by denying to the Trade Union members the protection of the ballot. Other very drastic efforts have been made to impose statutory shackles upon the free play between supply and demand. We have had, more or less, compulsory arbitration. We have had Wages Boards which at certain exigencies were entrusted with powers so extreme as to require modification after no long interval. We have had a statutory minimum wage, which, by its very nature, however plausible the reasons for its enactment, and however ardently it may be welcomed as a defence against individual wrong, must yet have the inherent weakness of every attempt to interfere with the free play of economical laws. It may be right and wise, in extreme emergency, to attempt such interference; but the latent danger of interfering with the free play of the law of supply and demand is always there, and may at any time show itself.

We are compelled to admire the sturdy persistency with which the Labour Party, still an inconsiderable minority in Parliament, pressed for and obtained these notable advances, all in one direction. Some of them, in our opinion, went dangerously far; and the invidious privilege of superiority to the ordinary principles of law

which was secured by the Trades' Disputes Act of 1906, established a possible organised tyranny, which gradually provokes resentment amongst those who are subjected to it, and which may prove a dangerous possession for those who are invested with it. During the period when the Trades Unions were the dominating force, undoubtedly great advances, from the Labour point of view, were made; and whatever doubts might be felt of their entire economic soundness in other quarters, yet the party which achieved them had every right to congratulate themselves. It might almost have seemed that their work was accomplished, by the establishment of powerful organisations which impressed themselves upon almost every industry, and gave them valuable advantages in any struggle with those whose interests might appear inconsistent with their own.

Instead of this, it is evident that the Labour Party has advanced to a new and unexpected position, and that its aims and ambitions have vastly developed. For this, they have, perhaps, in no small measure, to thank those who regarded them with a suspicion and alarm which were almost obtrusively displayed. Suspicion and alarm are emotions which are never very dignified; and the Labour Party might be pardoned for regarding those prophecies of impending revolution with something of humorous disdain. They became an important weapon in the armoury of those who were the foremost champions of the lately deceased Coalition Government. Distinctive principles and fundamental constitutional tenets, ought, we were told, to be held in suspense, in order that those who were politically divided might unite to withstand the impending catastrophe of anarchy and revolution. It never seemed to occur to those political prophets that they were playing the game of the Labour Party with all the fervour of nervous hysteria. The Party, to combat which such portentous preparations were called for, must necessarily acquire new importance from the homage of craven fear. The spectacle of these Jeremiahs of the Coalition Government preaching woes to come from every platform was not an edifying one. But it was a useful purveyor to our sense of humour.

The advance of the Labour Party was to be marked by the triumph of 'Bolshevism,' and by a repetition of the

ravages wrought by Lenin and Trotsky in Russia. The country refused to be roused to the frenzy of fear that would force them to grant an unlimited lease of power to the first-class brains which, according to Lord Birkenhead, were the monopoly of the Coalition Cabinet, and which claimed to be the only bulwark against Revolutionary havoc. England is not prone to fits of hysterical alarm; and it declined to be preached into a state of imbecile terror. It knows quite well that it can repose trust in the vast fund of common sense which is the attribute of the great majority of its sons. It rests safely in the knowledge that in quietness and confidence must be its strength.

And it was easy for the leaders of the Labour Party to repudiate those wild aims, while at the same time reaping full benefit from the attribution to them of dramatically impressive schemes. Mr Ramsay MacDonald may have difficulties in the discipline of his followers, but he has a right to protest against any identification of his own aims with what is called by the somewhat vague and foolish title of 'Bolshevism.' He has used this right, and has supported it by pointing to more than one public repudiation of the wilder forms of Communism, and by the formal refusal of the Labour Party to admit the Communists to their ranks. It does not, of course, follow that there are not features of the Labour programme which, by running in the teeth of every sound economic principle, would inflict profound disaster, in our opinion, upon the prosperity of the country, and the welfare of every class of citizen. But the issue is obscured, and these formidable dangers more easily escape detection, by conjuring up nightmare fears of a reversion to anarchy and revolution.

While, however, the leaders of the Labour Party may plausibly repudiate the wild projects ascribed to them, they have most assuredly embraced, to an extent which would have seemed twenty years ago to be outside the scope of practical politics, some singularly doubtful schemes. The real danger of the situation is that many of these projects have been implicitly involved in much of the legislation promoted during recent years by those who now denounce the revolutionary prospect which threatens us; and not least by some of the

emergency legislation for which the Coalition Government made itself responsible. And worse still, certain natural sympathies and the general recognition of blatant abuses, which we would fain cure even at the cost of lapsing into a certain laxity of political thought, assure to these new ideas a measure of welcome from all.

We all realise that the rapid growth of bloated fortunes in the hands of a few, which becomes every day more possible under new conditions, is in itself an evil and that it introduces a jarring influence upon our social life. Newly acquired wealth, which advertises itself by obtrusive displays of vulgar luxury, provokes hostility. We would all be glad if the movement could be checked, and if the distribution of wealth could be more equal. Hair-brained schemes for redistribution are, therefore, received with a favour which they do not deserve; and even if there is hesitation to adopt them to the full, nevertheless legislative proposals are rashly accepted, without our pausing to reflect how far these proposals commit us to something essentially destructive of freedom of contract, and entirely inconsistent with the natural operation of economic law.

Between the attitude of mind which laments the unequal distribution of wealth, and the impulse to lay the blame for it upon some class which can be held up to hatred and made the object of definite political hostility, there is only a small step; and the Labour Party is not slow to take it. Wide disparities in the command of the good things of life, stir natural resentment; and it is easy to conclude that those who batten upon these disparities are blameable, and ought to be the objects of retributive legislation, and as a corollary that all who are involved in the system which remits it, should be held to be worthy of condign execration.

It is often forgotten that economic laws are not only impersonal, but are also at times intensely cruel in their operation. In this last respect, they are equalled, but not transcended, by Nature's laws, of the unsparing and merciless rigour of which we have abundant proof. It may often happen that an economic law which may, at first sight, seem most beneficial to the community may really operate disastrously for large masses of that

community. Take one instance as an illustration. No one thinks of disputing the advantages of co-operation. It is to co-operation that the development of Limited Liability Companies is due, and in certain respects such companies may be generally beneficial. They can produce much more cheaply than isolated manufacturers, whose divided labour is slower and more exacting. Besides this, the magnitude of their operations allows them to be content with the minimum of profit, because it is, of course, a fact soon grasped that wealth is gathered not by making a large profit on a small turnover, but by making the smallest possible profit on the biggest possible turnover. To the consumer, therefore, the luxury, or, it may be, the necessary of life, is attainable at smaller cost, and this he owes to the vaster operations, the increased efficiency, and the more accurately adjusted financial balance of the larger companies. But what is the cost? This temporary benefit is purchased by the destruction of vast numbers of the independent producers, whose work developed much greater resources, of energy, of manipulative dexterity, and of far-seeing efforts upon new paths, than can be called for in the well-drilled ranks of vast bodies of employees absorbed in the mechanical operations of a huge company, whose strength is in its organisation, not in any effort of individual ingenuity. And in the long run, once the company has banished the hosts of smaller competitors—who really constituted the backbone of the nation—what guarantee is there that their virtual monopoly may not lead to an increase of price which it will be very difficult to check? The cycle of economic law in operation comes round as surely as the laws of nature. Yet how can the first inception be checked? How can responsibility be brought home to any class or individual? And at what cost of liberty shall we venture to interfere with its working?

While, therefore, we allow the leaders of the Labour Party to disavow any conscious sympathy with Communistic ideas, or with any desire to march through rapine to anarchy, we cannot acquit them of ascribing to individual malice and selfishness, social conditions which are the result of the cruelly irresponsible operation of irresistible economic laws; and of building thereon

an atmosphere of class hatred—the very thing which must pave the way for violent revolution. There never is wanting a full crop of

‘Moody beggars starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion,’

who are ready to lay hold of any opportunity.

We venture to think, however, that the common sense of our country, even apart from the disavowals of the Labour leaders, constitutes the most powerful insurance against any such result. Yet unthinking denunciation of one class may well point the way to it. But the class hatred, which undoubtedly forms a large part of the stock in trade of the Labour Party, and which shows itself, with unabashed freedom, in their speeches, has undoubtedly introduced into the political arena, which we were accustomed to consider as reserved for the combats of political principles, a new and noxious poison. Social jealousies must always exist, and they are certain to engender bitterness of feeling. But when they come to be a dominating influence in party fights, they corrupt the whole atmosphere. Factional violence thrives in it, and just as surely statesmanship withers.

This pestilent influence is apt to blind those who are its subjects to any perception of the wrongs and injustices perpetrated upon others than their own class. They take no account of the injury that may be inflicted on others by the successive concessions to their own demands. Take the case of taxation. The Labour Party, and those who obeyed their stern behests, have brought about a vast change in the distribution of burdens between Direct and Indirect taxation. Until the last generation a fair balance was preserved between them. That has been altered to an extent which involves an economic revolution. It seems impossible for the Labour Party to recognise that there can be any injustice in requiring a small minority of the nation alone to bear more than two-thirds of the taxation, while sharing equally in all the rest. Such a violent disturbance of the former balance is accepted by the Labour Party, not as a concession for which gratitude is due, but as a triumph to be pushed still further home.

Equally little attention is paid to the growing advantages accruing to the Labouring—if by that we are to understand the Wage-earning—class by recent legislation. We have had, of late years, a very deluge of what is commonly called ‘Social Legislation.’ It may be briefly described as the process of conferring huge benefits upon one part of the nation at the exclusive cost of the other—and the smaller—part. Much of that legislation is no doubt advantageous to the State, and tends to diminish social evils which are a curse and a disgrace to all. Ignorance, neglect of sanitation, defective medical care, insufficient nutriment for the young, unwholesome dwellings—all these are scourges which it is for the material advantage, as well as the moral satisfaction, of all alike to suppress by every means in our power. But it must not be forgotten that the remedy is provided entirely at the cost of those whose lot in life is little, if anything, better than that of the class who reaps the direct and immediate benefit; that middle and professional class has often as hard a struggle as any, and none the less hard because its martyrdoms must be endured in silence. It is not they who reap the benefit of free education, of gratuitous medical attendance, of subsidised travelling, and of houses the use of which is to be obtained at less than the economic rent. If there is free milk supplied to the babies in Poplar at the public expense, it does not follow that the children of the middle-class mother at the other end of the town do not have to go upon a scanty and perhaps inferior allowance, because the money that might have bought them better commons has had to go to satisfy the demands of the rate collector, who must feed the devouring maw of the Poplar Guardians. Lack of employment is not unknown amongst the professional classes, and few of them have not had experience of wistful longings after remunerative work for which they have long prepared and which comes only slowly and grudgingly within their grasp, and often fails altogether. But no unemployment doles come to ameliorate their lot.

Good as all these social schemes may be, therefore, they must be regarded as somewhat partial in their incidence. They have, also, another conspicuous defect which it seems to be the business of the Labour leaders to ignore.

They give boundless opportunities for extravagance; and, in fact, their advocates often boast of such extravagance as the surest proof of their beneficent efficiency. Those who calmly consider the matter cannot but come to the conclusion that education alone, which is responsible for an expenditure of more than a hundred millions a year, is rendered inefficient by that extravagance which fosters fads and freaks in the training of the young, which cumbers the land by its elaborate administrative machinery, and which by its ceaseless interferences paralyses the soundest impulse of educational energy. Competing agencies, all equally active in the spending of public money, vie with one another in the distribution of lavish bounties for problematical social advantages. The Education authorities have long since expanded from purveyors of training to purveyors of food, and the slightest appearance of any slackness in their costly competition with the Poor Law authorities is sternly resented. It is not too much to say that the Labour Party never deviates from an obstinate rigidity of opinion with regard to every aspect of such expenditure. Any proposal for the diminution of educational expenditure is sternly denounced, without pausing to ask whether it involves the impairment of efficiency or not. Lavishness is held to be identical with excellence in achievement. Public assistance is to relieve parenthood of all its responsibilities; and if such relief has flowed in from different channels, the stopping of any one of them is condemned as criminal and niggardly reaction. Whatever other banner they may fly the Labour leaders have, indeed, made themselves the foremost champions of public extravagance. It is a choice weapon in their armoury because it ministers to that class hatred by inflicting deadly wounds upon their chosen foes. In no spirit of unfriendly criticism we venture to suggest that it is a weapon the force of which may become blunted by over-use.

This tendency to encourage extravagance is illustrated in various ways. To the bulk of the Labour Party, the product of high educational development is, to say the least of it, suspect. The professional man, and that portion of the community which has had the advantage of any elaborate or prolonged training, is regarded

as more or less the ally of the wealthy and idle rich. In a former generation it is the fact that the landed gentry, who then enjoyed a goodly share of the comforts of life, did associate largely with the more cultured literary and professional class; and that old association has led the Labour Party to class them together. No one who knows the present conditions of society can deem that there is any such association now. The landlord class has ceased to be the privileged or important section of society. The professional class is drawing more and more apart from those who now constitute the world of wealth, fashion, and social predominance.

But although the educated man as such is suspect, the Labour Party has an almost superstitious belief in the transforming influence of what is vaguely called 'higher education.' That is held to be a sort of magic process, by which the highest intellectual standard may be evolved out of the most miscellaneous material. All that has to be done is to force all the youth of the country, in vast regiments, through the discipline of that process in order to turn them out as the equals of the highest intellects. As a natural inference, it is held to be our duty to spend any amount of money that may be called for by those who conduct and organise this elaborate machinery, and even to encroach seriously upon those valuable years which nine-tenths at least of our youth might spend with far greater profit on other things than book learning, or even scientific specialising.

In another direction, the Labour Party show a tendency not only to condone, but to encourage extravagance; and it is a direction in which we are forced to remark some very sinister symptoms. Under the late Government there was a reckless multiplication of public officials. New departments were created on every side, and they were manned with a careless profuseness, upon which the Treasury refrained from imposing any check. Vast buildings were hired or built for their accommodation, and entrenched in these spacious citadels, they defied public scrutiny, and multiplied new fields of activity, which trenched upon every phase of life in the community, and were held to justify huge accessions of recruits. Not only so, but by culpable laxity, this bloated

army of officials managed to secure large increases of salary, which made them the only section of the community which did not have to suffer the pinch of hard times. Salaries were increased often by 50 per cent., and to this was added the further solatium of a handsome 'Bonus.' It was only by stern Parliamentary pressure and at the imperious demand of an outraged community, that official action was at length compelled to intervene, in order to check what had grown to be a scandalous abuse, not all the branches of which have even yet been sufficiently pruned.

Throughout the whole course of this controversy the Labour Party have never moved from a rigid obstinacy in their attitude. No official extravagance, no form of State intervention, no multiplication of bureaucrats, and no lavishness in their remuneration, has failed to obtain the undeviating and unquestioning support of the Labour Party. Our swollen officialdom has not only extended its sway; it has also fundamentally altered its character, and one of the heaviest blows struck by the late Government has been the lamentable degradation of the Civil Service from its old traditions. The new recruits in the official ranks have been chosen not always on the ground of administrative merit, but often because they were versed in the ways of politics, and could be trusted as deft political partisans. That has introduced a poison into the administrative organism from which future generations will suffer heavily.

Can it be that the Labour Party and the New School of bureaucrats have struck an unholy alliance? Should their hopes be realised, and should the Labour Party have to form an administration, and to bear the responsibilities of Government, they must rest entirely upon more than the loyalty—upon the partiality of the service, and upon identity of aim between them and their official associates. Does their unswerving support of our reconstituted officialdom mean that they will demand hereafter a valuable return for it, in the unquestioning, and, if need be, the partisan support of those officials whom they have purchased by that support? At the very least it means that the accession of the Labour Party to power involves, with absolute certainty, an enormous tightening of the hold of official influence and

its unchecked entry upon new phases of interference with the life of the community. Our Labour members are not backing the extravagant demands of officials from purely altruistic motives. The nation would do well to study the objects of an alliance so threatening to its freedom. Under their ill-omened compact lies the stern menace of State Socialism.

We have thus reviewed the Labour Party under several aspects. We admit its growing importance, carrying with it, we would trust, an increased sense of responsibility. We are quite ready to accept the disavowal by the wiser heads in that party, of all intentional sympathy with revolutionary aims. But we cannot acquit the party as a whole of introducing into political life the virus of class animosity, in a more dangerous form than has hitherto shown itself in the history of our party fighting. We have abundant evidence that they are ready to postpone considerations of what is for the advantage of the Commonwealth as a whole to aims which seek to secure new privileges for their own class. We are compelled to accuse them of neglecting all the consequences to other classes than their own, and of being callously indifferent to the hardships which their projects may bring to others, and above all to the middle class who have hitherto borne the heaviest share of the toil upon which the prosperity of the nation rests, and who have never at any time enjoyed a fair share of that prosperity. We fear that they are apt not to give due heed to the inevitable operation of fundamental economical laws, and equally apt to try empirical social experiments without considering the vengeance which these laws, when broken, will inevitably exact. We have daily evidence that they have forgotten the primary necessity of rigid economy, and are careless of the danger of extravagance which, with singular shortsightedness, they seem to believe will affect only those against whom they cherish a secular grudge. They are apt to worship specious names, and to fall into the delusion that what is called 'education' will act as a panacea for all social evils, and that no limit should be set to any expenditure which can claim to be classed under that head. We have strong reason for believing that they are ready to form a close compact with those who might be useful instru-

ments in the application of State Socialism, and to make a powerful bureaucracy believe that their special friends are to be found in the Labour Party. Lastly, and without a doubt, they are inclined to make individual energy and enterprise into the drilled servants of the State, and to destroy that freedom of action which has hitherto been the instinctive aim of the English people. We believe that it is there that they will find themselves most sharply in contact with the genius of their countrymen. We had a practical lesson in the intolerable irksomeness of the Defence of the Realm Act. We bore it without undue provocation, when an unequalled emergency seemed to render it necessary. But experience proved that these restrictions were often worse than futile; and we are not likely to suffer their revival now that the emergency has gone. The Labour Party would do well not to offend the ingrained predilections of this country for the priceless boon of freedom.

Before we attempt to prognosticate the future of the Party, it may be well to gauge its present Parliamentary position. It is only natural that a party which includes so many new recruits, and the principles of which are naturally defiant of precedent, should be slow to adjust itself to the traditions of Parliament. We do not attach much importance to this. The spirit of Parliament rests upon too solid foundations, has been developed by too much of historic inspiration, to be the victim of any handful of eccentrics, however puffed up in their own conceit. The engine of discipline will soon master them -- probably with the full assent of their own wiser comrades. We would not, for one moment, owing to the vagaries of a few, deny the solid debating qualities, which are quite sure to develop further, of a large proportion of the Labour members. Exuberances soon expand to the bursting point; and they then enable us to judge the amount of solid material behind them. Of late years, we are all aware, a goodly number of well-to-do *rentiers*, and of more or less prosperous professional men, have felt impelled, from whatever motive, to offer their services to the Labour Party, which has perhaps accepted, rather than welcomed, their proffered alliance. We may be permitted to doubt whether the value of the

new contingent quite counterbalances the half-humorous suspicions which it inspires. If the Labour Party possesses sound material of its own, it will soon master the rules of strategy. If it does not, the functions of the professional drill-sergeants may offer food for ridicule, in greater measure than solid help. It may be enough to say that the chief achievement of these professional allies of the advanced party has been to make themselves absurd by the offensiveness of their ill manners.

From a Parliamentary point of view, the chief weakness of the Party is a strange inability to appreciate any point of view except their own. They enunciate principles which involve obvious fallacies; and they are astonished to the point of impatience when the axiomatic truth of their enunciations is doubted. They are intolerant of debate, except when it is their object to consume time; and they have not, as a rule, achieved the not very high form of Parliamentary skill which clothes obstruction in what is, at first sight, specious and not unduly protracted argument. It is often a noxious accomplishment, and we need not desire that the Labour Party should become adepts in its practice. The discipline of the Party is in fairly strong hands. Its rigidity would scarcely be tolerated in any other Party in the House. But even that rigidity of discipline does not always conceal from the House at large very palpable dissensions in their ranks. These, however, are domestic matters on which it would be unfair to expend any sarcasm. The symptoms are shared by other Parties.

Just before the Easter Recess, the Labour Party, or certain advanced spirits amongst them, committed two very serious errors in Parliamentary tactics, of a kind which are apt to create an echo of bitter controversy in the Constituencies. The first of these was the virulent, and almost insensate, attack upon the Home Secretary, for using those powers with which Parliament quite recently invested him, for dealing with dangerous seditious projects, gravely threatening life and property. The occasion was one in which the help was invoked by that Free State Government which was established by the Treaty of last year. A large proportion of the Conservative Party loathed that Treaty, and foresaw the

probability of the lamentable results to which it has led. But they, and the present Government, are bound, irrespective of any feelings of their own as to the past, to carry out loyally the undertakings of that Treaty, and to deal fairly with the Free State Government. Do the leaders of the Labour Party fancy that they reflect the feelings of the great mass of British citizens when they espouse the cause of those murderous plotters, and sedition mongers, who have paralysed the hands of the Government of Ireland, and steeped that country in blood? They may find that specious appeals to the commonplaces of personal liberty, will receive but scanty toleration from the British working-man who finds his home disturbed and his country's fame besmirched by a low and cruel type of truculent assassin about whose personal liberty the Labour Party becomes hysterical.

The other conspicuous error was the raising of the standard of Socialism by Mr Philip Snowden. Hitherto the Labour Party—however deeply smitten by the attractions of Socialism—has at the most only coquetted with it, and has not scrupled at times emphatically to deny any real attachment. They have now taken off the mask; and we cannot but suspect that the wiser spirits feel rather abashed at the exposure. Sincere and able as we admit its principal exponent to be, his advocacy repeated all the most deeply rooted defects of his Party's attitude. He arraigns Capitalism, and assumes that all the ills that pursue human nature, and darken our lives, must necessarily be due to malice and evil design on the part of the Capitalist—whom he holds to be one with the very rich, and the luxurious plutocrat. Destroy the social system, which human nature throughout all the ages has shaped according to its own needs and instincts, and all the evils which are to be found in the world will necessarily disappear. The era of ill-health, of profligacy, of mental and physical decrepitude, of moral turpitude and bestiality, will cease to be. And for this childish and preposterous delusion we are to undermine our national prosperity, and to barter away the most precious of our possessions—individual liberty. Is it by tactics such as these that the Labour Party hopes to enlist the sympathy, or command the support, of that slow, stubborn, but essentially

sound-headed personality—the British citizen in his best and sanest hour? Neither his sense of indignation, nor his sense of contempt, slumbers so deeply, as to make impossible an awakening, rough for those who rashly provoke them!

We have tried to give a fair account of a new political force, with which we cannot be suspected of having any strong sympathy. What is to be the future of the new and already formidable organisation? We have refused to paint it as the conscious instigator of revolution, before which all sane politicians are to sink their own distinctive principles, and to coalesce in a common effort for its defeat. We accord to it an acknowledged place in the political arena; and as such are prepared to measure swords with it in honourable combat.

Speculation indulges in predictions of the time when it may be ready, and may be called upon, to shoulder the responsibilities of Government. With due deference, we must remind the Labour Party that if, and when, they constitute a majority in Parliament—a contingency which does not yet show signs of being very near—and when, as a consequence, they form a Government, they must necessarily disappear as an exclusively Labour Party. It is true that in some of the less populous, and more imperfectly developed, colonies, Labour Governments have had brief and somewhat stormy careers, and have not in accepting office abandoned either their sectional name or their restricted aims. But what is possible in a fledgling constitution is not possible in the most highly developed system, and in an empire resting upon solid traditions which have become a part of our very being. Any Government which, for even the briefest period, could carry the weight of the pilotage of the British Empire, must cease to be either in its name or in its policy identified with a single class. Its highest function, and its only sure foundation, is to be the arbiter amongst all. If it accepted any other attitude, its rule would be an undisguised tyranny. Even the most ambitious of autocrats, and the most selfish of oligarchies, never proclaimed in their title, or in their declared policy, the pursuit of their own interests alone. We are convinced that the Labour Party would be at least as wise, and patriotic.

We do not, therefore, believe that it will ever be possible for a Labour Party to carry their name, or any narrow programme, into the sphere of administrative responsibility. It is partly for that reason that we would deprecate the idea of forming a Central Party to combat the supposed subversive policy of Labour. Such a course would not only be undignified, in its subservience to unthinking panic, but it might lead to immeasurable disaster. Our political history has never, except for brief and unenviable periods, been the reflexion of class dissensions. If we allowed it to fall into such degradation, the result must inevitably be, sooner or later, Civil War; and that in its worst and most envenomed form, Social Civil War. Let us not be led away, by any bugbear born of a nervous imagination, to sow the seeds of such a calamitous crop of internecine struggles.

We firmly believe that the future of the Labour Party will eventually be, not so much that of forming an independent Government, apart from all other alliances, as that of forming the Left wing of the Radical Party. What weight it will have in that Party depends largely on itself, and to some extent on the constitution of the other wing; and in both directions there lies possible danger. The Radical Party have undoubtedly committed themselves to many legislative proposals, which are strongly imbued with those socialistic principles attributed to the Labour Party. Over and over again, under the pressure of political strategy, they have made concessions which were really a triumph for the Party whose menace they now assert to be so strong, as to demand a political conglomerate in the shape of a Central Party as its only obstacle. England loves neither Coalitions nor Conglomerates.

Whether they wish it or not, the Radical and the Labour Party must absorb, or be absorbed by, one another. The union may carry both along dangerous lines, which some of them may be compelled to follow with much misgiving. Undoubtedly the Labour Party shows signs of becoming the predominant element in an alliance which we believe to be inevitable; and the result of that predominance may be startling.

We are, however, firmly convinced that the true counterbalance to any untoward precipitancy will be

found in a consolidated Conservative Party. That consolidation was last autumn all but rendered impossible. Its rehabilitation has not been undertaken an hour too soon; and no vacillation must be permitted in prosecuting the work. We have to fight, not an avowed Revolutionary Party, but a combination, one section of which is steeped to the lips with Socialism, and the other section of which has allowed itself to slide far in the same direction.

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